McCLURE'S

S. S. McCLURE
Editor

MARCH
1922

CASE LIBRARY

In This Issue

The Breaking Point

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

Colonel Repington's New Diary

20¢

CASE LIBRARY CLEVELAND

The McClure Publishing Company, New York

(1) GEM VICTOR

—Extension base case. Pigskin Leather effect covering, lined with royal purple satin and velvet, containing highly nickeled razor, big solid handle and nickel sheath holding supply of Gem Double Life Blades.

$1.00 Complete.

CONQUEROR

polished, piano
olid Art Wood
nickeled razor,
handle and sup-
m Double Life
nickel blade

1.00 Complete.

(3) GEM TRIUMPH

—Thin, graceful, brightly polished, triple nickel cigarette case, lined with velvet and satin, snugly fitted with highly nickeled razor, big solid handle and sheath holding supply of blades.

$1.00 Complete.

More for One Dollar than you got for Five Pre-War Dollars

THIS offer actually gives you a handsomer, better razor for one dollar than you could buy for five dollars before the war.

Every razor is built to $5 specifications—and is finished like a watch. Each is encased like a costly jewel—in fine metals, rare woods, rich leather effects or money back.

And the Gem Double Life Blades in each possess the keenest cutting edge known to science. We guarantee the cleanest, quickest, most comfortable shave, or money back.

Act quickly—buy now. Ask your druggist, hardware store, jeweler, men's shop, stationer or general store to show you the Gem $3.00 models priced at $1.00.

Gem Double Life Blades 7 for 50c

GEM SAFETY RAZOR CORPORATION, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

(4) GEM PEERLESS

—Metal case, highly nickeled, luxuriously lined with royal purple velvet, containing highly polished triple nickeled razor, big solid handle and nickel sheath holding supply of Gem Double Life Blades.

$1.00 Complete.

(5) GEM SUPREME

—Flat model, sanitary French Ivory case with highly finished, triple nickeled razor, big solid handle and sheath containing supply of blades, compartment arrangements for contents. Case can be washed.

$1.00 Complete.

(6) GEM WINNER

—A compact, square, bevelled case, Black Leather effect; lined with royal purple satin and velvet, and fitted with triple nickeled razor, big solid handle and nickel sheath holding supply of blades.

$1.00 Complete.

What's Wrong in This Picture?

It's so easy to make embarrassing mistakes in public—so easy to commit blunders that make people misjudge you. Can you find the mistake or mistakes that are being made in this picture? Can you point out what is wrong? If you are not sure, read the interesting article below, and perhaps you will be able to find out.

IT is a mark of extreme good breeding and culture to be able to do at all times exactly what is correct. This is especially true in public where strangers judge us by what we do and say. The existence of fixed rules of etiquette makes it easy for people to know whether we are making mistakes or whether we are doing the thing that is absolutely correct and cultured. They are quick to judge—and quick to condemn. It depends entirely upon our knowledge of the important little rules of etiquette whether they respect and admire us, or receive an entirely wrong and prejudiced impression.

In public, many little questions of good conduct arise. By public, we mean at the theatre, in the street, on the train, in the restaurant and hotel—wherever men and women who are strangers mingle together and judge one another by action and speech. It is not enough to *know* that one is well-bred. One must see that the strangers one meets every day get no impression to the contrary.

Do you know the little rules of good conduct that divide the cultured from the uncultured, that serve as a barrier to keep the ill-bred out of the circles where they would be awkward and embarrassed? Do you know the important rules of etiquette that men of good society must observe that women of good society are expected to follow rigidly? Perhaps the following questions will help you find out just how much you know about etiquette.

Do You Know—

- ***how*** to introduce men and women correctly?
- ***how*** to answer a dinner invitation?
- ***how*** to greet a man or woman acquaintance in public?
- ***how*** to plan church and house weddings?
- ***how*** to use table silver properly?
- ***how*** to word invitations and acknowledgments?
- ***how*** to avoid blunders at the theatre and opera?
- ***how*** to do at all times the thing that is absolutely correct and cultured?

Etiquette at the Theatre

When a man and woman walk down the theatre aisle together, should the man precede the woman? May they walk arm-in-arm? When the usher indicates their places, should the woman enter first or the man?

Many puzzling questions of conduct confront the members of a theatre party who occupy a box. Which seats should the women take and which the men? Should the women remove their hats—or don't they wear any? What should women wear to the theatre in the evening? What should men wear? Is it correct for a man to leave a woman alone during intermission?

At the theatre, evidences of good conduct can be more strikingly portrayed than perhaps anywhere else. Here, with people surrounding us on all sides, we are admired as being cultured, well-poised and attractive, or we are looked upon as coarse and ill-bred. It depends entirely upon how well one knows and follows the rules of etiquette.

At the Dance

How should the man ask a woman to dance? What should he say to her when the music ceases and he must return to his original partner? Do you know the correct dancing positions?

How should a woman accept a dance and how should she refuse it? How can the embarrassment of being a wall-flower be avoided? How many times may a girl dance with the same partner without breaking the rules of etiquette? Is it considered correct, in social circles, for a young woman to wander away from the ball-room with her partner?

Very often introductions must be made in the ball-room. Should a man be introduced to a woman, or a woman to a man? Is it correct to say, *Miss Brown, meet Mr. Smith* or *Mr. Smith, meet Miss Brown?* Which of these two forms is correct: *Bobby, this is Mrs. Smith* or *Mrs. Smith, this is Bobby?* When introducing a married woman and a single woman should you say, *Mrs. Brown, allow me to present Miss Smith* or *Miss Smith, allow me to present Mrs. Brown?*

When leaving the ball-room, is the guest expected to thank the hostess? What should the woman guest say when she leaves? What should the gentleman guest say? It is only by knowing exactly what is correct, that one can avoid the embarrassment and humiliation of social blunders, and win the respect and admiration of those whom one comes in contact with.

In the Street

There are countless tests of good manners that distinguish the well-bred in public. For instance, the man must know exactly what is correct when he is walking with a young woman. According to etiquette, is it ever permissible for a man to take a woman's arm? May a woman take a gentleman's arm? When walking with two women, should a man take his place between them or on the outside?

When is it permissible for a man to pay a woman's fare on the street-car or railroad? Who enters the car first, the woman or the man? Who leaves the car first?

If a man and woman who have met only once before encounter each other in the street, who should make the first sign of recognition? Is the woman expected to smile and nod before the gentleman raises his hat? On what occasions should the hat be raised?

People of culture can be recognized at once. They know exactly what to do and say on every occasion, and because they know that they are doing absolutely what is correct, they are calm, well-poised, dignified. They are able to mingle with the most highly cultivated people, in the highest social circles, and yet be entirely at ease.

The Book of Etiquette

There have probably been times when you suffered embarrassment because you did not know exactly what to do or say. There have probably been times when you wished you had some definite information regarding certain problems of conduct, when you wondered how you could have avoided a certain blunder.

The Book of Etiquette is recognized as one of the most dependable and reliable authorities on the conduct of good society. It has solved the problems of thousands of men and women. It has shown them how to be well-poised and at ease even among the most brilliant celebrities. It has shown them how to meet embarrassing moments with a calm dignity. It has made it possible for them to do and say and write and wear at all times only what is entirely correct.

In the Book of Etiquette, now published in two large volumes, you will find chapters on dinner etiquette and dance etiquette, chapters on the etiquette of engagements and weddings, chapters on teas and parties and entertainments of all kinds. You will find authoritative information regarding the wording of invitations, visiting cards and all social correspondence. The subject of introductions is covered exhaustively, and the etiquette of travel devolves into an interesting discussion of correct form in France, England and other foreign countries. From cover to cover, each book is filled with interesting and extremely valuable information.

Sent Free for 5-Day Examination

Let us send you the famous Book of Etiquette free so that you can read and examine it in your own home. You are not obligated to buy if you do not want to. Just examine the books carefully, read a page here and there, glance at the illustrations, let it solve some of the puzzling questions of conduct that you have been wondering about. Within the 5 days, decide for yourself whether or not you want to return it.

We expect this new edition to go quickly. The books are now handsomely bound in cloth decorated with gold. We urge you to send for your set at once. The price for the complete set is only $3.50 after 5 days. But don't send any money now—just the coupon. Keep the books at our expense while you examine them and read some of the interesting chapters.

Mail the coupon for your set of The Book of Etiquette today. Surprise your friends with your wide knowledge of the correct thing to do, say, write and wear at all times. Remember, it costs you nothing to see and examine the books. Mail the coupon NOW. Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. 1043, Oyster Bay, N. Y.

FREE EXAMINATION COUPON

NELSON DOUBLEDAY, Inc.
Dept. 1043, Oyster Bay, New York

Without obligation on my part, and without any money in advance, you may send me the complete two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette for free examination. Within 5 days after receipt I will either return the books or keep them and send you only $3.50 in full payment.

Name.....
(Please write plainly)

Address.....

☐ "Check this square if you want these books with the beautiful full-leather binding at five dollars, with 5 days' examination privilege."

Volume 54 Number 1

McCLURE'S

MOODY B. GATES
President
E. H. B. WATSON
Vice-President

S. S. McCLURE
Chairman of the Board

WILLIAM B. COOK
Treasurer
CHARLES B. LONGYEAR
Secretary

Contents *for* March

		Page
Editorial Note	S. S. McClure	9
After the War	Colonel Charles a' Court Repington	11
A Witch as Was a Witch Illustrations by J. C. Shepherd	Irvin S. Cobb	18
The Breaking Point (*Serial*) Illustrations by T. D. Skidmore	Mary Roberts Rinehart	22
The Ivory Poacher (*Short Story*)	Thomas S. Miller	37
Lincoln at Gettysburg	Junius B. Remensnyder, D.D., LL.D.	40
Deselee's Preacher	Dorothy Thomas	44
Japanese Women of To-day	Narcissa Cox Vanderlip (Mrs. Frank A. Vanderlip)	48
The Pétulant Madelon (*Short Story*)	Michael J. Phillips	53
The Long Hole (*Short Story*) Illustrations by Tony Sarg	P. G. Wodehouse	59
The Quest of the Million Dollar Secret	Arthur Briggs Farquhar	64
A Cinema Picture (*Short Story*)	Edgar Wallace	67
To Pnom-Penh by the Jungle Trail	E. Alexander Powell	70
Are Bonds Still Cheap?	Paul Tomlinson	128

Cover Design by T. D. Skidmore

Published monthly. Entered as Second-Class Matter, February 19, 1917, at the Post Office at New York, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Canada. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London. Copyright, 1922, by McClure Publishing Company, New York. All dramatic, moving-picture and other reproduction rights reserved.

Subscription terms: In the United States, Canada, Mexico, Cuba, and American Possessions, $2.00 per year. In all other countries in the Postal Union, $2.75 per year. An order blank with the magazine is notice that your subscription has expired.

McClure's assumes no responsibility for the loss of manuscripts submitted, but all due care will be taken to insure return of those with which postage is enclosed.

McCLURE PUBLISHING COMPANY, 76-88 Lafayette Street, New York

Are You a Business Coward?

—and—does it show in your pay-check?

"You've *had* your chance!" It was the General Manager speaking . . . .

"—Two years ago I *warned* you that the only man who could hope to get ahead in this organization was the man with training.

"—Merwin was only a bookkeeper then, you remember, but in his spare time he was studying Higher Accounting. *I* knew what he was doing, and I told you then *to keep your eye on Merwin.*

"—He's had three raises since you and I had that little talk together. He has more than doubled his salary—and he earns every dollar I pay him.

"—Last week I recommended him for the office of Assistant Treasurer, and at the Board Meeting he was elected without a dissenting vote. I tell you we're mighty glad to have him in the group.

"—But *you*, Jarvis—I hate to say it—you're a *business coward.* You *knew* what you would have to do to get out of the small-pay class. You were simply afraid to face the kind of effort and responsibility that could get you a substantial salary.

"—And now it's too late. We've got to cut our overhead, and you're one of about three hundred men that we can get along without. We could replace the lot of you tomorrow.

"—For your own sake, Jarvis, take a tip from a man who has been thru the mill, and *this* time get busy and learn to do something better than the other fellow.

"—Our traffic manager, I don't mind telling you, is drawing better than $100 a week. *There's* a good field for an ambitious man—and it's growing.

"—Then there's expert correspondence. If we could get a man who could create powerful and convincing sales letters and could train our people to write that kind of letters, he'd be cheap at $5,000 a year. We'd pay him that right off the bat.

"—Jarvis, there's *no end* of opportunity for the young man in business; but the only man who cashes in these days is the man with the courage to get special training. The offices of this country are simply cluttered up with business cowards. It's easy for the man who *trains* —because the business coward is thru before he starts."

* * * *

Are YOU one of several million routine men in the United States who have been drifting along in a "low-pay" job, week after week, month after month—always *wishing* for more money, never *acting?*

Are YOU a business coward?

Over 300,000 ambitious men have asked themselves this question during the past twelve years—and replied with a ringing "NO!" In the quiet of their own homes, without losing an hour from work or a dollar of pay, these men have mastered the *principles* of business by working out the *actual problems* of business—under the direction of some of the ablest business men, in their respective fields, in America. Their record of achievement, under the "LaSalle Problem Method," is one of the most thrilling chapters in the romance of American business. During 3 months' time, for example, 1,089 LaSalle members reported salary increases resulting from training under the LaSalle Problem Method totaling $889,713, *an average increase per man of 56 per cent.*

These men were able to progress more rapidly by means of the LaSalle "Problem Method" than they could have done in any other way, because LaSalle, by virtue of its larger enrollment, has had a wider experience in perfecting methods of training men by correspondence for important positions than any other business-training institution.

Furthermore, they have profited from the privilege—extended to all LaSalle members—of consulting freely with any of its highly specialized departments, thereby availing themselves of authoritative information and expert counsel covering the entire range of modern business practice. This privilege is of practical and invaluable assistance to a man in entering upon a position of larger responsibilities. It gives the LaSalle member an advantage not to be had from any other institution.

Whatever attitude you may have taken in the past—and you may, indeed, have never realized that the difference between the man who "puts it off" and the man who "puts it over" is in the last analysis largely a matter of courage—show your determination to *have done* with business cowardice. Face the problem of your business future *squarely.*

Within reach of your right hand is a LaSalle coupon—and a pen. If the pen isn't handy, a pencil will do just as well. The coupon, checked and signed will bring you without obligation a complete outline of the training you are interested in, a wealth of evidence as to what LaSalle training has done for hundreds of men in circumstances similar to yours, and full particulars of our *convenient payment plan,* also your free copy of the inspiring book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One."

It costs you nothing to get the facts—except the exercise of business courage. Will you put it off?—*or put it over?* Mail the coupon NOW.

Outstanding Facts About LaSalle

Founded in 1909.

Financial resources more than $5,000,000.

Total LaSalle organization exceeds 1500 people—the largest and strongest business training institution in the world.

Responsible for perfecting the "LaSalle Problem Method"—recognized as the quickest and most practical method of business training known to educational science.

Numbers among its students and graduates more than 300,000 business and professional men and women, ranging in age from 20 to 70 years.

Annual enrollment, about 60,000.

Average age of members, 30 years.

LaSalle texts used in more than 400 resident schools, colleges and universities.

LaSalle-trained men occupying important positions with every large corporation, railroad, and business institution in the United States.

LaSalle Placement Bureau serves student and employer without charge. Scores of big organizations look to LaSalle for men to fill high-grade executive positions.

Tuition refunded in full on completion of course if student is not satisfied with training received.

LaSalle Extension University

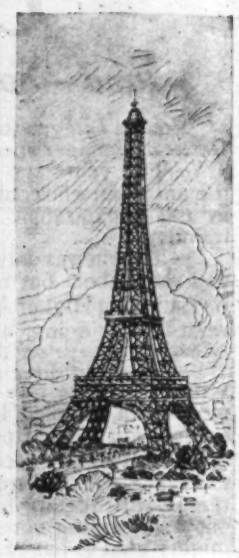
INQUIRY COUPON

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY Dept. 356-R CHICAGO, ILL.

Please send me catalog and full information regarding the course and service I have marked with an X below. Also a copy of your booklet, "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation to me.

- ☐ **Business Management:** Training for Official, Managerial, Sales and Executive positions.
- ☐ **Higher Accountancy:** Training for positions as Auditor, Comptroller, Certified Public Accountant, Cost Accountant, etc.
- ☐ **Traffic Management—Foreign and Domestic:** Training for positions as Railroad and Industrial Traffic Manager, etc.
- ☐ **Railway Accounting and Station Management:** Training for Railway Auditors, Comptrollers, Accountants, Clerks, Station Agents, Members of Railway and Public Utilities Commissions, etc.
- ☐ **Law:** Training for Bar; LL.B. Degree
- ☐ **Commercial Law.**
- ☐ **Industrial Management Efficiency:** For Executives, Managers, Office and Shop Employes and those desiring practical training in industrial management principles and practice.
- ☐ **Modern Business Correspondence and Practice:** Training for Sales and Collection Correspondents; Sales Promotion Managers; Credit and Office Managers; Correspondence Supervisors, Secretaries, etc.
- ☐ **Banking and Finance:** Training for executive positions in Banks and Financial Institutions.
- ☐ **C. P. A. Coaching for Advanced Accountants.**
- ☐ **Modern Foremanship and Production Methods:** Training in the direction and handling of industrial forces—for Executives, Managers, Superintendents, Contractors, Foremen, Sub-foremen, etc.
- ☐ **Personnel and Employment Management:** Training for Employers, Employment Managers, Executives, Industrial Engineers.
- ☐ **Expert Bookkeeping:** Training for position as Head Bookkeeper.
- ☐ **Business English:** Training for Business Correspondents and Copy Writers.
- ☐ **Commercial Spanish.**
- ☐ **Effective Speaking.**

Name _____ *Present Position* _____ *Address* _____



It Costs Less Now to See Europe

THE American dollar goes an amazing way in Europe now. Magnificent hotel suites, in many countries, may be had for the price of a hall bedroom at home. Dinners in restaurants famous the world over may be had at lunchroom prices.

With prudent spending almost any American can have the vacation of his life in Europe now on the savings of but a few months.

And there's more to see! Old Europe has been tremendously stirred by the war. A New Europe is in the making. Yet the absorbing interest of Old Europe remains—Historic Rome; brilliant Paris; the New Middle Europe; the Riviera; the Alps; a hundred other fascinating spots.

U. S. Government passenger ships are now among the finest afloat. Your memory of the luxury and service of the George Washington, the America, and other ships of the fleet, will be a lasting pleasure. Safeguarded by an American crew, served the finest food, luxuriating among the most modern comforts, the beginning and the end of your vacation should be flawless.

For information in regard to sailings and accommodations address

United States Lines

45 Broadway, New York City

Moore and McCormack, Inc.
Roosevelt Steamship Co., Inc.
United American Lines, Inc.

INFORMATION BLANK
To U. S. Shipping Board
Information Section Washington, D. C.
U. S. 1493

Please send without obligation the U. S. Government Booklet giving travel facts and also information regarding U. S. Government ships.

I am considering a trip to Europe ☐, to the Orient ☐, to South America ☐. I would travel 1st class ☐, 2d ☐, 3d ☐. Going alone ☐, with family ☐, with others ☐.

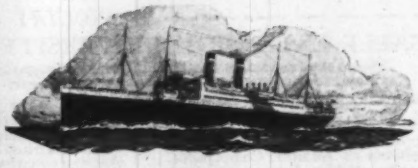
I have definitely decided to go ☐, I am merely considering the trip ☐.

If I go date will be about _____

My Name _____

My Street No. or R. F. D. _____

Town _____ *State* _____



Write for Booklet

Your Government wishes the name of every prospective traveler. If you are considering an ocean voyage anywhere, send the information blank now—no matter when you intend to go. You will receive without cost the Government's booklet of authentic travel information about passports, income tax requirements, etc.; descriptions of ships and other literature. You will be under no obligation.

If you yourself cannot take an ocean trip, clip the information blank anyway and give it to a friend who is considering the possibility. Do not send the blank for your friend; simply give it to him to send. Thus you too will help build the American Merchant Marine.

U. S. SHIPPING BOARD INFORMATION SECTION 1493 WASHINGTON, D. C.

S. S. McClure Has Resumed the Editorship of McClure's Magazine

A Statement to Readers By the New Publishers of McClure's Magazine

A BIG downtown New York clock was striking the hour of noon. Moody B. Gates, President of the Lupton Companies—publishers of THE PEOPLE'S HOME JOURNAL and owners of The Periodical Press—and Samuel S. McClure, resuming the editorship of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, shook hands. Papers just signed by Mr. Gates and Mr. McClure lay on the desk between them.

"The striking of the clock is a happy augury," Mr. McClure said. "As the property of the new McClure Publishing Company, with the publishing and manufacturing resources of the entire Lupton organization back of it, McCLURE'S MAGAZINE is sure to strike twelve."

Every subscriber and magazine reader will rejoice at this announcement because it means that McCLURE'S MAGAZINE will again be under the guidance of its founder, the man who made it one of the most important and influential publications in this country.

As five consecutive issues have not been published owing to the time required for the reorganization, present subscriptions will be extended for five months, thus insuring to all subscribers the number of copies they are entitled to receive.

All subscriptions that were received and not acknowledged by the former publishers during the past five months, have been carefully preserved and will now be entered on our list for the full term of the orders, the subscriptions beginning with the March number.

After earnest deliberation, and in the interest of new subscribers as well as in justice to the author, the first three installments of Mary Roberts Rinehart's remarkable novel, "The Breaking Point," are republished in this, the March issue. The fourth and latest installment of this notable serial by America's foremost woman novelist also appears in this issue.

Hereafter, subscribers and newsstand purchasers may depend upon receiving their copies of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE regularly and promptly each month.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE has been practically a household word in this country ever since its first number nearly thirty years ago, when it blazed the way for the modern magazine. What it has accomplished is a prophecy of what it will accomplish under the able leadership of Mr. McClure and his editorial associates. Back of them is the splendid Lupton organization, in itself a guarantee of business success.

Mr. McClure has not been associated with McCLURE'S MAGAZINE for several years. His editorial management will become effective with this number.

The past five years Mr. McClure has spent in travel and in a close study of world affairs. He has talked with prime ministers, with ambassadors, financiers, and refugees, with "people of high and low degree" who have made and are making the history of our times. He has acquainted himself with conditions as they exist among the nations, from Constantinople to London and from New York to Pekin—a matchless experience.

With the enlarged variety and interest of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE assured to readers under its new management, its audience is bound to grow and widen. Mr. McClure has crossed the Atlantic over one hundred times and, in the course of his travels, has secured fiction by eminent writers as well as a brilliant array of facts for important special articles. "Thoroughness" is his motto.

McCLURE'S is committed by tradition to serve loyal, humane and **just** causes and to keep its pages clean, wholesome and unafraid. That was the policy laid down by Mr. McClure when he founded the magazine and that will be his editorial policy for the future.

THE McCLURE PUBLISHING COMPANY

VOLUME 54
NO. 1

McCLURE'S

S. S. McCLURE, *Editor*

MARCH
1922

Editorial Note

By S. S. McClure

IT is seven years since my name has appeared in McCLURE'S MAGAZINE. In certain respects these years have been the most important of my life. I have visited eighteen different nations, including eleven warring nations. As an observer and student I have worked harder than I had ever done before. I hope to do better editing as a result of what I have learned during these years.

I resume my editorship at the desk lately occupied by Mr. Edgar G. Sisson, and in a collection of letters addressed to him I find one of the kind all editors love to receive. Here is the letter:

"I think that the story in the August number — 'The Enchanted Mountain' — is about the best short story I have read this year.

"I don't know much about literature and rhetoric, but I like the story.

"I hope you publishers will get over the disease so many have had the last few years of putting out these morbid sex yarns. A clean story is a 'thing of beauty and a joy forever', and this one is a joy to read." I shall be glad to deserve such letters.

I have received many letters from good friends and well-wishers.

Here I print part of one that brings to me almost poignantly the nature of my task:

"If we can have the same old makeup, editorial content and other McCLURE'S of ten or more years ago in characteristics that made McCLURE'S what it was, I predict a renaissance of this fine old publication that will surpass even its original success.

"I am sure there are thousands who want to see McCLURE'S with the same originality and individuality that it had in its early days — not a striving to imitate the average and consequently lifeless magazine of to-day."

I can only say I hope, in time, to get such material as will enable me to meet this writer's wish.

FROM the editor of the Worcester *Telegram* I have a letter that describes a policy which I will not find so difficult. Mr. Andrews writes:

"Let me tell you a little story. Almost twenty years ago I started in to write magazine stories. The first one I ever wrote I sent to McCLURE'S MAGAZINE before I sent it anywhere else. Somehow or other S. S. McClure found time enough, and felt kindly enough, to sit down and write me a personal letter in his own hand about it. I have that letter still.

"The story was rather a rotter, but afterwards I wrote a good many stories, obtaining a pleasing sum of money for them, and had an awfully good time out of it. . . . But it doesn't keep one too busy to remember S. S. McClure and to feel glad for everybody's sake that S. S. McClure is back on the job."

This is a very encouraging letter. I can assure every one who sends in a manuscript that he will receive full attention. I am extremely fortunate in having secured the collaboration of Miss Viola Roseboro', who reads manuscripts as an inveterate prospector looks for gold. She takes up every manuscript in the hope that it may be a gem. She has good grounds for her confidence, for in her former editorial work on McCLURE'S, she found the first stories that scores of people ever had published, among them such writers as Rex Beach, Edwin Le Fevre and Arthur Train. Through more than a year, she wrote O. Henry letters of criticism and advice before the first of the O. Henry stories appeared in a Christmas number of McCLURE'S. George Kibbe Turner and Booth Tarkington emphasize their debt to her perspicacity. The first of the classic chronicles of Emmy Lou by George Madden Martin, and Myra Kelly's first East Side stories Miss Roseboro' found in the day's flood of unknown aspirants.

Here in our first number she introduces two new writers to the world, Miss Dorothy Thomas, with the notable tale of "Deselee's Preacher", while "The Ivory Poacher" makes a mark for Mr. Thomas S. Miller.

One gets a close glimpse of Lincoln in the little article "Lincoln at Gettysburg", by Dr. Remensnyder, who at the time of the speech was a college boy in Pennsylvania College at Gettysburg. Soon afterward this youth enlisted and fought in the battle of Fredericksburg as well as in several other battles.

Certain parts of the chapter of autobiography by Mr. Farquhar have appeared in *System*. The unusual picture here of New York in the fifties, however, makes the publication of it in McCLURE'S well worth while.

In coming back to the editorial field from the world of concrete realities, I am strongly impressed with two things. First, the difference between the world of fact and the current printed page, and secondly, a curious attitude of discouragement and fault-finding in a great deal of the literature of our time.

I well remember the years immediately following the Civil War, when the United States had suffered much more terribly than in this war, and above all I remember the hope and joy and courage of the youth of that time.

Let me quote here from Mr. Kaufman's last editorial in McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, September, 1921. The former editor-in-chief of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE in this editorial gives the real basis for courage and joy in dealing with the future. He said in part:

"The worst that ever happens to civilization is a little loss of time. The birthright of every man is the combined intelligence of his predecessors. We begin our era with transportation established in three dimensions, with wireless communication a commercial fact, with hydraulic electric pneumatic engineering in universal practice. Our scratch is far beyond the goal of prerebellion's farthest flung dreams.

"If we do not achieve more in our span than was accomplished by our parents in their areas of operation, we are failures. No comparable equipment was ever at the service of any people."

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE will naturally deal with the whole broad span of human affairs. There are no limits to the range of editorial activity but the boundaries of human interests. I hope there is prophecy as well as reminiscence in recalling that the first printed news the world received of wireless telegraphy, of the submarine, and of Wright's flying machine as actual achievements was in the old McCLURE'S.

No people are so fortunate as the Americans. Read these words of Lincoln, taken from a speech he made in 1837, when twenty-eight years old:

Delivered January 27, 1837.

"In the great journal of things happening under the sun, we, the American people, find our account running the date of the nineteenth century of the Christian era. We find ourselves in the peaceful possession of the fairest portion of the earth as regards extent of territory, fertility of soil, and salubrity of climate. We find ourselves under the government of a system of political institutions conducing more essentially to the ends of the civil and religious liberty than any of which the history of former times tells us. We, when mounting the stage of existence, found

ourselves the legal inheritors of these fundamental blessings. We toiled not in the acquirement or establishment of them; they are a legacy bequeathed to us by once a hardy, brave and patriotic, but now lamented and departed, race of ancestors. Theirs was the task (and nobly they performed it) to possess themselves, and through themselves us, of this goodly land, and to uprear upon its hills and its valleys a political edifice of liberty and equal rights; 'tis ours only to transmit these—the former unprofaned by the foot of an invader, the latter undecayed by the lapse of time and untorn by usurpation—to the latest generation that fate shall permit the world to know. This task of gratitude to our fathers, justice to ourselves, duty to posterity, and love for our species in general, all imperatively require us faithfully to perform. . . .

"Let every American, every lover of liberty, every well-wisher to his posterity, swear by the blood of the Revolution never to violate in the least particular the laws of the country, and never to tolerate their violation by others. As the patriots of '76 did to the support of the Declaration of Independence, and so to the support of the Constitution and laws, let every American pledge his life, his property, and his sacred honor—let every man remember that to violate the law is to trample on the blood of his father, and to tear the charter of his own and children's liberty. Let reverence for the laws be breathed by every American mother to the lisping babe that prattles on her lap; let it be taught in schools, in seminaries, and in colleges; let it be written in primers, in spelling books, and in almanacs; let it be preached from the pulpit, proclaimed in legislative halls, and enforced in courts of justice. And, in short, let it become the political religion of the nation; and let the old and the young, the rich and the poor, the grave and the gay of all sexes and tongues and colors sacrifice unceasingly upon its altar."

AFTER writing his History of the United States, George Bancroft wrote a history of the Constitution of the United States, and in the preface to this work, dated January 1, 1882, this venerable old man, after devoting the best part of his life to a study of his country, expressed the real spirit of America in these words:

"The order of time brings us to the most cheering act in the political history of mankind, when thirteen republics, of which at least three reached from the sea to the Mississippi, formed themselves into one federal commonwealth. There was no revolt against the past, but a persistent and healthy progress. The sublime achievement was the work of a people led by statesmen of eagerness, perseverance and public spirit, instructed by the widest experience in the forms of representative government, and warmed by that mutual love which proceeds from ancient connections, harmonious effort in perils, and common aspirations. Scarcely one who wished me godspeed when I first essayed to trace the history of America remains to greet me with a welcome as I near the goal. Deeply grateful as I am for the friends who rise up to gladden my old age, their encouragement must renew my grief for those who have gone before me.

"While so much is changed in the living objects of personal respect and affection, infinitely greater are the transformations in the condition of the world. From end to end of the United States the slave has become a free man; and the various forms of bondage have disappeared from European Christendom. Abounding harvests of scientific discovery have been garnered by numberless inquisitive minds, and the wildest forces of nature have been taught to become the docile helpmates of man. The application of steam to the purposes of travel on land and on water, the employment of a spark of light as the carrier of thought across continents and beneath oceans, have made of all the inhabitants of the earth one society. . . . The morning newspaper gathers up and brings us the noteworthy events of the last four and twenty hours in every corner of the globe. All states are beginning to form parts of one system. The 'new nations' which Shakespeare's prophetic eye saw rising on our eastern shore dwell securely along two oceans, midway between their kin in Great Britain on the one side and the oldest surviving empire on the other.

". . . We learn to think the thought, to hope the hope of mankind. Former times spoke of the dawn of civilization in some new land; we live in the morning of the world. Day by day the men who guide public affairs are arraigned before the judgment-seat of the race. A government which adopts a merely selfish policy is pronounced to be the foe of the human family. The statesman who founds and builds up the well-being of his country on justice has all the nations for a cloud of witnesses, and, as one of our poets has said, 'The linked hemispheres attest his deed.' He thrills the world with joy; and man becomes of a nobler spirit as he learns to gauge his opinions and his acts by a scale commensurate with his nature.

". . . However great may be the number of those who persuade themselves that there is in man nothing superior to himself, history interposes with evidence that tyranny and wrong lead inevitably to decay; that freedom and right, however hard may be the struggle, always prove resistless.

"Through this assurance ancient nations learned to renew their youth; the rising generation is incited to take a generous part in the grand drama of time; and old age, staying itself upon sweet hope as its companion and cherisher, not abating a jot of courage, nor seeing cause to argue against the hand or the will of a higher power, stands waiting in the tranquil conviction that the path of humanity is still fresh with the dews of the morning, that the Redeemer of the nations liveth."

The words of these great Americans express the spirit and purpose of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

What is evil is temporary. The dirt from the streets, through the mysterious alchemy of nature, is transformed to roses, exquisite in beauty and perfume. "Tyranny and wrong lead inevitably to decay", "for this corruptible must put on incorruption and this mortal must put on immortality."

The primary function of a magazine is to be interesting reading. The fundamental principle in the selection and treatment of material in fiction and articles is to aid good causes and to hinder bad causes. And in dealing with the complicated question of our civilization, I will try to follow the advice of Caesar in his great speech on the Cataline conspiracy:

"Those who deliberate on difficult matters ought to free their minds from the influence of hatred, friendship, anger and compassion; for the mind is often blinded to the truth by clouds of passion that arise, and no man has ever followed his true interests and his heated feelings at the same time."

It is well to remember as Hegel said, "Tragedy is not the conflict between Right and Wrong, but between Right and Right."

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, for the span of a generation, has been a transcript of our civilization. It has presented vitally and truthfully the men and movements of our times, and a study of its pages makes us realize the truth of the words of Bancroft.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE dealt with the good and evil of our times, and it is singularly encouraging to think that of the twenty years under my editorship, beginning 1893, the magazine issues of one year would have held all the material that was found necessary to tell of the evils and wrongs.

In its pages we meet the gracious and noble personalities whose words and deeds have made our times great and glorious. In Miss Tarbell's incomparable story of Lincoln we have the middle years of the pioneers' conquest of a continent and the end of slavery. In the memoirs of Carl Schurz we have a picture of the Revolution of 1848, a most important contribution to human freedom, and also a picture of great years and great achievements in our history.

The sweetness of childhood appears in the Emmy Lou stories, the stories by William Allen White, and the studies of our new little citizens by Myra Kelly. In its pages are found exquisite revelations of such nobilities as Howells, Roosevelt, Eugene Field, James Whitcomb Riley, William James, Grant, Stevenson and Cleveland, who form part of a notable procession of those who made the character of our civilization.

In the next (April) number of the magazine there will be a chapter from the autobiography of Mr. Farquhar that, like a flash of lightning, reveals the very soul of America, and indicates to the discriminating reader the editorial policy of the magazine.

After the War

By Colonel Repington

With pen-pictures, interviews and character studies of Clemenceau, King Boris of Bulgaria, Premier Stamboulisky. Also the personalities and policies at the Washington Conference — Hughes, Harding, Briand, Root

Colonel Repington needs no introduction to an American audience. We made his acquaintance when he was the stormy petrel of correspondents during the Great War. Many eminent men and accomplished writers have represented the London Times, but none before him has ever won so wide an audience. His book, "The First World War," stirred the world to praise and blame, gratitude and resentment. His new after-war book, to be published in March by Houghton, Mifflin Co., is a minute record of many of the most interesting people, conditions and doings in all corners of the globe to-day; and here are pages extracted from it on the principle of taking what would most interest our readers. — Editor's Note.

PARIS, *Friday, April* 29, 1921. Went off to see M. Clemenceau at his old address 8 Rue Franklin at 9 A. M. The same old commonplace bourgeois den, with the dark enclosed court all surrounded by other houses, and in the dining-room, where I waited for a few minutes, the same dirty old woodwork on the walls, crying for coats of paint, and the ordinary, almost lodging-house furniture, and the red carpet worn threadbare and in patches at the entrance. What a home for the man who won the greatest war in history! Clemenceau came out of his room to find me.

He was in the same old clothes and with a black half-turban cap on his head, and an almost imperceptible bit more stiff in his gait. But directly we sat down opposite one another at the well-known writing table, I saw that there was all the old fire, the alert brain, the rapid thought, the clear word, the penetrating sarcasm, in fact the old master who won the war and the tiger who destroyed so many Ministries. I could not see a vestige of a failure of his intellectual powers, and the eyes danced and glared and flashed, and the fun came rolling out with the same old humor, witticism, and profound knowledge of character and human nature.

I told him that I had come to consult him on two matters. First a point of history, second the present position. I said, you are among the very few who know what really happened in 1918 and at the peace conference. Every lie is current. You only sit still and say nothing. You are growing old. When you are dead, they will tell more lies, many more, for they are still afraid of you. You cannot roar at them from beyond the tomb. Are you leaving any records of this tremendous time? Even if you are contemptuous of your contemporaries, will you not admit that we won victory at frightful cost, and that France at least deserves that you should show where the faults were made as a warning for the future?

No, said C., he had said nothing, had written nothing, and was not going to. He took no interest in controversies about the past which was over. He had lived through the greatest period and had done his best. It was enough to contemplate in silence the grandeur of it all. He took pleasure in his disdain of all discussion over the past. He had been too deeply concerned in these events, and the events had been too tremendous, for him not to feel it unworthy of him to waste his remaining years in sterile discussions. He did not care what people thought or said. It was all one to him. He had succeeded, and all those who had failed owed him a grudge for succeeding. Yes, he could destroy many reputations by a word. But that was no service to France. If he said what he thought of LX, he would make bad blood between England and France and that was of no service to either. Let them talk. He knew that he was credited with a bad character because he spoke the truth, but that was the way of the world, and he did not care. He admitted the high cost of the mistakes of the war, but was not going to change his point of view.

He thought it would be mean, petty, and dishonoring to such a great epoch if he began to say or to write that on such and such a date some one or other said, or wrote, or did something or other. It was not for him to defend himself. He regarded such littleness with scorn and preferred silence, and his contemplation of great grandeurs.

Then we turned to the present. Clemenceau is opposed to the projected occupation of the Ruhr. It was not certain that it would bring the Boche to heel, and there one would pile in tens of thousands of men and there might be shooting which would be bad, and then strikes, and masses of workmen would have to be fed and perhaps have raw materials found for them. It was not the right way to proceed with the Boche. If the latter had not kept his word, he should be made to do so by a march on Berlin after a serious mobilization which would give ample means of suppressing risings in rear of the armies. I said yes, it is really more a psychological than a political question. C. agreed, but said that while, during the war, he could mobilize every sort of financial resource, and print masses of paper money, France was now financially exhausted, and he did not see how her finances could bear the new strain which might be long and profitless if restricted to the Ruhr. He preferred more drastic measures to get the disagreeable business finished quickly.

Clemenceau on Foch

I happened to mention Foch. A slightly sarcastic smile passed over C.'s face. He told me that he appreciated the services which Foch had rendered, but said that on several occasions he had had to speak severely to Foch who owed him a grudge for it and had shown it. I do not think that he approved of Foch for allowing the Ruhr operation. I told him that I expected the march on Berlin to follow and that I hoped to go with Pétain who had invited me. C. was pleased. He approves of Pétain, of his silence and reserve. He has a very high opinion of him. He thinks that the whole course of the negotiations since the Peace has been deplorable and that we have gone on from one mistake to another. He foresaw the certainty of this, and rather than remain a spectator of these events he went off to the East and was delighted to meet in India so many of his old friends of the old front in France. C. loves Burma as much as I do. The gaiety of the people, unknown in India, where C. never saw a native woman smile, but he wished that the Burmese ladies would not smoke those large cigars, as it was out of the picture. C. was not in Parliament now. He would not accept a seat. But he was always occupied and talked of philosophy. He had begun work at 4 A. M. this morning. His wound? It did not trouble him.

The bullet was still there, and he pointed to the spot a little to the right of his breast-bone below the throat where it lay transversely. It was quite happy there and had found a resting-place. His Sister of Charity had described it as a miracle of Heaven that this was so. C. had replied that if Heaven had intended to perform a miracle, it would have been better to have prevented his aggressor from shooting at him at all. The doctor's card came in and I rose to leave. C. begged me to write to him whenever I was in doubt and wanted advice. He pressed me to give him promise that I would, so I agreed and he asked me to tell him everything that I was thinking. Did not the others consult him? Yes, some of them, but when he said

Copyright, 1922, Houghton, Mifflin Co.

disagreeable things to them, they did not come again. "But when I say, as I say to you, Colonel Repington, I am your friend, then it was different, and we could write our minds to each other." What a pity that Rembrandt could not paint Clemenceau! He was so like a Rembrandt to-day. Futurity will never understand from any photos and portraits the force and fire and vital energy of the man.

Spring-Rice lunched with me. He told me a story of Clemenceau. A tree in the garden of a home of the Jesuit Fathers next door to him had grown so large that it overshadowed C.'s study. So he wrote to ask that it might be slightly trimmed. The Father wrote back to say that it would not only be trimmed, but entirely removed. C.'s letter of thanks began:

"Mon père, — Je crois avoir le droit de vous adresser de cette manière puis que c'est vous qui m'avez donné le jour . . ." Very neat.

S. and I had a long talk over the desperately involved situation here now unless the Germans gave way at the last moment. He thought that the French would be much put about if the Ruhr brought them in no money. His reports agreed with my view that the Boche is still much below par owing to constant ill-feeding for so long, but certainly they have invested largely abroad since the censorship was abolished, and he says that they are now buying up the Press of Central Europe, including the Hungarian. Also judging from the wealth of the Hungarian peasants, I expect the German farmers are as well provided.

Delbrück Analyzes Germany

Berlin, Wednesday, June 8, 1921. Telephoned to Professor Hans Delbrück, who was the last German to take a meal at my house in London before the war, on an occasion when he came over to lecture at the London University. Went out to see him at his house in the Grünewald, 4 Kunz Buntschuh Strasse, about twenty minutes by taxi. I said that I had come because he was one of the few Germans who had kept his head during the war and I wished to congratulate him on having, in all his articles which I had read, preserved his intellectual independence. What was he thinking now? I had his last book on my table, but wanted to talk of the present and the future and not the past. He has aged and is greatly saddened. He lost his eldest son in the war and is now badly off, but has a nice, quiet house and a good library. His second son had wanted to go to the University at Heidelberg. Delbrück had no money to send him there, so the youth worked as a common miner till he had saved enough money, and is now at Heidelberg. I congratulated him upon having such a son. D. is pessimistic about the future. What Europe could not understand, he said, was that Germany needed a strong Government to preserve the principle of authority in the State and he now saw no chance of getting it. German parties were not like the English which were mere clubs and not really divided on most principles. Lloyd George, although almost a Unionist, could join the Radicals to-morrow without much loss of credit. In Germany parties were at deadly enmity and there was no real union at all in the Reich. His young people believed in Germany's future. He did not. He thought that the Crown Prince might come back some day, as he had a large following, but not the Kaiser. He said that all the same he regarded the Kaiser as a Pacifist and did not believe that he was responsible for the war. As for his desertion of the Army, which many Germans reproached him with, what else could he do? I should read, and make all my English friends read Rosner's "Der König", an account of the life at the Imperial H.Q. during the war and especially of the last months in 1918. Rosner was a reporter of little account, but had won the Kaiser's confidence and had written a story which was absolutely true of this period. Only some remarks about the Empress Frederick were incorrect, as Rosner did not know that side of history. D. said that if the Kaiser came back, some twenty-six other German Kings, Princes and Dukes would also have to come back, and that was impossible. I did not see why.

I asked him about the state of opinion at the Universities. He said that they were nearly all Nationalist and so were the students. The Church, too. But there were adherents of the Left in some educational centers.

D. is a Monarchist. He thought that a Hohenzollern could with difficulty return, as all his following would expect a restoration of their old prerogatives and this was out of the question, and the Crown Prince knew it. Moreover, the Federal States would not admit a German Kaiser unless they had their own chiefs back. He was rather for an Elected Prince and thought that Bavaria and Brunswick stood the best chance. He thought, like D'Abernon, that Dr. Wirth would last much longer than people expected, but D. raged about the position of Germany owing to the exactions of the Allies and was most pessimistic about the future, trotting out possible Bolshevism which I ventured to disbelieve in.

As for the future I said that the first thing for Germany to do was to give proofs of good faith, and, instead of bothering about becoming a Great Power, to set to work to re-create and reconstruct, leaving the question of military power to the next generation. It was no good for his generation and mine to try to solve the problems of the future. We had enough of our own, and I told him that our distrust was largely due to all the secret military organizations which we had been left to discover for ourselves. He scoffed at the *Einwohner*, *Orgesch*, etc., and said that people only laughed at them, while, as for arms, Germany had nothing of the great warlike machinery necessary, and even if the *Reichswehr* were prepared for triplification, which he did not admit, it was only a drop of water on a red-hot iron. He was an advocate of the balance of power, and now this had been destroyed with fatal results.

We had a long discussion about Upper Silesia and I told him my views, and Briand's theory, and all the difficulties so far as he did not already realize them. We discussed what history would say of these times. D. thought that history would fix upon the want of great men as the distinguishing feature. If Germany had had a Bismarck and a Moltke instead of a Ludendorff and a Tirpitz, things would have been different. If you had had a Bismarck we should have had no war, I rejoined. He has the lowest opinion possible of Ludendorff and Tirpitz and attributes to them and to the Revolution the collapse of Germany which he bitterly resents and cannot get out of his mind. He was moderate during the war, but now I think he hates the Allies with the deepest hate possible. But he impressed upon me that Europe was utterly wrong in regarding Germany as a danger. It could not be with her warring parties and without any semblance of authority and without an army. That view does not give us an incentive to promote the resurrection of either.

I branched to ancient military history, his particular sphere, in order to end the talk on a slightly more agreeable note, and presently we were immersed in Marathon and Salamis and had all the maps out to argue how the Greek and Persian armies and fleets were placed during the battles, and in this congenial exercise forgot present history and lived in the past. So we parted, with much the same formality and coldness as that during our meeting and our talk. He is not yet really resigned enough to talk. The iron has entered into his historian's soul. Between us and the Germans the war has killed even intellectual friendships.

A Happy Day in Vienna

Vienna, Sunday, July 10, 1921. This morning I went the rounds to see who was here and found that nearly all my friends and cronies were holiday-making, and no blame to them in this torrid heat. But Bundeskanzler Schober is at his post of duty, and Dr. Hertz is here, too; I shall see them both to-morrow. Between them they can tell me all that I want to know. Lunched at Sachers, and found it stuffy.

In the afternoon there was a great fête called a *Trachtenfestzug*, to help the children. Deputations from all the Provinces assembled at the Rathaus in their provincial costumes and then formed a great procession, men and women, horses and decorated carts. There was every kind of queer device representing episodes in history, keepers hauling poachers to prison, men threshing, a sort of local Bacchus carousing, riders cracking great stockwhips, the noise of which sounded like a machine gun in action; heaps of women and girls, all very gay, riding, driving, and walking, some two and two with their swains—a long procession through the Ring Strasse and into the Prater. The crowds on both sides of the road

quite thick and the windows well filled. These people have certainly the capacity for enjoyment. It was interesting to see all the local costumes, and as each Province was preceded by a flag or notice board with its name, it was easy to see who they all were.

I thought it a clever idea to unite all the Provinces at the Capital, as the fissiparous tendencies of this country must be arrested. I was particularly interested to notice that five-sevenths of the costumes were those of mountaineers. One might have expected it from the agricultural statistics, which show that two-thirds of the pasture land is Alpine, but here was the visible proof. It might have been all Tyrol so far as the men's and women's dresses were concerned, but I did not notice the Vorarlberg little black conical hat, to my regret. There were large straw hats with immense brims, from Carinthia, I think, and some of the dresses were quite pretty. The men were great bucks, mostly in shorts or knickers with stockings below the knee, shooting-boots, a light coat, and the Tyrolese or some other very similar head-dress; occasionally this was made of long feathers with foxes' tails dangling on each side. A likely-looking lot, mostly armed with sporting rifles, carried slung, and the women were strapping, upstanding wenches with a great look of health, and many pretty. The cries uttered were ear-piercing, and were often taken up by the crowd. There was no conventional yodling. A sort of running conversation went on between the procession and the crowd, and there was an endless waving of handkerchiefs and much good fooling. There seemed to be a jester with every deputation. In fact it was more like an English fifteenth-century show than anything else. The spirit was that of the Canterbury Pilgrim Tales.

It takes a German couple, however, to walk fifteen miles through crowded streets, holding hands all the way in this sweltering heat. I have not seen any people so festive since the war began. The Vienna crowd was very good-humored and out for pleasure. There was no denying the military training of the armed bodies of mountaineers. They had Kaiser-Jäger written all over them. If L. G. had seen this show, he would no longer have thought it of no importance that Austria should go to Germany. I had no idea that I should see anything so interesting, or so instructive. It is good to see the spirit of nationality returning, even if each Province keeps its old customs, and is a bit more independent than the Central Government here like. In all seriousness one must remember that Schwaben and Ober-Bayern, Salzburg, Steiermark, Tyrol, Vorarlberg, and Carinthia produce as good and hardy races of mountaineers as there are in the world, and that all these people are Germans and will never be anything else. Nor will the Germans of what the Germans call German South Tyrol, now in Italian hands. They are a bit elementary, too, all these people, and will be a tough proposition to tackle in their native hills. I do not believe that the theories of our modern *illuminés* have touched the surface of this crowd. That is our fault, perhaps. We legislate or dream for a little circle of Western intellectuals while the mass of the people think in much simpler terms.

Sofia, Bulgaria, Wednesday, July 27, 1921. An emissary of the F. O. Press Bureau, M. Achtardjieff, met me and we drove to the Union Palace Hotel, where a room had been taken for me. He told me that Stamboulisky had decided to leave for Switzerland to-morrow for his holiday, and that my only chance of seeing him was to-night. So I hastily made a toilet of sorts, despite the fact that water had failed in the hotel, and then I visited the head of the Press Bureau for an instant, transferred into an elementary motor-car, and drove off to S.'s country house a few miles outside the town. A new place, recently built, cream-colored with red tiles, consisting of farm house linked by a row of cowsheds to S.'s own house, a two-storied quite small building, with no window on the ground floor on the outside of the court, and I should say not more than two rooms on each floor. There was a small guard in one of the rooms below, orderlies, perhaps. Sir Charles Stewart Wilson, of the Reparations Commission, was just leaving and we exchanged a few words, agreeing to meet again. With him was M. Boris P. Kissimoff. He is Minister designate for Athens, and seems to be S.'s chief man. I was shown up at once to the top of the little house, up wooden steps half covered with a drugget stair carpet without stair rings or rods, and met S. at the top.

A big burly giant of a man nearly six feet high, with tremendous muscular development, inclining to fat, a large, strong face, with a little turned-up black moustache, ruddy complexion, brown eyes which often flashed fire, and a mop of curly black hair. I was interested to find myself with the *bête noir* of the Little Entente. We sat down at a table in the center of the room, which seemed to be bedroom, study, dining-room, and audience chamber all in one. There is a bed at one end, a hanging place for clothes on the wall, a sideboard-cupboard with a few plates, dishes, and bottles, and four chairs. In this room is a window built out where S. can survey arrivals. We sat down at the table. S. at the end with his back to the bed, I on his left, Kissimoff, who translated, facing me. Mentally I compared Chequers with these humble surroundings.

After a few formal remarks I opened the conversation by observing how much interested I had been by the story of S.'s conduct at the Council before the war, and that it was of historical interest, so I wished to hear S.'s own account of it, as his courage on that occasion appealed to me. He gave his account. It was on September 15, 1915. Yes, he had told Ferdinand that if he led the country into a disastrous war he would have to answer for it, not only with his throne, but with his head. F. had almost fainted at the threat and his Ministers had crowded round him to support him. Danieff had told F. that the voice of Bulgaria spoke with S. F. had recovered, and glaring at S. said that other people might lose their heads as well as he, that S. was young yet might lose his head before F., who was old and for whom life had not the same value as for youth.

Stamboulisky Faces Death

But then Stamboulisky said to me that a higher test of his own courage came when the tribunal before which he was tried — a real Balkan tribunal it must have been — had caused him to be informed — or maybe the message had come direct from F. — that if he would recant and send a message to the Bulgarian Army that it should march unitedly under F. in the good cause, his life should be spared. He took an agonizing half-hour to weigh his reply. He was young and loved life and activity intensely. On the other hand was his personal and political honor. He decided to refuse, but came back into the dock with a pistol concealed about him, determined to take his own life in the Court if he were sentenced to death rather than trust himself to his executioners. But F. must have feared to murder the peasants' favorite at such a moment, so he had him clapped into prison for life by the judges instead.

He had seen F. only once since, and this was when the Revolution had begun and F. was about to leave the country. F. had asked him to go and calm the Army. At this last talk with F. he had told the fallen Monarch that Bulgaria could get on with Boris because he would make a good constitutional Monarch, which F. could never be. That was his last communication with him, and Boris was present.

Now that the ice was broken, and I had found S. in an expansive mood, I asked him if I might speak quite frankly to him. Yes, he replied, the pleasant and the unpleasant. I laughed and said that I was coming to the unpleasant. There was a strong suspicion that he was negotiating with the Soviet and the Turks of Kemal. I asked him to explain to me the Nikolaieff Mission and that of Grozkoff; the arrival of Commissaries at Varna; the presence of Djevad at Sofia, and to give me his own views on these events, and on the general situation in Russia and Turkey.

S. said that Nikolaieff's Mission was as Nedkov had already explained to me. But the sufferings of the Bulgarians in Russia were much on his conscience, and he could not desert them. He therefore hoped that he might attain his object through the good services of the Czecho-Slovak State which was in relation with Russia and aspired to the leadership of the Western Slavs.

"Do you reckon yourselves to be Slavs?" I asked. "How do your people generally regard the Russians to-day apart from the Soviet régime?" "We are Bulgarians first and Slavs only afterwards," S. answered. "In the days of older men like you, Kissimoff," he

went on — and I asked to be included in the Kissimoff generation category — "there was strong pro-Russian feeling. There was all the story of 1877-78, the statue of the Tsar-Liberator which I have since seen before the Sobranje, and the subsequent history of that period. But now Bulgaria was emancipated from leading strings. Events, and particularly the doings of Generals Kaulbars and Soboleff in 1882 and the succeeding years, and the Russian design rather to use Bulgaria as an instrument of policy than as a friend, had embittered many, and last of all came the war in which the Bulgarians had fought the Russians. But, yes, certainly the Bulgarians were Slavs, though it did not supersede the fact that they were Bulgarians first. . . .

I remarked that after what S. had told me of his past relations with the ex-Tsar Ferdinand, I need not press him about his supposed intrigues with F. No, indeed, he said, after what has passed all Bulgaria is against him. "I wonder what the old villain ['sinner' *greishnik* Kissimoff translated it alternatively] is doing now!" S. did not mention the initiative of his Minister at Vienna, as he certainly would have done had he felt reason to plead good intentions, so I said nothing of it either.

As for Djevad — he is Djevad Abbas, not Djevad Hassan — he was still here and the Government had had no communication with him. He was under the surveillance of the Police. The Bulgarians were always being accused of things that they had not done. The War Minister here (Dmitroff) had been charged with visiting F., but he had not done so. Whom did S. wish me to see while I was here? I asked. "You can see whom you like," he replied, "but be pleased to remember that the Government is always attacked, and be sure to realize the motive of criticisms in Bulgaria.

"The great thing in life is to be prepared for death," he said. "Every time I go out I ask myself if I shall ever return to this house, and so I place in order and on record the Government business for the next day so that the functions of Government may not be suspended by any fate of mine. Yes, one must be prepared for death," he mused, "and then one can face events calmly."

I was not very much taken aback by this insecurity that the head of this Bulgarian Government feels. There have been too many murders in the past to wonder. But I think S. is jumpy. Kissimoff said that S. had built this house and now lived here because he felt the need of being often alone to ponder over his problems. I think, too, that this great Samson of a man — he reminds me of Rembrandt's picture and his biceps would turn Dempsey green with envy — has assassination on his nerves.

Whenever anything drove up to the farm he hastily looked out of his built-out window with unconcealed uneasiness, and when any one came upstairs he was palpably anxious and went out to see who it was. I expect that governing Bulgaria is a fairly wearing duty, and that iron muscles may ill-conceal very distraught nerves. He told me, as one of his reasons for living here, that he felt the need for an hour's gymnastics every day, and I do not wonder when I think of his exuberant physique and masculinity. This curious contradiction in him — his love of combat and yet dread of personal consequences — perhaps explains partly his position. He is a peasant born and bred. He is a Balkan Highlander whose theatre of action for preference is the mountain, and with target and broadsword would be an uncommonly ugly customer. He would fit perfectly into the picture of Scotland in Mary Stuart's days.

But steel nerves are far better than muscles in these days, for the bomb and the pistol make no account of muscle, and the smallest imbecile may bring down his Goliath. The particular psychology of S., combined with the fear of some countries round of the fighting powers of the Bulgarians, who are indeed the Prussians of the Balkans, explain much here. Kissimoff told me that they knew well whence came the hostile reports of Bulgarians intrigues. So do I, but merely said that they did not originate in British sources. No, they did not, K. replied, but they were repeated in English papers. "That is why I am here to make an independent inquiry," I answered.

Then the King Came In

In a dramatic fashion, when S. had reached this point of his story to me, the King (Boris) was announced. S. did not go down to receive him. He just let him come up, *sans façons*. The young King came in. A most striking contrast with his Prime Minister. The King is twenty-seven, slight and slim, quite good-looking, with good features, grey eyes and a charming, gentlemanly manner. He sat down facing S.

After a few civil remarks from the King, who said that he had come on the same mission as I had, namely, to see S., before his departure, I rose to go. But S. had more that he wanted to say to me and kept me there for some time longer, talking of many matters. He particularly asked me to deal with the question of the reparations which perhaps were on his mind after Sir Charles Stewart Wilson's visit. S. said that he thought the work of a Reparations Commission ought not to interfere with the internal affairs of an independent country. I replied that it was difficult to know where to draw the line since the whole duty necessarily interfered with every part of the internal administration and had done so in Germany and was still doing so. King Boris expressed his agreement with this point of view. Then S. went on to plead for time in payments and gave his arguments in support of his desire, mainly pleading the fall of the *lewa*. He made a third point of the need of Bulgaria for the economic outlet on the Ægean which the Treaty had promised her. The conversation went on for about a couple of hours and covered so many subjects that I think I will ask Kissimoff to give me his recollection of it to check up on my own.

I had the curious feeling, on leaving gentle King Boris alone with his large and robustious peasant Premier, that I was leaving him rather unprotected. . . .

Wednesday, August 3, 1921. A good Clemenceau story at lunch to-day.

After his operation for appendicitis he was asked how he felt without it. "Quite well," replied the Tiger. "There are only two perfectly useless things in the world. One is an appendix and the other is Poincaré!"

Tuesday, August 9, 1921. Returned to London. Crossing the Channel cogitated what prescriptions I should give for Europe's ailments. I would cure exchange and currency first by redistributing the gold now so largely, unnaturally, and uselessly hoarded in American banks, by withdrawing unhealthy units of European currency, and by substituting others on a gold basis.

The United States would have to initiate this radical reform and name her terms. She is, after us, the greatest sufferer from the present currency chaos, and has the largest number of unemployed resulting from that chaos. I prefer this to the scheme of asking the United States to forgive us our debts as we forgive our foreign debtors. Also I prefer it to the *Ter meulen* scheme, or barter on a large scale, or export credits, which, however useful, are actually only palliatives. We and America must put this reform through, otherwise our respective European export trade is dead and our unemployment will not end. I should say that we could simultaneously insist upon greater freedom for all international trade by the reduction to their lowest terms of passports, tariffs, permits, and export duties.

To cure the political illnesses of Europe I would ratify the Anglo-American Guarantee of France against German aggression, or, failing American approval, would make a defensive and offensive alliance with France, Italy, Belgium, the four States of the Little Entente, and Greece, to preserve all the Peace Treaties intact. The interminable Franco-German friction, and the Anglo-French bickerings are all due to the unrest of France in face of the lapse of the promised Anglo-American Guarantee; and the uneasiness of Europe is mainly due to the unrest of France. I would place Sèvres among the Treaties to be maintained, and take stern measures with any Soviet-Kemalist combination that resisted.

I do not believe in disarmament as the best or even the right cure for Europe's ills. Armaments are symptoms of a disease and not the disease itself. I believe in obligatory arbitration when the Powers, and above all America, are great and wise enough to accept it, recognizing as all should

that an arbitral decision given against the claims of any one of us is nothing compared with the catastrophe of another world war. No State will keep up Armies for anything but Police work when obligatory arbitration becomes the settled rule in disputes, for no one will pay for Armies which have no employment. Cure all the above evils and armaments cure themselves.

[The following extracts cover Colonel Repington's experiences en route to, during and after the Armament Conference, at Washington.—Editor's Note.]

London, October 19, 1921. Made an early start from Waterloo to catch the *Adriatic*, which sailed from Southampton at noon. On the platform met H. G. Wells, who was being seen off by his wife, and M. Chaliapine, the great Russian singer, both on their way to America, the former for the *New York World*, the latter for his manager, who will dispose of him as he sees fit. Expected breakfast on the train and found none. Nothing on board till 1 P. M. Chaliapine and I both like ravening wolves in consequence. He was full of his Queen's Hall success this week, but empty in other respects. Wells great fun. He had an amorous couple in his compartment who spent their time embracing each other. Wells said it was as great a protection as a baby in the carriage, and no one else would come in.

This White Star liner is twenty-five thousand tons, and reputed a good sea boat. Most comfortable, not to say palatial. I had a good cabin, but the White Star man came in and promised me a better. Went to look at it and found it bigger than my own, with a private bathroom attached, and a brass double bed, not to speak of an electric stove. Also, it was amidships, so I transferred to it and unpacked. Made my number to the skipper, Captain Hambelton, a hale and rubicund sea officer, who looks competent. Found myself at his table with Wells; Mr. and Mrs. Butler Wright, from the United States Embassy in London; his mother; Mr. La Vie, from New York; Dr. Mussen, a much-travelled Canadian; and Mr. Edward Palmer, of Boston, who all seem pleasant. Wright called over for the Conference. Talked most of the rest of the day to Wells and Chaliapine. The latter was detained at Petrograd during the Revolution and has only recently been allowed out. He has dominated Russian opera for twenty years. He is a native of Kazan. It is his fourth visit to England, and he loves the country, where he has many friends besides his musical admirers. A great, tall, masculine, cheery person, and even his talking voice is musical and of a beautful timbre. Very much of a personality. He told the Soviet that he could not sing if he was unhappy for want of food and drink, so he got both, and now he can make his fortune again, judging by the delighted applause of London. Also the White Star cuisine will cheer him up, as it is excellent. A calm sea to Cherbourg, where we put in at dark for our French passengers and mail. A lovely sight with the lights and stars. What memories of old times as we anchored inside the famous breakwater!

An ex-film fairy came on board at Cherbourg. An American lumberman millionaire married her and spent huge sums upon her, but is now divorcing her or she him. My pet on board is Betty Hamilton, aged ten, a delicious little American girl.

Moments With Wells

Tuesday, October 25, 1921. There are many pleasant people on board this liner, and some interesting figures. Mr. Elliot Goodwin, the Vice-Chairman of the American Chamber of Commerce, and his wife, are the most representative of the Americans on board. I like them both very much and shall find him later on at Washington. In character and qualities, as well as in judgment and measure he represents what one values most in leading men. We have had some good talks and also play my favorite game of Patience together, a game which he calls Russian Bank. Major Henry Whitehouse, another American, well known in England, is also an agreeable companion. Mr. E. J. Metcalfe is the brother of my old comrade of that name. Mr. F. A. Nash is a wide-awake and capable American commercial man, keen, young and observant. The ex-film fairy has attracted some admirers. It seems that she is allowed three thousand pounds a month for dress, and wears ornaments amounting to the value of some score of thousands. She is rather pretty, undistinguished, and overdressed.

Wells is always a great interest, full of jokes and quaint ideas, but most retiring and keeps in the background. He has been to the United States only once before, and he hates life on board ship as cordially as I do. We become indolent, overfed, incapable of solid reading or good writing. I asked him if any good book has ever been written at sea. He knew of none except one novel by Conrad. The hypnotism of the sea, the throbbing of the engines, the eight hundred passengers on board and crew of five hundred and fifty, and the want of exercise, real peace, and good books are all a fatal bar to literature. It is a form of imprisonment, even if everything possible is done to make one's voyage agreeable; as it is on this beautiful, friendly and admirably conducted ship.

We have on board Dr. Richard Strauss, the composer of "Salome" and the "Rosencavalier", a Bavarian by birth, director of the Vienna Opera House; Mme. Schumann, the singer; Mlle. Lucrezia Bori, another fine singer, who changed her name from Borgia so unnecessarily; Miss Katherine Farlow, the violinist of great talent; and of course that strange, emotional, artistic Chaliapine, who receives wireless messages daily from his admirers in London. In Dr. Schuloff we have a competent caricaturist, while Chaliapine and Wells are competitors in this branch. Caruso had the same gift of dashing off impromptu sketches.

The weather has remained fairly good, with occasional relapses into pitching and rolling, but the ship is very steady and the temperature not too low. We heard news daily by wireless, and before dinner a little paper comes out with the gist of it all. Yesterday we heard that Wirth's Government in Germany had resigned over the Upper Silesia award, to my great regret, and that that deluded idiot Karl had reached Hungary by aeroplane, regardless of the dangers which he is bringing on the Magyars and of his promise to the Swiss Government. The fate of the Irish Conference still hangs in the balance. Poor Dmitri, the Bulgarian War Minister, has been murdered with several others. The Macedonians have got him. He told me that they had condemned him to death when I met him at Sofia.

To-night we had a great concert on board. A little committee got it up and made me act as chairman for the evening. Chaliapine made excuses for not singing; so did Mlle. Bori; but Dr. Strauss was splendid in taking over the work of accompanying, and Miss Farlow with the violin and Mme. Schumann in singing were quite excellent. The dining saloon was very full; practically every one came. Our ship's band opened, and then we had Miss Farlow and Mme. Schumann, who were both immensely applauded. Chaliapine had come to look on, and when Mme. Schumann had finished, I went over to him and made a last appeal to him to sing. To our joy he accepted. Strauss accompanied him, and he gave us Beethoven; "Alla Tomba Oscura," or some such title, followed by a love song. He is indeed a marvel, complete, tremendous, and the finest dramatist imaginable. He seems one mass of sensibility and emotion and his bass voice is gorgeous, of great volume, range and feeling. He was rapturously applauded.

New York, Friday, October 28, 1921. New York has the effect upon me of meeting an ichthyosaurus in Berkeley Square. I have transferred my rooms from the second to the fifteenth story to try to escape the noise. A wonderful view over the city, twinkling with innumerable lights. But it is all amazing and gargantuan and I cannot imagine any one wanting to live here. It is one perpetual roar and rush of people and vehicles; surging masses of humanity and trams, cars, taxis, and carts without end. A hateful place. Nothing great in the realm of ideas can ever come from such a restless spot.

A story of Admiral Sims. He was asked what the Supreme Council would do about the freedom of the seas. Sims replied that he did not care so long as they did not interfere with mixed bathing.

Had a talk at the National City Bank of New York about finance and exchanges. They gave me their last excellent monthly summary on economic conditions, governmental finance, etc., and I am studying it. I wanted to see Delmonico's, so lunched there with Bullen. In London we should call it a fair second-class restaurant. Neither

the company, nor the waiting, nor the food was above the ordinary, but the prices were about double ours. I suppose that Prohibition may have hit all the fashionable resorts by depriving them of their best source of profits. Went on to the Metropolitan Art Museum to see the pictures. A very fine but most heterogeneous collection. Rich in Rembrandts particularly, and some of the finest quality. Ruben's Holy Family about the best example of that master that I have ever seen. Treasures of all schools, and some notable modern works like Meissonier's 1807 and Rosa Bonheur's Horse Fair. The Library seems to me better organized than ours at the British Museum. An immense reading public here, it seems. The huge reading-rooms were very full. It is a pity, by the way, that no old master ever tried to paint a Holy Family in Palestine. Ruben's Virgin is a pretty Dutch woman with a complexion obtrusively Dutch. However, the Americans are to be congratulated upon their public and private art collections of all kinds. As trade follows the flag, so art treasures follow the money. That is one merit of public galleries, for the gems remain. Found a good bookseller's shop in Fifth Avenue, Brentano's, rich in all sorts of literature, and exceedingly well arranged. Bought a few books on subjects relating to the Conference agenda.

Two "nigger" stories. Two blacks were disputing whether the sun or the moon was of most value to the earth. Finally they agreed that the moon was, because it shone when it was dark. Story II: A black up for trial for stealing a chicken. *Judge*, "Have you a lawyer to defend you, prisoner?" *Black*, "No, Judge, I wanter keep dis chicken."

Sunday, October 30, 1921. Ordered all the Sunday papers published here. It took two strong men to carry them in. The *New York Times* alone was about the size of ten copies of the *D. T.* The others on the same scale. They were all encyclopædic, a sort of series of supplements on news, politics, gossip, sensations, sport, art, theatres, and so on, each paper representing a heavy day's reading. Met a New York publisher to-day who disputes my notion that the American public are great readers and great book-lovers. The crowd which I saw at the Library, he says, meant nothing because of New York's seven million people. He says that the public have the "spirit of acquisitiveness about books, but are not really book-lovers." He says that they prefer the papers, the cheap magazines, and the bad novels. So my first pleasant illusion vanishes. Or ought to do so, but I am not quite convinced. There are surely the gallant few who bear the torch in the gloom. . . .

In the afternoon went for a motor drive up the Hudson, came back to tea at Claremont, and then dined later at a certain restaurant. Also inspected the Central Park in the afternoon. A heavy fog hid the distant view along the river. Some warships displayed their misty shapes. There were thousands of cars out. They went by in flocks and herds wherever one went. Saw Columbia University, which boasts twenty thousand students, and I hope proportionate luminosity. The Central Park is well laid out, but the trees are most scrubby specimens and refuse to grow. Was given a cocktail at dinner, in a teacup. It was of gin and bitters and oranges. I hate gin, but there it was. Everybody drinks here. One wants to drink mainly because it is forbidden. My hotel valet says that all his colleagues can get all drinks at three or four places close to their lodgings. The workmen all drink, too, generally vile stuff. A bottle of whiskey costs twelve dollars. A cobweb of bribery covers everything. They say that it would take ten years to clear off the cases down for trial. Drink is a curse, but Prohibition does not seem to be a successful cure in a free community.

Monday, October 31, 1921. More photographing visitors. This time they elected the roof of my hotel for my martyrdom. Went off to lunch downtown with Mr. Otto Kahn, the well-known banker, at a select little club where we had a good gossip in a private room. I found that he entirely shares my view that the restoration of sound currencies in Europe, and the acceptance of obligatory arbitration, are the real cures of the world's ills.

I broached rather gingerly the question of utilizing America's hoarded gold as a basis for new currencies. He was all for it, and thought that a third of the gold in the United States banks could easily be used in this way. The amount of gold cover could be under twenty-five per cent. of the note issue. It would almost be enough to give out that the scheme was afoot to cause the currencies to bound up. Would not some States like Germany perhaps oppose? He feared they might, but should be compelled to toe the line by methods of constraint. It was the only way out, he agreed. He has spoken to Harding on the subject, and only last night to Mr. McKenna.

He praised President Harding and said that he was not the mere figurehead that people had at first esteemed him to be. He was sound and patriotic and had greatly grown in the estimation of leading men. We both praised McKenna. The worst thing in the situation, my banker friend said, was that though foreign trade was vital for England it was less so for the United States. Therefore an administration might hesitate to touch such a thorny subject, as it might be bitterly attacked. Should we try the scheme on one State at a time or deal with all at once? Otto Kahn thought that it would be best to do the whole thing right off, and he thought it would be easy. He would like a small committee of three good men from England and the United States each, and as few of other nations as possible. But they must have some sort of assurance that their Governments would back them, as the thing could not be done without Government support, and besides, real good men would not lay themselves out to construct an academic scheme, as their time was too valuable. All this on the lines of my *Atlantic Monthly* article.

He advised me to see certain members of the Senate whom he named. They were very representative and of high intelligence and character. They suffered like the rest of the people here by being provincial and uninformed, and many were untraveled. He thought the Japanese raw. They might make mistakes because they lacked experience and foresight in diplomacy. He lauded the English and the manner in which they had conducted their affairs in past days. They must still continue the Atlas business for a time because the United States were not yet ready to replace them, but the Conference was a beginning. In view of the last Presidential election cries, Harding has to ride with a very light hand, but obviously the well-being of the world was an American interest and all must understand it at last.

A Snap-Shot of Hughes

Washington, D. C., Wednesday, November 2, 1921. Looked in at the Press Bureau to pick up some papers and found Mr. Hughes addressing the correspondents, who hung upon his words. An amusing affair. An example of how to talk diplomatically with apparent frankness and to tell an audience absolutely nothing. They all wrote frantically, but might as well have spared their paper. Hughes, a tall, thickish man, vigorous and vital, but strikes one as a trifle fanatical in his outlook, and has the fierce twinkle in his eye of a bull before he charges. I put him down as dangerous. They say he has no weaknesses. What a tragedy, if true. However, he is assuredly a male man, and that is much, and there is no duplicity about the man at all.

Met Philippe Millet and asked him to dinner after he had made a joking and slightly malicious remark about the pleasure it gave him to find the Anglo-Saxon cousins at loggerheads. I did not know that they were, and said so. It is a strange revelation to me that he should arrive with such an odd Paris-made idea. He came in the evening and we had a good talk. Every discussion discloses new features of the Far Eastern question. Here is Millet saying that no one knows the number of secret agreements made between the Chinese and the Western Powers or their nationals, exclusive of Japan!

Not even China knows them all, because many were made with local Chinese authorities who made too much money to blab about them. He finds the subordinate officials at the State Department very mysterious and also anti-Japanese. He says that his Ambassador, M. Jusserand, has a good moral influence and is more esteemed than any other ambassador. I believe he actually is an authority on English literature. Millet considers the Americans very little instructed in great State affairs. Another point made by Millet was that no agreement made by any Power with the American Executive was worth anything until counter-

signed by Congress, which is jealous of its rights. The iron and the irony of the scrapped Treaties of Versailles have eaten into Millet's French soul. The American Constitution in fact confers an altogether unfair advantage upon an American Executive, who can sign an agreement, perhaps profit from it for years, and then have it scrapped by Congress, and especially by the Senate, when it becomes inconvenient. No country can deal with America on such terms. Set myself to discover when a treaty is not a treaty, according to the Constitution, but could get no clear light.

Thursday, November 3, 1921. It seems that the Government here is harking back for a policy to Mr. Secretary Hay's principles of 1899 which affirmed the need for the open door in China. Mr. Hughes seems disposed to reaffirm those principles and adapt them to present conditions. In this case all the annexations, spheres of influence, leases of territory, and concessions acquired by Powers in China may possibly come under review. Most of the Powers accepted the Hay principle. Few acted upon them. There will therefore be an anxious examination of consciences and troublesome hours.

Lunched with Maurice Low, *Morning Post* correspondent here, at the Shoreham Hotel. An amusing talk of American personalities and things. Low has been here twenty-five years. Very shrewd and well informed. Had a look at the shops. Bought some books at Brentano's. The shopman, when he heard my name, told me of the rush for my book when it appeared and how unfortunate it was that it was out of print at the moment of greatest demand. A representative of the International News Association, which feeds six hundred papers, interviewed me for a long spell.

I must record Simonds's story of the American Senator who had been attacked in an anonymous book. He thought he knew the writer and wrote a venomous and truculent letter to a man who was not the author. This man replied:

SIR,

In reply to your letter:—

A. I did not write the book.

B. I wish to God that I had written it.

Yours respectfully,

———— ————

Dined with Philippe Millet and M. André Geraud (Pertinax) at the Willard Hotel. We told each other many tales of personalities and things and discussed current events. Is there any other category of persons who know so much over so wide a field as successful journalists? Very amusing that not one of the French Delegation can speak one word of English and that Viviani thinks that his dramatic oratory makes him understood by all and the equal of Balfour! Why did not they send Barrère? These Frenchmen who are accustomed to their pleasant wines are much upset by the Prohibition laws here. I think it makes them regard life and America with more gloomy sentiments than if the flowing bowl circulated. We had a good talk over China and Japan, and were all somewhat Blandian. Bland's "China, Japan, and Korea" is certainly the best of the many books published this year on this aspect of the work of the Conference. It is a pity that he is not here. Sir John Jordan is coming with Balfour, so I suppose that our delegation will know what they are talking about, but Bland has more recent first-hand information.

Wednesday, November 9, 1921. I slipped away yesterday afternoon and motored to Mount Vernon, across the Potomac in Virginia, to see Washington's home, distant sixteen miles.

Mount Vernon stands on a commanding position over the river. It is of wood painted creamy white to resemble stone, has a high piazza on the river front, twenty-five feet high, with square pillars and tiled floor. Over the piazza is an open balcony. There is a cupola over the center of the house surmounted by an old vane. In the house are some six sitting-rooms on the ground floor, with most of Washington's old furniture, pictures, china, etc. These rooms open direct upon the river and entrance fronts of the house by doors — there is really no back — and they must be uncommonly chilly in the winter, and draughty always. Above are the bedrooms, of which the room where Washington died is the best, and above again darkish attics, labelled guest-rooms, with dormer windows opening through the sloping, red-tiled roof. It is Anne merging into Georgian.

At each end of the house are colonnades sweeping round toward the back, right and left, where come the kitchens, offices, and a succession of house and farm buildings. Each stands by itself. I suppose to diminish the loss by fire. Smoking is forbidden. The grounds are good and the lawn front sloping toward the river quite attractive. It is all very well kept up and with as great veneration as Goethe's house. I suppose that some of the out-buildings were for slaves. The roof is covered with demurely red tiles, and the effect on the whole is pleasant, Old-World, and home-like. The central part of the house is ninety-six feet by thirty and the rooms are not large. The date of it, they say, is 1743. It is an agreeable gentleman-farmer's Virginian home and it is a place of which an owner might become very fond. Washington seems to have been a good business man and to have made a good deal of money in real estate, etc., in his business days.

I found Pershing and the General Staff when I called to see them more fussed about the ceremony than I ever found them to be over a battle in France. They have no precedent, and everybody keeps on interfering and wanting alterations. Pershing told me how much impressed he was by the simple dignity of the ceremony in London, where he attended a fortnight ago to lay a wreath on the corresponding grave at Westminster.

Saturday, November 12, 1921. This has been an astonishing day, indeed. The Conference met for the first time at 10:30 A. M. in the Continental Memorial Hall, otherwise known as the Hall of the Daughters of the American Revolution. A fine central hall, somewhat like a large theatre without a stage. A big parterre where was placed one large table and two at right angles to it with a few others and a table opposite the Chairman for translators and stenographers. The press was well looked after on the floor under the galleries. There were galleries on three sides of the hall, and behind the Chairman were four small boxes. The Americans were on the right at the top table, English on their left, and Italians at the cross table to the left of the English. The French sat at the other cross table on the left of the Americans and the Japanese on the French right. The French seemed furious that they should not be at the top table and Jusserand was white and clenched his fists. The top table was purely Anglo-Saxon from end to end. The Chinese, Belgians and Portuguese had seats lower down. All the delegation staffs were catered for and the arrangements were good. The galleries were filled by Congressmen, Supreme Court Judges, officials, etc., and the boxes by the President's wife and friends, I imagine. We all saw and heard everything perfectly. The place was prettily decorated with palms and flags.

The President arrived when all the company were seated and made quite a good address of welcome, simple, dignified, and in good taste. Then Balfour in a graceful speech, much cheered, proposed Secretary of State Hughes for Chairman and he was unanimously elected. Hughes then rose to make an historic statement. We found out soon enough that he had a concrete plan to suggest, and a very drastic one, too.

The Great Renunciation

A simple, straightforward, business-like address with nothing to indicate its dramatic conclusion. He suggested a naval holiday for ten years during which there was to be no shipbuilding, and for all to scrap numerous ships amounting in all to some 845,740 tons for America, 583,375 tons for England, and 448,928 tons for Japan. These included all the post-Jutland new ships building and projected and also many old pre-dreadnought ships. If America and Japan are hardest hit in new ships, it is because they have been building most lately. Hughes gave the scheme quite clearly and will describe it further in a written memorandum. The total of ships to be scrapped by the three Powers is 1,878,043 tons, and within three months of the agreement we are to have: England, twenty-two capital ships of 604,450 tons; United States, eighteen of 500,650; and Japan, ten of 299.700. The age factor is said to have been taken into account in this estimate. We are all bound over

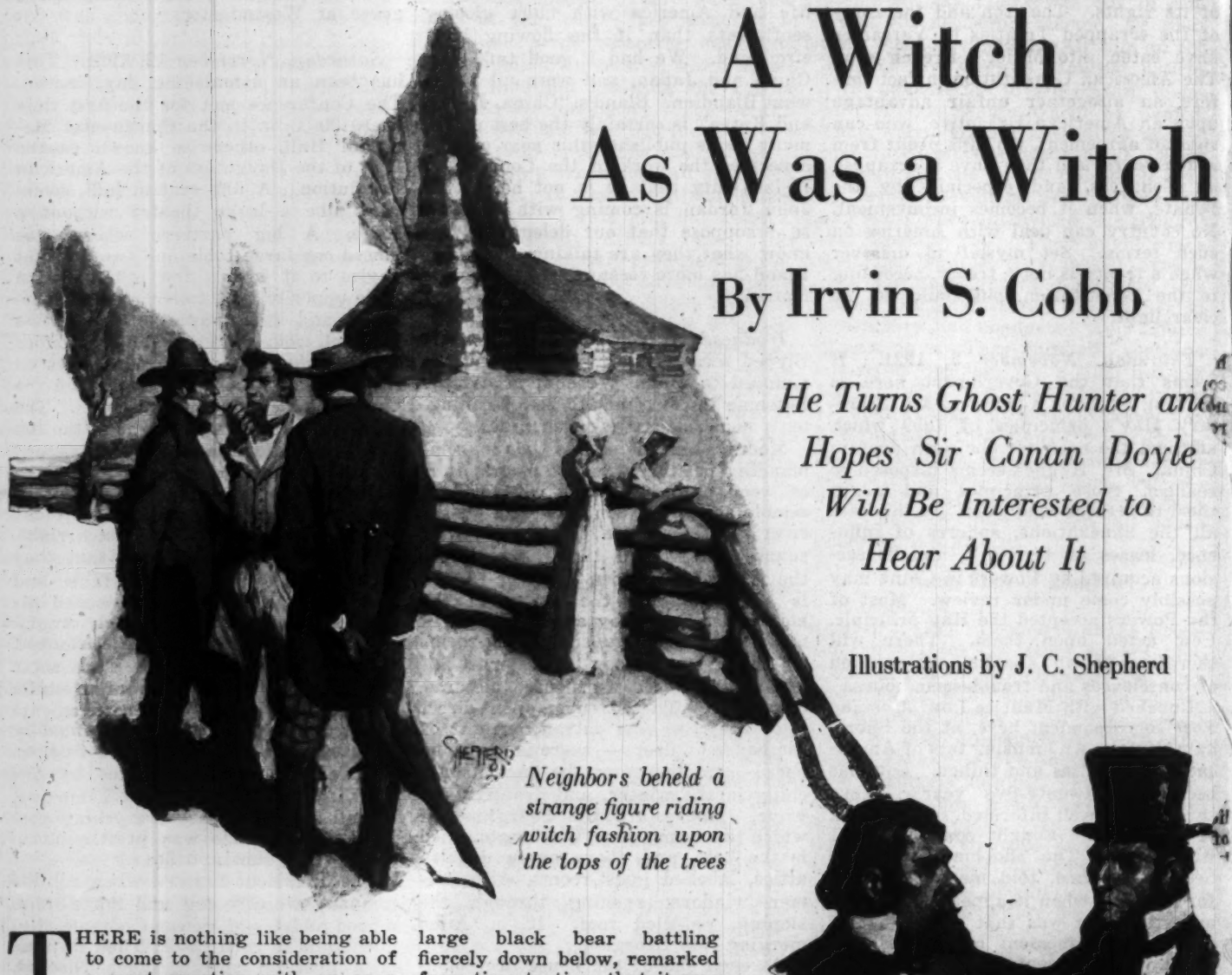
(Continued on page 120)

A Witch As Was a Witch

By Irvin S. Cobb

He Turns Ghost Hunter and Hopes Sir Conan Doyle Will Be Interested to Hear About It

Illustrations by J. C. Shepherd



Neighbors beheld a strange figure riding witch fashion upon the tops of the trees

THERE is nothing like being able to come to the consideration of a moot question with an open mind. Immediately the advantage is on the side of the person who does so. At the same time, an open mind should not be confused with an empty one. Where we approach an issue regarding which intelligent opinion is acutely divided, a non-partisan attitude does not imply that right on through to the end of the chapter the individual professing to be non-partisan will decline to entertain positive views or to express them. What it does imply is, that setting forth without conscious bias for either group of disputants, he is prepared to take a stand in favor of one contention just as soon as he honestly is convinced that it possesses superior merit over the other. What this world needs, if it is to get briskly on, is fewer confirmed skeptics and fewer constitutional bigots, and more prospective converts. It is easy enough to hire special advocates for or against a cause; it is sometimes much harder to find unprejudiced jurors.

Now as regards occult phenomena of whatsoever description, this writer dares affirm that he has an entirely open mind. He fondly fancies himself in that same broadly generous mental state which characterized the henpecked North Carolinian mountaineer who, sitting safely on the ridgepole of his cabin and watching his wife and a large black bear battling fiercely down below, remarked from time to time that it was the fust fight he ever see in his life whar he didn't keer a durn which side whupped.

But with particular reference to one particular series of alleged manifestations I wish to say that this one case offers — or so it seems to me — more material foundation for serious speculation as to the possible validity of supernatural visitations than any other instance, historical or traditional, of former times or modern times, either.

TO the distinguished men of science and letters who lately have been so controversial and so vocal on the question of spiritualism and its inter-related theories, I would especially direct myself. Most respectfully I would call their attention to a curious thing which occurred in our country and which, after a lapse of a full century, is to this day unexplained on any basis of human reasoning. Particularly I am hopeful that what now I write may come under the eye of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle who, in support of his honest belief in the provableness of psychic phenomena, has lately been collecting and publishing accounts of occurrences attributable to unearthly influences. I think Sir Arthur would be interested in hearing about the Bell of Robertson County, in the state of Tennessee. It seems to me that the Bell Witch was more dependable, so to speak, than any other witch ever was. You might call her reliable — if the word reliable may be used in this connection. She was, as one might say, a resident witch. If we are going to believe in ghosts at all why not give our patronage to an old established firm? And the Bell Witch did business at the same stand for a good long while. She was a witch as was a witch.

Toward the end of the second decade of the last century a Strange Something teased and tormented a household of worthy persons in a frontier settlement in the western part of the newly-created state of Tennessee. It made itself distressingly manifest through a continuing period of years. It prevented a young girl from marrying the man of her choice. It literally drove that girl's father to his grave. It is more or less reliably credited with hav-

ing displayed itself in words and in acts, mainly mischievous words and acts, hundreds of times, and under varying and various circumstances. It affrighted a whole countryside. It amazed and confounded investigators, both amateur and professional. It terrorized some, it amused some, it perplexed all or nearly all. It seemingly was not susceptible of explanation on the theory of hysteria or insanity or mesmerism or ventriloquism or clairvoyancy or catalepsy or necromancy or sleight-of-hand, or any one or two or all of these. It differed from most of the kindred bedevilments of which I have heard or read, in that it did not confine its operations to one given spot or yet abide continuously under one roof-tree. It had no exclusive field for its operations. It ranged abroad, coming and going and returning. It had all the cheap and common devices with which man, sheep-like even in his imaginings, has ever dressed up so-called ghostly visitations — rattling chains, rapping sounds and the like — but also it had other tricks which were neither cheap nor common nor senseless. It was thoroughly believed in by its chief victims. It was as thoroughly believed in by thousands of others, some of whom traveled long distances to observe the phenomenon and to study it and, if possible, to solve it. It was as thoroughly disbelieved in by a great many more.

BUT not one of the skeptics, so far as the available accounts show, ever offered tangible proof in support of his contention that the thing was a cheat or a hoax. It was involved in a cloud of contradictions and exaggerations, suspicions and theories, derisions and scoffings, championings and denunciations, conjectures and affirmations. It was the subject of such scientific investigations as the times and the locale afforded. It was the cause of innumerable controversies. But eventually it came to be accepted as a verity by those who had the best opportunities to observe its workings; and finally, the main outstanding fact about it all is that, to this day, the riddle of it has never been solved.

I was born not a great many miles away from the place where this weird problem originated. One of my earliest recollections, and one of my most vivid, had to do with a time when a negro nurse threatened me with the Bell Witch. I still remember that I somehow associated this threat with a conception of a hideous hobgoblin which in the night-time would come to plague misbehaving small boys, all the while ringing a terrible bell. It was years after this before I learned how the name of the bugaboo was derived.

A HALF-GROWN boy, I learned this when a great-aunt of mine, then a very old woman, told me that, in his youth, her brother-in-law, one of my parental great-grandfathers, made a trip across country from Lyon County, Kentucky, where he lived, to Robertson County, Tennessee, to investigate for himself the mystery of the Bell Witch; and after some days had come home again entirely convinced that the manifestation was not of human contriving. Now, by all accounts, this great-grandfather of mine was a reasonably intelligent and observant man. He was a person of some education, a great reader, and, for his day, a considerable traveler. To his dying day he firmly believed in the authenticity of the Bell Witch. I filed the memory of what my great-aunt told me somewhere in the back part of my brain and practically forgot it. The memory did not bestir itself actively in 1917 and 1918 when interest in occult research and occult speculation acquired so great an impetus, largely as the result of inquiries into spiritualism by such men as Lodge and Doyle. Indeed, realization that the tradition of the Bell Witch had abided in my subconsciousness for nearly all my life did not come to me until a few weeks ago when, through the kindness of a friend in the South, I was put in possession of a rare copy of a certain little book. This book, published in 1894 and circulated locally, was the fruitage of years of painstaking inquiry and careful compilation of evidence on the part of one Mr. M. V. Ingram, a newspaper man of Clarksville, Tennessee. Plainly, Mr. Ingram was a thorough man and most conscientious. When he had finished his tale of the Bell Witch the tale was complete. Nor was his style in the least cryptic; the fly-leaf of his book is proof of this, for what with title and subtitles, a whole page is filled. Here is what he called his work:

Betsy Bell's engagement to an estimable youth was broken off through the malicious opposition of the witch

"AN Authenticated History of the Famous Bell Witch.

The Wonder of the 19th Century and Unexplained Phenomenon of the Christian Era.

The Mysterious Talking Goblin that Terrorized the West End of Robertson County, Tennessee, Tormenting John Bell to His Death.

The Story of Betsy Bell, Her Lover, and the Haunting Sphinx."

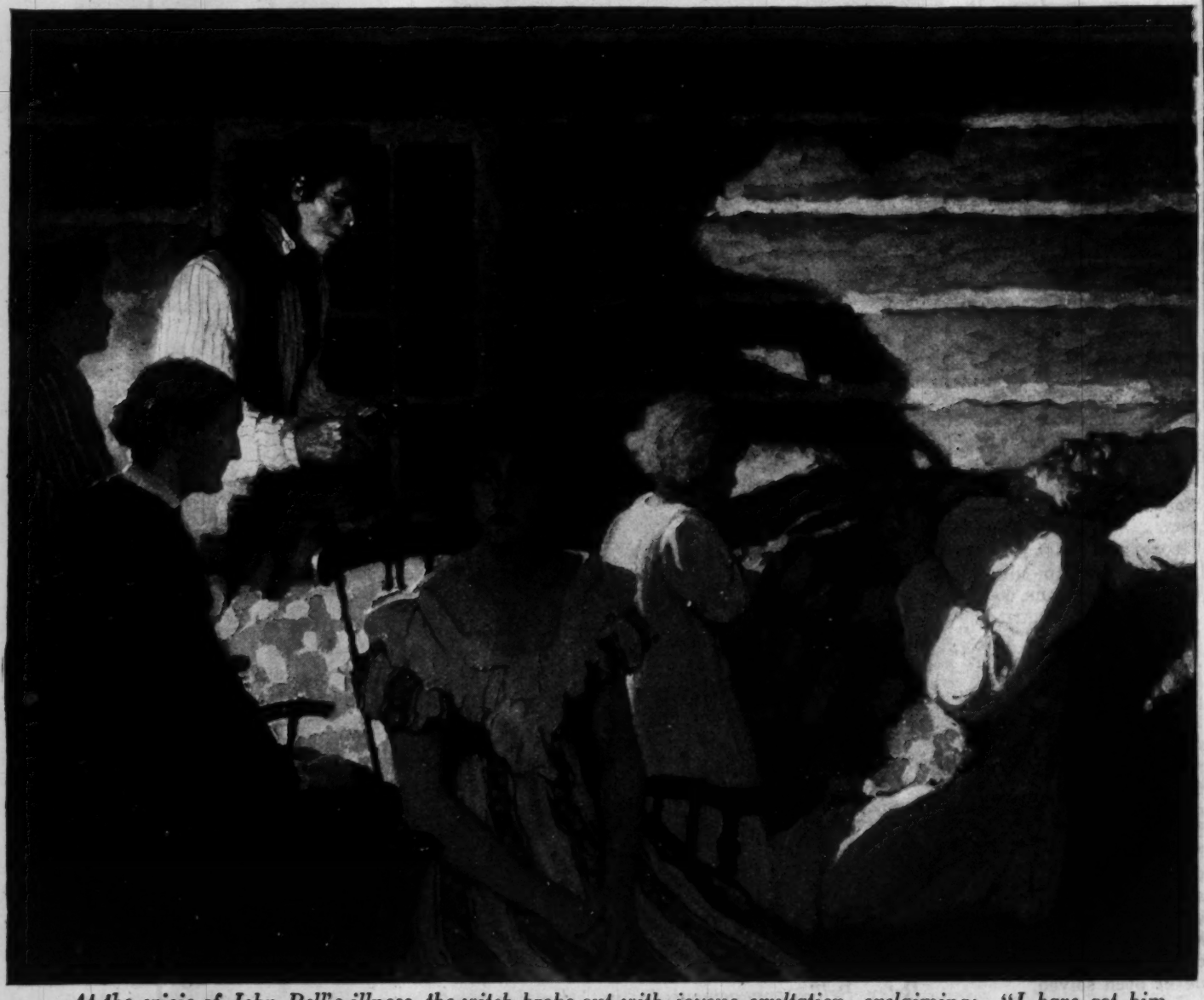
In his introduction Mr. Ingram explained that he had been born and reared in the immediate vicinity where the mystery originated, and almost from his cradle days had been familiar with the cur-

rent legends of it. He set forth in full the popular versions which had been handed down by word of mouth through succeeding generations, but along with these stories, which must have multiplied themselves like locusts with the passing years, he incorporated those details and circumstances which had back of them a basis of facts, or apparent facts, as agreed upon by reputable and intelligent witnesses. He interviewed the children and grandchildren of a majority of the actual actors and spectators in this weird backwoods drama, and he rounded out his task when at length he secured permission to print for the first time a record made by a son of the chief figure in the affair.

This chronicler was one William Bell. In 1846, twenty-six years after his father's death, William Bell put his recollections into writing with the avowed intention of publishing the narnative in the hope of correcting popular misapprehensions touching on the matter, and with the especial intent, it would seem, of clearing from suspicion the names of some of his kinspeople who, from the outset, had been suspected in certain quarters of producing the manifestations by legerdemain and hocus-pocus. But after consultation with his surviving brothers and sisters he decided, for reasons which he found sufficient, not to issue the statement during the lifetime of any of the members of his immediate family. He died a few years later, leaving the manuscript to his eldest son, James Allen Bell, who carefully preserved it. James Allen Bell was an elderly man before Mr. Ingram obtained his consent to use the ancient document as a chapter of the history which he meant to prepare. Reading what Will Bell wrote more than eighty years ago, I find myself constrained to believe that he was an absolutely sincere and truthful man, chronicling what he indubitably regarded as actual events.

AT the beginning of the last century a tide of immigration toward what was then the far southwestern frontier flowed from older states along the Atlantic seaboard, and notably from the states of Maryland, Virginia, and the Carolinas. Almost without exception these home-seeking pioneers were of Scotch or English or Irish stocks; a people deeply religious, self-reliant, honest, simple and hospitable. A typical group established themselves some forty miles northwest of Nashville in Robertson County, Tennessee. As the settlement grew it extended across the state line into Kentucky. Consider the names of the principal families — Gunn, Johnson, Batts, Porter, Long, Byrns, Gardner, Bartlett, Darden, Gooch, Pitman, Riffin, Matthews, Morris, Miles, Sugg, McGowen, Bourne, Royster, Waters, Gorham, Herring, Darnley, Hopson, Powell, Ligon, Thorn, Yancey and Pickering. Merely the recital of these names helps to give us a picture of the common type of the early citizenship of this district.

In 1804 John Bell, a native of Halifax County, North Carolina, and at that time a man fifty-four years old, joined the community. With him through the wilderness and across the mountains he brought his household. He had a wife, nine children, and eight negro slaves. By the standards of the times he was a wealthy man. He bought for himself one of the largest houses in the county. It was of logs, a story and a half high, containing six rooms and two wide halls. It stood near the banks of a small stream called the Red River, in the midst of a young orchard, with cleared lands in front of it and woodland at the rear. This man, John



At the crisis of John Bell's illness, the witch broke out with joyous exultation, exclaiming: "I have got him up from that bed again!" The sufferer never regained consciousness. He died on the morning of

Bell, had prospered in North Carolina; he continued to prosper in his new home. His intelligence and his energy and his reputation for integrity soon made him a leader and a power. To his children he gave as good education as the period and the environment afforded. One of his sons became a lawyer. Two others went into flat-boating. In the spring of the year they would build huge scows or barges. Aboard these craft they floated cargoes of produce, mainly tobacco, down the Cumberland River to the Ohio, down the Ohio to the Mississippi, and down the Mississippi to New Orleans. There, having sold their wares, and their flatboats, they would return on horseback overland to Tennessee. John Bell's wife, who was the daughter of a well-to-do planter of Edgecomb County, North Carolina, appears to have been a mate well-suited to him. Tradition pictures her as a sane, earnest woman, deeply devout, generous and charitable.

According to the statements of the son, William Bell, peculiar demonstrations began at the Bell home sometime in the spring of 1818. They began with knockings at the door; with rappings in the wall; with sounds resembling the smacking of lips and sharp intakings of the breath. It would seem that these things were manifest, first of all, only to John Bell and his wife, who believed some maliciously inclined neighbor sought thereby to frighten them.

But the noises increased in volume and in frequency. The invisible disturber broadened its repertoire. Also it sometimes gave daylight performances, whereas previously it had confined its activities exclusively to the darkness. Now there were sounds as though trace chains were being dragged across the puncheon floors; sounds as though heavy logs were being flung against the outer walls of the house; sounds as though enormous rats were gnawing at the furniture. The younger children, and notably a half-grown girl, Elizabeth, commonly called Betsy, screamed out in the night, declaring that they were being pinched and slapped, and that invisible hands twitched the bedclothes off them; that something or other pulled their hair.

UP to this point the phenomena practically coincided with the particulars in instances of alleged witchcraft reported in much earlier periods both in England and in America. It will be recalled that the self-deluded accusers of the Salem witches likewise testified to hair-pullings and face-slappings and pinchings. Either the ancient witches were singularly lacking in originality, or their so-called victims, following the line of least resistance, chose in their hysterical denunciations to endow the fancied persecutors with the same perverse and perverted attributes which custom had hallowed. There was ingenuity of invention neither in the conjured-up torments nor in the stories of those who professed to have been tormented.

Furthermore, for purposes of argument we might go so far as to dismiss from consideration, as figments of imagination, most of these preliminary and introductory passages of bedevilment in the experiences of the Bells, even though related by individuals who honestly believed them, and who undoubtedly honestly continued to believe all through their days that they had been so affected and so afflicted. To pure fancy may likewise be ascribed some of the legends which spread through the neighborhood immediately following the first and the earlier phases of the manifestation, and which have endured locally for a century. For example, a negro slave named Dean, belonging to the Bells, told stories of seeing mysterious lights flitting about the homestead clearing; of an animal resembling a black dog with red eyes which pursued him at night, and of green-clad specters swinging in the tops of tall trees in broad daylight and then vanishing into thin air. Even after this lapse of time it is easy to place Dean in his proper perspective. When it came to seeing and hearing things, we may figure Dean as feeling that he must out-see and out-hear all others whatsoever. Also he seems to have had some spirited white competition in this same field.

Likewise, as material for the negative side of the argument, we should take into consideration certain temperamental characteristics which, we may be reasonably sure, were common among the dwellers in Robertson County at that time. Uniformly they believed in a personal devil and a physical hell. Many of them probably believed in familiar spirits and in black art and magic. Undoubtedly they had within them traces of that mysticism which seems to mark people who dwell in new lands and on the edges of deep wildernesses. They took their religion very seriously and sometimes very noisily. It is fair to assume that a proportion of them, at least, had the semi-hysterical enthusiasm and the over-stimulated imaginations which inevitably distinguish certain phases of spiritual excitement and spiritual exaltation. It is equally fair to assume that, living in close and intimate contact with their negro bondsmen, the whites had borrowed some of the fervid superstitions of the blacks. Any psychologist would weigh up these factors when offering rebuttal against the possibility and the plausibility of any such occurrences as are enumerated. But if, on the other hand, we take the affirmative side of the argument, we find our ammunition of logic — or the lack of logic, as the case may be — in the recital of a sequence of continuing events which, judged by ordinary processes of reason, appear, even after the lapse of more than a hundred years, to have been authentically observed and authentically remembered by a cloud of reputable witnesses.

ACCORDING to the statement of William Bell, the chain-rattlings and the face-slappings and the hair-pullings and the rest of it continued at frequent intervals for a period of some weeks. He declared that on one occasion he himself awoke, screaming with pain and fright as a result of blows in his face dealt by an invisible hand, and that at the same moment his young brother Joel and his sister Betsy, in other rooms at the opposite end of the house, also were crying out for similar reasons. Finally the haunted household was in such a state of terror and distress that John Bell, the father, took into his confidence his friend and neighbor, James Johnson, a man prominent in religious affairs in the district and the chief promoter of an annual camp-meeting, although not an ordained clergyman. On a certain night, as reminiscently recorded by William Bell and as substantiated by stories which the children of James Johnson had from him, Johnson and his wife came to spend the night at the house of the Bells. Before bedtime Johnson read a chapter from the Scriptures and prayed long and earnestly that the beset household might be delivered from the malign influence which troubled it, or that the cause and purpose of the visitation might be revealed. During the service there was freedom from interruption by the invisible, but it is declared that immediately after the Johnsons and

(*Continued on page 111*)

this time. He will never get the following day

The Breaking Point

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

ILLUSTRATIONS BY T. D. SKIDMORE

Mrs. Rinehart's brilliant novel is being reprinted from its beginning in the current issue of McCLURE'S. This seemed only fair to our new readers. Those who have been following the serial may continue on from page 93. — Editor's Note.

HEAVEN and earth," sang the tenor, Mr. Henry Wallace, owner of the Wallace, garage. His larynx, which gave him somewhat the appearance of having swallowed a crab-apple and got it only part-way down, protruded above his low collar.

"Heaven and earth," sang the bass, Mr. Edward Goodno, of the meat market and the Boy Scouts. "Heaven and earth are full —"

"Are full, are full," sang the soprano, Clare Rossiter, of the colonial house on the Ridgely Road. She sang with her eyes turned up, and as she reached G flat she lifted herself on her toes. "Of the majesty of Thy glory."

"Ready," barked the choir master. "Full now, and all together."

The choir room in the parish house resounded to the twenty voices of the choir. The choir master, at the piano, kept time with his head.

Elizabeth Wheeler liked choir practise. She liked the way in which, after the different parts had been run through, the voices finally blended into harmony and beauty. She liked the small sense of achievement it gave her, and of being a part, on Sundays, of the service. She liked the feeling, when she put on her black cassock and the white surplice, and the small round collar, of having placed in her locker the things of this world, such as a rose-colored hat and a blue georgette frock, and being stripped, as it were, for aspirations.

AT such times she had vague dreams of renunciation. She saw herself cloistered in some quiet spot, withdrawn from the world, a place where there were long vistas of pillars and gothic arches, after a photograph in the living-room at home, and a great organ somewhere playing.

She would go home from church, however, clad in the rose-colored hat and the blue georgette frock, and eat a hearty Sunday luncheon, and by two o'clock in the afternoon, when the family slept, and Jim had gone to the country club, her dreams were quite likely to be entirely different. Generally speaking, they had to do with love.

Bassett realized that behind the taciturnity of the ranch hands was suspicion. They exchanged glances, but continued to present an unbroken front of ignorance during the interview

Copyright, 1922, by Mary Roberts Rinehart

A Captivating Mystery Novel in Which Love Contends with Sinister Forces for a Man's Happiness

Romantic, unclouded young love, dramatic only because it was love, and very happy.

Sometime, perhaps, some one would come and tell her that he loved her; some one who would crystallize all her vague dreams. That was all. That was at once the beginning and the end. Her dreams led up to that, and stopped. Not by so much as a hand-clasp did they ever go beyond that wall.

So she sat in the choir room and joined in.

"Altos, a little stronger, please."

"Of the majesty, of the majesty, of the majesty of Thy glo-o-ry," sang Elizabeth, in a sweet frail voice. And was at once a nun and a principal in a sentimental dream of two.

What appeared to the eye was a small and rather ethereal girl in a plain wooden chair, a girl who had sleek brown hair and wistful eyes; nice eyes, of no particular color. Pretty with the beauty of youth, sensitive and thoughtful, infinitely loyal and capable of suffering, and not otherwise extraordinary was Elizabeth Wheeler in her plain wooden chair. A figure suggestive of no drama and certainly of no tragedy, its attitude expectant and waiting, with that alternate hope and fear which is youth at twenty, when all of life lies ahead, and every to-morrow may hold some great and glorious adventure.

Clare Rossiter walked home that night with Elizabeth; a tall blonde girl, lithe and graceful and with a calculated coquetry in her clothes.

"Do you mind going around the block?" she asked. "By Station Street?" There was something furtive and yet candid in her voice, and Elizabeth glanced at her.

"All right. But it's out of your way, isn't it?"

"Yes. I— You're so funny, Elizabeth. It's hard to talk to you. But I've got to tell somebody. I go around by Station Street every chance I get."

"By Station Street? Why?"

"I should think you could guess why."

She saw that Clare wanted to be questioned, and at the same time she felt a great distaste for the threatened confidence. She loathed arm-in-arm confidences, the indecency of dragging up and exposing, in whispers, things that should have been buried deep in reticence. She hesitated, and Clare slipped an arm through hers.

"You don't know then, do you? Sometimes I think every one must know. And I don't care. I've reached that point."

Her confession, naïve and shameless, and yet somehow not without a certain dignity, flowed on. She was mad about Doctor Dick Livingstone. Goodness knew why, for he never looked at her. She might be the dirt under his feet, for all he knew. She trembled when she met him in the street, and sometimes he looked past her and never saw her. She didn't sleep well any more.

Elizabeth listened in great discomfort. She did not see in Clare's revelation of hopeless passion the joy of the flagellant, or the self-dramatization of a neurotic girl. She saw herself, unwillingly, forced to peer into the sentimental windows of Clare's soul, and there to see Doctor Dick Livingstone, an unconscious occupant. But she had a certain fugitive sense of guilt, also. Formless as her dreams had been, vague and shy, they had nevertheless centered about some one who should be tall, like Dick Livingstone, and alternately grave, which was his professional manner, and gay, which was his manner when one turned out to have only a cold, and he could take a few minutes to be himself. Generally speaking, about some one who resembled Dick Livingstone, but who did

not consider one solely as either a child or a patient, as was wont, when it turned out to be only a cold, to pretend that he had once dandled one on his knee.

"Sometimes I think he positively avoids me," Clare wailed. "There's the house, Elizabeth. Do you mind stopping a minute? He must be in his office now. The light's burning."

"I wish you wouldn't, Clare. He'd hate it if he knew."

She moved on and Clare slowly followed. The Rossiter girl's flow of talk had suddenly stopped. She was thoughtful and impulsively suspicious.

"Look here, Elizabeth, I believe you care for him yourself."

"I? What is the matter with you to-night, Clare?"

"I'm just thinking. Your voice was so queer."

They walked on in silence. The flow of Clare's confidences had ceased, and her eyes were calculating and a trifle hard.

"There's a good bit of talk about him," she jerked out finally. "I suppose you've heard it."

"What sort of talk?"

"Oh, gossip. You'll hear it. Everybody's talking about it. It's doing him a lot of harm."

"I don't believe it," Elizabeth flared. "This town hasn't anything else to do, and so it talks. It makes me sick."

She did not attempt to analyze the twisted motives that made Clare belittle what she professed to love. And she did not ask what the gossip was. Half-way up Palmer Lane she turned in at the cement path between the two borders of early perennials which led to the white Wheeler house. She was flushed and angry, hating Clare for her unsolicited confidence and her malice, distrusting even Haverly, that smiling, tree-shaded suburb which "talked."

She opened the door quietly and went in. Micky, the Irish terrier, lay asleep at the foot of the stairs, and her father's voice, reading aloud, came pleasantly from the living-room.

SUDDENLY her sense of resentment died. With the closing of the front door the peace of the house enveloped her. What did it matter if, beyond that door, there were unrequited love, and petty gossip, and even tragedy? Not that she put that into conscious thought, she had merely a sensation of sanctuary and peace. Here, in these four walls, were all one should need, love and security and quiet happiness.

Walter Wheeler, pausing to turn a page, heard her singing as she went up the stairs. In the moment of the turning, he too had a flash of content. Twenty-five years of married life, and all well; Nina married, Jim out of college and commencing his business life; Elizabeth singing her way up the stairs to her little white bedroom and quiet sleep, and here by the silk-shaded lamp, his wife quietly knitting while he read to her. He read on:

"By the time a man has fought his own battles and achieved some sort of peace, there has arisen a new generation, greedy for life."

On Sunday mornings, during the service, Elizabeth earnestly tried to banish all worldly thoughts. In spite of this resolve, however, she was always conscious of a certain regret that the choir seats necessitated turning her profile to the congregation. At the age of twelve she had decided that her nose was too short, and nothing had happened since to change her conviction.

She seldom so much as glanced at the congregation. During her slow progress up and down the main aisle, behind the Courtney boy, who was still a soprano and who carried the great gold cross, she always looked straight ahead. Or rather, although she was unconscious of this, slightly up. She always looked up when she sang, for she had commenced to take singing lessons when the piano music-rack was high above her head.

SO she still lifted her eyes as she went up the aisle, and was always a trifle nervous over high notes, and extremely serious over the whole thing. Because it is a solemn matter to take a number of people who have been up to that moment engrossed in thoughts of food or golf or servants or business, and in the twinkling of an eye, as the prayer book said about death, turn their minds to worship.

Nevertheless, although she never looked at the pews, she was always conscious of two of them. One of them was near the pulpit, and one was near the door. The one near the pulpit was the Sayres' and it was the social calendar of the town. When Mrs. Sayre was in it, with Wallace or without him, it was the social season. One never knew then when Mrs. Sayre's butler would call up and say: "I am speaking for Mrs. Sayre. Mrs. Sayre would like to have the pleasure of Miss Wheeler's company on Thursday to luncheon, at one-thirty."

When the Sayre pew was empty, the town knew, if it happened to be winter, that the Florida or Santa Barbara season was on; or in summer, the Maine coast.

The other pew was at the back of the church. Always it had one occupant; sometimes it had three. But the behavior of this pew was very erratic. Sometimes an elderly and portly gentleman with white hair and fierce eyebrows would come in when the sermon was almost over. Again, an usher would reach his hand through the grill behind it, and a tall young man who had had his eyes fixed in the proper direction, but not always on the rector, would reach for his hat, get up and slip out. On these occasions, however, he would first identify the owner of the hand and then bend over the one permanent occupant of the pew, a little old lady. His speech was as Yea, yea, or nay, nay, for he either said: "I'll be back for dinner," or "Don't look for me until you see me."

And Mrs. Crosby, without taking her eyes from the sermon, would nod.

Of late years, Doctor David Livingstone had been taking less and less of the "Don't look for me until you see me" cases, and Doctor Dick had acquired a car which would not freeze when left outside all night like a forgotten dog, and a sense of philosophy about sleep. That is, that eleven o'clock P. M. was bedtime to some people, but was just eleven o'clock for him.

When he went to church he listened to the sermon, but rather often he looked at Elizabeth Wheeler. When his eyes wandered, as the most faithful eyes will now and then, they were apt to rest on the flag that had hung, ever since the war, beside the altar. He had fought for his country in a sea of mud, never nearer than two hundred miles to the battle line, fought with a surgical kit instead of a gun; but he was content. Not to all the high adventure.

Had he been asked, suddenly, the name of the tall blonde girl who sang among the sopranos, he could not have told it.

The Sunday morning following Clare Rossiter's sentimental confession, Elizabeth tried very hard to banish all worldly thoughts, as usual, and to see the kneeling, rising and sitting congregation as there for worship. But for the first time she wondered. Some of the faces were blank, as though behind the steady gaze the mind had wandered far afield, or slept. Some were intent, some even devout. But for the first time she began to feel that people, in the mass, might be cruel, too. How many of them, for instance, would sometime during the day pass on, behind their hands, the gossip Clare had mentioned?

SHE changed her position and glanced swiftly over the church. The Livingstone pew was fully occupied, and, well up toward the front, Wallie Sayre was steadfastly regarding her. She turned her head away quickly.

Came the end of the service. Came down the aisle the Courtney boy, clean and shining and carrying high his glowing symbol. Came the choir, two by two, sopranos and altos and Elizabeth; bass and tenor, neatly shaved for Sunday morning. Came the rector, Mr. Oglethorpe, a trifle wistful, because always he fell so far below the mark he had set. Came the benediction. Came the slow rising from its knees of the congregation and its cheerful bustle of dispersal.

Doctor Dick Livingstone stood up and helped Doctor David into his new spring coat. He was very content. It was May, and the sun was shining. It was Sunday, and he would have an hour or two of leisure. And he had made a resolution about a matter that had been in his mind for some time. He was very content.

He looked around the church with what was almost a possessive eye. These people were his friends. He knew them all, and they knew him. They had, against his protest, put his name on the bronze tablet set in the wall, on the roll of honor. Small as it was, this was his world.

Half-smiling, he glanced about. He did not realize that behind their bows and greetings there was something new that day, something not so much unkind as questioning.

Outside in the street he tucked his aunt, Mrs. Crosby, against the spring wind, and waited at the wheel of the car while David entered with the deliberation of a man accustomed to the sagging of his old side-bar buggy under his weight. Long ago Dick had dropped the titular "uncle", and as David he now addressed him.

"You're going to play some golf this afternoon, David," he said firmly. "Mike had me out this morning to look at your buggy springs."

DAVID chuckled. He still stuck to his old horse, and to the ancient vehicle which had been the signal of distress before so many doors for forty years. "I can trust old Nettie," he would say. "She doesn't freeze her radiator on cold nights, she doesn't skid, and if I drop asleep she'll take me home and into my own barn, which is more than any automobile would do."

"I'm going to sleep," he said comfortably. "Get Wallie Sayre — I see he's back from some place again — or ask a nice girl. Ask Elizabeth Wheeler. I don't think Lucy here expects to be the only woman in your life."

Dick glanced at him.

"How about that, David?" he inquired, in a low tone. "I've never known just exactly — —"

"Balderdash!" David snorted. "Don't get any fool notion in your head."

Followed a short silence with Dick driving automatically and thinking. Finally he drew a long breath.

"All right," he said. "Now about that golf — you need exercise. You're putting on weight, and you know it. And you smoke too much. It's either less tobacco or more walking, and you ought to know it."

David grunted, but he turned to Lucy Crosby, in the rear seat.

"Lucy, d'you know where my clubs are?"

"You loaned them to Jim Wheeler last fall. If you get half of them back you're lucky." Mrs. Crosby's voice was faintly tart. Long ago she had learned that her brother's belongings were his only by right of purchase, and were by way of being community property. When, early in her widowhood and her return to his home, she had found that her protests resulted only in a sort of clandestine giving or lending, she had exacted a promise from him. "I ask only one thing, David," she had said. "Tell me where the things go, and when. There wasn't a blanket for the guest room at the time of the Diocesan Convention."

"I'll run around to the Wheelers' and get them," Dick observed, in a carefully casual voice. "I'll see the Carter baby, too, David, and that clears the afternoon. Any message?"

Lucy glanced at him, but David moved toward the house.

"Give Elizabeth a kiss for me," he called over his shoulder, and went chuckling up the path.

Mrs. Crosby stood on the pavement, gazing after the car as it moved off. She had not her brother's simplicity nor his optimism. Her married years had taken her away from the environment which had enabled him to live his busy, uncomplicated life; where, the only medical man in a growing community, he had learned to form his own sturdy decisions and then to abide by them.

BLACK and white, right and wrong, the proper course and the improper course — he lived in a sort of two-dimensional ethical world. But to Lucy Crosby, between black and white there was a gray no man's land of doubt and indecision; a half-way house of compromise, and sometimes David frightened her. He was so sure.

She passed the open door into the waiting room, where sat two or three patient and silent figures, and went back to the kitchen. Minnie, the elderly servant, sat by the table reading, amid the odor of roasting chickens; outside the door on the kitchen porch was the freezer containing the dinner ice-cream. An orderly Sun-

"Nina," said Mrs. Sayre, "I came to talk about Wallace and your sister. I want Wallie to marry. The life of an unattached man about town is full of temptations —"

day peace was in the air, a gesture of homely comfort, order and security.

Minnie got up.

"I'll unpin your veil for you," she offered, obligingly. "You've got time to lie down about ten minutes. Mrs. Morgan said she'd got to have her ears treated."

"I hope she doesn't sit and talk for an hour."

"She'll talk, all right," Minnie observed, her mouth full of pins. "She'd be talking to me yet if I'd stood there. She's got her nerve, too, that woman."

"I don't like to hear you speak so of the patients who come to the house, Minnie."

"Well, I don't like their asking me questions about the family, either," said Minnie, truculently. "She wanted to know who was Doctor Dick's mother. Said she had had a woman here from Wyoming, and she thought she'd known his people."

Mrs. Crosby stood very still.

"I think she should bring her questions to the family," she said, after a silence. "Thank you, Minnie."

Bonnet in hand, she moved toward the stairs, climbed them and went into her room. For ten years life had been growing increasingly calm and less beset with doubts. For the first time, with Dick's coming to live with them, a boy of twenty-two, she had found a vicarious maternity, and gloried in it. Recently she had been very happy. The war was over and he was safely back; again she could sew on his buttons and darn his socks, and turn down his bed at night. He filled the old house with cheer, and with vitality. And, as David gave up more and more of the work, he took it on his broad shoulders, efficient, tireless, and with growing popularity.

She put her bonnet away in its box, and suddenly there rose in her frail old body a fierce and unexpected resentment against David. He had chosen a course and abided by it. He had even now no doubts or falterings. Even in the first anxious days, there had been no doubt in him as to the essential rightness of what he was doing. And now — —

This was what came of taking a life and molding it in accordance with a predetermined plan. That was for God to do, not man.

What did Mrs. Morgan know — or suspect?

SHE sat down near her window, and rocked slowly, to calm herself. Outside, the Sunday movement of the little suburban village went by. The elder Wheeler girl, Nina, who had recently married Leslie Ward, in her smart little car; Harrison Miller, the cynical bachelor who lived next door, on his way to the station newsstand for the New York papers; young couples taking small babies for the air in perambulators; younger couples, their eyes on each other and on the future.

That, too, she reflected bitterly. Dick was in love. She had not watched him for that very thing for so long without being fairly sure now. She had caught, as simple David with his celibate heart could never have caught, the tone in Dick's voice when he mentioned the Wheelers. She had watched him, for the past few months, in church on Sunday mornings, and she knew that as she watched him, so he looked at Elizabeth.

And David was so sure! So sure.

The office door closed, and Mrs. Morgan went out, a knitted scarf wrapping her ears against the wind, and following that came the slow ascent of David as he climbed the stairs to wash for dinner.

She stopped rocking.

"David!" she called sharply.

He opened the door and came in, a bulky figure, still faintly aromatic of drugs, cheerful and serene.

"D'you call me?" he inquired.

"Yes. Shut the door and come in. I want to talk to you."

HE closed the door and went to the hearth-rug. There was a photograph of Dick on the mantel, taken in his uniform, and he looked at it for a moment. Then he turned.

"All right, my dear. Let's have it."

"Did Mrs. Morgan have anything to say?"

He stared at her.

"She usually has," he said. "I never knew you considered it worth repeating. No. Nothing in particular."

The very fact that Mrs. Morgan had limited her inquiry to Minnie confirmed her suspicions. But somehow, face to face with David, she could not see his contentment turned to anxiety.

"I want to talk to you about Dick."

"Yes?"

"I think he's in love, David."

David's heavy body straightened, but his face remained serene.

"We had to expect that, Lucy. Is it Elizabeth Wheeler, do you think?"

"Yes."

For a moment there was silence. The canary in its cage hopped about, a beady inquisitive eye now on one, now on the other of them.

"She's a good girl, Lucy."

"That's not the point, is it?"

"Do you think she cares for him?"

"I don't know. There's some talk of Wallie Sayre. He's there a good bit."

"Wallie Sayre!" snorted David. "He's never done a day's work in his life and never will." He reflected on that, with growing indignation. "He doesn't hold a candle to Dick. Of course, if the girl's a fool — —"

Hands thrust deep into his pockets, David took a turn about the room. Lucy watched him. At last:

"You're evading the real issue, David, aren't you?"

"Perhaps I am," he admitted. "I'd better talk to him. If he's got any idea that he shouldn't I'd better talk to him. That's nonsense."

"I don't mean that, exactly," Lucy persisted. "I mean, won't he want a good many things cleared up before he marries? Isn't he likely to want to go back to Norada?"

Some of the ruddy color left Doctor Dave's face. He stood still, staring at her and silent.

"You know he meant to go three years ago, but the war came, and — —"

Her voice trailed off. She could not even now easily recall those days when Dick was drilling on the golf links, and that later period of separation.

"If he does go back — —"

"Donaldson is dead," David broke in, almost roughly.

"Maggie Donaldson is still living."

"What if she is? She's loyal to the core, in the first place. In the second, she's criminally liable. As liable as I am."

Lucy winced at the word. There followed a long silence, which she broke rather timidly.

"There is one thing, David, I ought to know. I've never liked to ask before. What has become of the Carlysle girl?"

"She left the stage. There was a sort of general conviction that she was implicated and — I don't know, Lucy. Sometimes I think she was." He sighed. "I read something about her coming back, some months ago, in 'The Valley.' That was the thing she was playing the spring before it happened." He turned on her. "Don't get that in your head. That's gone, with the rest."

"I wonder, sometimes."

"I know it."

Outside, the slamming of an automobile door announced Dick's return, and almost immediately Minnie rang the old-fashioned gong that hung in the lower hall. Mrs. Crosby got up and placed a leaf of lettuce between the bars of the bird cage.

"Dinner time, Caruso," she said absently. Caruso was the name Dick had given the bird. And to David: "She must be in her thirties now."

"Probably." Then his anger and anxiety burst out. "What difference can it make about her? About Donaldson's wife? About any hang-over from that rotten time? They're gone, all of them. He's here. He's safe and happy. He's strong and fine. That's enough."

IN the low hall Dick was taking off his overcoat.

"Smells like chicken, Minnie," he said, into the dining-room.

"Chicken and biscuits, Mr. Dick."

"Hi, up there!" he called lustily. "Come and feed a starving man. I'm going to muffle the doorbell!"

He stood smiling up at them. Very tidy in his Sunday suit, very boyish, for all his thirty-two years. His face, smilingly tender as he watched them, was strong rather than handsome, quietly dependable and faintly humorous.

"In the language of our great ally," he said, "*Madame et Monsieur, le dîner est servi.*"

In his eyes there was not only tenderness, but a somewhat emphasized affection, as though he meant to demonstrate, not only to them but to himself, that this new thing that had come to him did not touch their old relationship. For the new thing had come. He was still slightly dazed with the knowledge of it, and considerably anxious. Because he had just taken a glance at himself in the mirror of the walnut hat-rack, and he had seen nothing there

particularly to inspire — well, to inspire what he wanted to inspire.

At the foot of the stairs he drew Lucy's arm through his, and held her hand. She seemed very small and frail beside him.

"Some day," he said, "a strong wind will come along and carry off Mrs. Lucy Crosby, and the Doctors Livingstone will be obliged to rent aeroplanes, and search for her at various elevations."

Doctor David sat down and picked up the old-fashioned carving knife.

"Get the clubs?" he inquired.

Dick looked almost stricken.

"Oh, I forgot them, David," he said guiltily. "Jim Wheeler went to look them up and I — I'll go back after dinner. I'm awfully sorry."

It was some time later during the meal that Dick, whose thoughts had been elsewhere, looked up from his plate and turning to David said:

"I'd like to cut office hours on Wednesday night, David. I've asked Elizabeth Wheeler to go into town to the theater."

"What about the baby at the Homer place?"

"Not due until Sunday. I'll leave my seat number at the box office anyhow, so that will be all right."

"What are you going to see Dick?" Mrs. Crosby asked gently. "Will you have some dumplings?"

"I will, but David shouldn't. Too much starch. Why, it's called 'The Valley', I think. An actress named Carlysle, Beverly Carlysle, is starring in it, and seems to be quite a success."

HE ate on, his mind not on his food, but back in the white house on Palmer Lane, and a girl. Lucy Crosby, fork in air, stared at him, and then glanced at David.

But David did not look up from his plate.

The Wheeler house was good, modern and commonplace. Walter Wheeler and his wife were like the house. Just as here and there among the furniture there was a fine thing, an antique highboy, a Sheraton sideboard or some old cut glass, so they had, with a certain mediocrity, their own outstanding virtues. They liked music, believed in the home as the unit of the nation, and devoted their lives to their children.

For many years their lives had centered about the children. For years they had held anxious conclave about whooping cough, about small early disobediences, later about Sunday tennis. They stood united to protect the children against disease, trouble, and eternity.

Now that the children were no longer children, they were sometimes lonely and still apprehensive. They always feared motor-car accidents, and Walter Wheeler had withstood the appeals of Jim for a car for a half-dozen years. They feared trains for them, and unhappy marriages, and hid their fears from each other. Their nightly prayers were "to keep them safe and happy."

"Forsaking all others so long as we both shall live," Dick said unsteadily, as he slipped the ring into place. "So long as we both shall live," Elizabeth repeated gravely

BUT they saw life reaching out and taking them, one by one. They saw them still as children, but as children determined to bear their own burdens, live their own lives. Jim stayed out late sometimes, and considered his manhood in question if interrogated. Nina was married and out of the home, but there loomed before them the possibility of maternity and its dangers for her. There remained only Elizabeth, and on her they lavished the care and attention which was formerly divided among the three.

It was their intention and determination that she should never know trouble. She was tenderer than the others, more docile and gentle. They saw her, not as a healthy, normal girl, but as something fragile and very precious.

Nina was very different from Elizabeth. They had always worried a little about Nina, although they had never put their anxiety to each other. Nina had always overrun her dress allowance, although she had never failed to be sweetly penitent about it, and Nina had always placed an undue emphasis on *things*. Her bedroom before her marriage was cluttered with odds and ends, cotillion favors and photographs, college pennants and small unwise purchases — trophies of the gayety and conquest which were her life.

And Nina had "come out." It had cost a great deal, and it was not so much to introduce her to society as to put a family recognition on a fact already accomplished, for Nina had brought herself out unofficially at sixteen. There had been the club ballroom, and a great many flowers which withered before they could be got to the hospital, and new clothing for all the family, and a caterer and orchestra. After that, for a cold and tumultuous winter, Mrs. Wheeler had sat up with the dowagers night after night until all hours, and the next morning had let Nina sleep, while she went about her household duties. She had aged, rather, and her determined smile had grown a little fixed.

She was a good woman, and she wanted her children's happiness more than anything in the world, but she had a faint and sternly repressed feeling of relief when Nina announced her engagement. Nina did it with characteristic *sang froid* at dinner one night.

"Don't ring for Annie for a minute, mother," she said. "I want to tell you all something. I'm going to marry Leslie Ward."

There had been a momentary pause. Then her father said:

"Just a minute. Is that Will Ward's boy?"

"Yes. He's not a boy."

"Well, he'll come around to see me before there's any engagement. Has that occurred to either of you?"

"Oh, he'll be around. He'd have come to-night, but Howard Moore is having his bachelor dinner. I hope he doesn't look shot to pieces to-morrow. These bachelor things — we'd better have a dinner or something, mother, and announce it."

There had been the dinner, with a silver loving cup bought for the occasion, and thereafter to sit out its useless days on the Sheraton sideboard. And there had been a trousseau and a wedding so expensive that a small frown of anxiety had developed between Walter Wheeler's eyebrows and stayed there.

FOR Nina's passion for things was inherent, persisting after her marriage. She discounted her birthdays and Christmas in advance, coming around to his office a couple of months before the winter holidays and needing something badly.

"It's like this, daddy," she would say. "You're going to give me a check for Christmas anyhow, aren't you? And it would do me more good now. I simply can't go to another ball."

"Where's your trousseau?"

"It's worn out — danced to rags. And out of date, too."

"I don't understand it, Nina. You and Leslie have a good income. Your mother and I — —"

"You don't have any social demands. And wedding presents! If one more friend of mine is married — —"

He would get out his check-book and write a check slowly and thoughtfully, and tearing it off he would say:

"Now remember, Nina, this is for Christmas. Don't feel aggrieved when the time comes and you have no gift from us."

But he knew that when the time came, Margaret, his wife, would hold out almost to the end, and then slip into a jeweler's and buy Nina something she simply couldn't do without.

It wasn't quite fair, he felt. It wasn't fair to Jim or to Elizabeth. Particularly to Elizabeth.

Sometimes he looked at Elizabeth with a little prayer in his heart, never articulate; that life would be good to her; that she keep her illusions and her dreams; that the soundness and wholesomeness of her might keep her from unhappiness. Sometimes, as she sat reading or sewing, with the light behind her shining through her soft hair, he saw in her a purity that was almost radiant.

HE was in arms at once a night or two before Dick had invited Elizabeth to go to the theater, when Margaret Wheeler had said:

"The house was gayer when Nina was at home."

"Yes. And you were pretty sick of it. Full of roistering young idiots. Piano and phonograph going at once, pairs of gigglers in the pantry at the refrigerator, pairs on the stairs and on the veranda, cigar-ashes — my cigars — and cigarettes over everything, and more infernal spooning going on than I've ever seen in my life."

He had resumed his newspaper, to put it down almost at once.

"What's that Sayre boy hanging around for?"

"I think he's in love with her, Walter."

"Love? Any of the Sayre tribe? Jim Sayre drank himself to death, and this boy is like him. And Jim Sayre wasn't faithful to his wife. This boy is an — well, he's an heir. That's why he was begotten."

Margaret Wheeler stared at him.

"Why, Walter!" she said. "He's a nice boy, and he's a gentleman."

"Why? Because he gets up when you come into the room. Why in heaven's name don't you encourage real men to come here? There's Dick Livingstone. He's a man."

Margaret hesitated.

"Walter, have you ever thought there was anything queer about Dick Livingstone's coming here?"

"Darned good for the town that he did come."

"But — nobody ever dreamed that David and Lucy had a nephew. Then he turns up, and they send him to medical college, and all that."

"I've got some relations I haven't notified the town I possess," he said grimly.

"Well, there's something odd. I don't believe Henry Livingstone, the Wyoming brother, ever had a son."

"What possible foundation have you for a statement like that?"

"Mrs. Cook Morgan's sister-in-law has been visiting her lately. She says she knew Henry Livingstone well years ago in the west, and she never heard he was married. She says positively he was *not* married."

"And trust the Morgan woman to spread the good news," he said with angry sarcasm. "Well, suppose that's true? Suppose Dick *is* an illegitimate child? That's the worst that's implied, I dare say. That's nothing against Dick himself. I'll tell the world there's good blood on the Livingstone side, anyhow."

"You were very particular about Wallie Sayre's heredity, Walter."

"That's different," he retorted, and retired into gloomy silence behind his newspaper. Drat these women anyhow. It was like some fool female to come on and rake up some old and defunct scandal. He'd stand up for Dick, if it ever came to a show-down. He liked Dick. What the devil did his mother matter anyhow? If this town hadn't had enough evidence of Dick Livingstone's quality the last few years he'd far better go elsewhere, anyhow. He — —"

He got up and whistled for the dog.

"I'm going to take a walk," he said briefly, and went out. He always took a walk when things troubled him.

On the Sunday afternoon after Dick had gone, Elizabeth was alone in her room up-stairs. On the bed lay the sort of gown Nina would have called a dinner dress, and to which Elizabeth referred as her dark blue. Seen thus, in the room which was her own expression, there was a certain nobility about her very simplicity, a steadiness about her eyes that was almost disconcerting.

"She's the saintly-looking sort that would go on the rocks for some man," Nina had said once, rather flippantly, "and never know she was shipwrecked. No man in the world could do that to me."

BUT just then Elizabeth looked totally unlike shipwreck. Nothing seemed more like a safe harbor than the Wheeler house that afternoon, or all the afternoons. Life went on, the comfortable life of an upper middle-class household. Candles and flowers on the table and a neat waitress to serve; little, carefully-planned shopping expeditions; fine hand-sewing on dainty undergarments for rainy days; small tributes of books or candy, invitations and consultations as to what to wear; choir practise, a class in the Sunday school, a little work among the poor; the volcano which had been Nina overflowing elsewhere in a smart little house with a butler out on the Ridgely Road.

She looked what she was, a small and not uncommon young woman, steady-eyed and serene; not asking greatly but hoping much; full of small unvisualized dreams and little inarticulate prayers; waiting, without knowing that she was waiting.

Sometimes she worried. She thought she ought to "do something." A good many of the girls she knew wanted to do something, but they were vague as to what. She felt at those times that she was not being very useful, and she had gone so far as to lay the matter before her father a couple of years before, when she was just eighteen.

"Just what?" he asked.

"That's it," she had said despondently. "I don't know. I haven't any particular talent, you know. But I don't think I ought to go on having you support me in idleness all my life."

"Well, I don't think it likely that I'll have to," he had observed, drily. "But here's the point, and I think it's important. I don't intend to work without some compensation, and my family is my compensation. You just hang around and make me happy, as you do, and you're fulfilling your economic place in the nation. Don't you forget it, either."

That had comforted her. She had decided never to marry, but to hang around for the rest of her life. She was quite earnest about it, and resolved.

She picked up the blue dress and standing before her mirror, held it up before her. It looked rather shabby, she thought, but the theater was not like a dance, and anyhow it would look better at night. She had been thinking about next Wednesday evening ever since Dick Livingstone had gone. It seemed, somehow, frightfully important. It *was* frightfully important. For the first time she acknowledged to herself that she had been fond of him, as she put it, for a long time. She had an odd sense, too, of being young and immature, and as though he had stooped to her from some height. Such as thirty-two years and being in the war, and having to decide about life and death, and so on.

She hoped he did not think she was only a child.

She heard Nina coming up the stairs. At the click of her high heels on the hard wood she placed her dress on the bed again, and went to the window. Her father was on the path below, clearly headed for a walk. She knew then that Nina had been asking for something.

Nina came in and closed the door. She was smaller than Elizabeth and very pretty. Her eyebrows had been drawn to a tiny line, and from the top of her shining head to her brown suède pumps she was exquisite with the hours of careful tending and careful dressing she gave her young body.

SHE sat down on Elizabeth's bed with a sigh.

"I really don't know what to do with father," she said. "He flies off at a tangent over the smallest things. Elizabeth dear, can you lend me twenty dollars? I'll get my allowance on Tuesday."

"I can give you ten."

"Well, ask mother for the rest, won't you? You needn't say it's for me. I'll give it to you Tuesday."

"I'm not going to mother, Nina. She has a lot of expense this month."

"Then I'll borrow it from Wallie Sayre," Nina said, accepting her defeat cheerfully. "If it was an ordinary bill it could wait, but I lost it at bridge and it's got to be paid."

"You oughtn't to play bridge for money," Elizabeth said, a bit primly. "And if Leslie knew you borrowed from Wallie Sayre — —"

"Oh, I forgot! Wallie is down-stairs, Elizabeth. Really, if he wasn't so funny, he'd be tragic."

"Why tragic? He has everything in the world."

"If you use a little bit of sense, you can have them, too."

"I don't want things."

"Pooh! That's what you think now. Wallie's a nice person. Lots of girls are mad about him. And he has about all the money there is." Getting no response from Elizabeth, she went on: "I was thinking it over last night. You'll have to marry sometime, and it isn't as though Wallie was dissipated, or anything like that. I suppose he knows his way about, but they all do."

She got up.

"Be nice to him, anyhow," she said. "He's crazy about you, and when I think of you in that house—it's a wonderful house, Elizabeth. His mother has a suite waiting for Wallie to be married before she furnishes it."

Elizabeth looked around her virginal little room, with its painted dressing-table, its chintz, and its white bed, with the blue dress on it.

"I'm very well satisfied as I am," she said.

WHILE she smoothed her hair before the mirror Nina surveyed the room and her eyes lighted on the frock.

"Are you still wearing that shabby old thing?" she demanded. "I do wish you'd get some proper clothes. Are you going somewhere?"

"I'm going to the theater on Wednesday night."

"Who with?" Nina in her family was highly colloquial.

"With Doctor Livingstone."

"Are you joking?" Nina demanded.

"Joking? Of course not."

Nina sat down again on the bed, her eyes on her sister, curious and not a little apprehensive.

"It's the first time it's ever happened, to my knowledge," she declared. "I know he's avoided me like poison. I thought he hated women. You know Clare Rossiter is — —"

Elizabeth turned suddenly.

"Clare is ridiculous," she said. "She hasn't any reserve, or dignity, or anything else. And I don't see what my going to the theater with Dick Livingstone has to do with her, anyhow."

Nina raised her carefully plucked eyebrows.

"Really!" she said. "You needn't jump down my throat, you know." She considered, her eyes on her sister. "Don't go and throw yourself away on Dick Livingstone, Sis. You're too good-looking, and he hasn't a cent. A suburban practise, out all night, that tumble-down old house and two old people hung around your neck, for Doctor David is letting go pretty fast. It just won't do. Besides, there's a story going the rounds about him that — —"

"I don't want to hear it."

She went to the door and opened it.

"I've hardly spoken a dozen words to him in my life. But just remember this: When I do find the man I want to marry, I shall make up my own mind. As you did," she added as a parting shot.

She was rather sorry as she went down the stairs. She had begun to suspect what the family never guessed, that Nina was not very happy. More and more she saw in Nina's passion for clothes and gaiety, for small possessions, an attempt to substitute them for real things. She even suspected that sometimes Nina was a little lonely.

Wallie Sayre rose from a deep chair as she entered the living-room.

"Hello," he said, "I was on the point of asking Central to give me this number so I could get you on the up-stairs telephone."

"Nina and I were talking. I'm sorry."

Wallie, in spite of Walter Wheeler's opinion of him, was an engaging youth with a wide smile, an air of careless well-being, and an obstinate jaw. What he wanted he went after and generally secured, and Elizabeth, enlightened by Nina, began to have a small, anxious feeling that afternoon that what he wanted just now happened to be herself.

"Nina coming down?" he asked.

"I suppose so. Why?"

"You couldn't pass the word along that you are going to be engaged for the next half-hour?"

"I might, but I certainly don't intend to."

"You are as hard to isolate as a — as a germ," he complained. "I gave up a perfectly good golf game to see you, and as your father generally calls the dog the moment I appear and goes for a walk, I thought I might see you alone."

"You're seeing me alone now, you know."

SUDDENLY he leaned over and catching up her hand, kissed it.

"You're so cool and sweet," he said. "I—I wish you liked me a little." He smiled up at her, rather wistfully. "I never knew any one quite like you."

She drew her hand away. Something Nina had said — that he knew his way about — came to her mind, and made her uncomfortable. Back of him, suddenly, was that strange and mysterious region where men of his sort lived their furtive man-life, where they knew their way about. She had no curiosity nor interest, but the mere fact of its existence as revealed by Nina, repelled her.

"There are plenty like me," she said. "Don't be silly, Wallie. I hate having my hand kissed."

"I wonder," he observed shrewdly, "whether that's really true, or whether you just hate having me do it?"

When Nina came in he was drawing a rough sketch of his new power boat.

Nina's delay was explained by the appearance, a few minutes later, of a rather sullen Annie with a tea tray. Afternoon tea was not a Wheeler institution, but was notoriously a Sayre one. And Nina believed in putting one's best foot foremost, even when that resulted in a state of unstable domestic equilibrium.

"Put in a word for me, Nina," Wallie begged. "I intend to ask Elizabeth to go to the theater this week, and I think she is going to refuse."

"What's the play?" Nina inquired negligently. She was privately determining that her mother needed a tea cart and a new tea service.

"'The Valley.' Not that the play matters. It's Beverly Carlysle."

"I thought she was dead, or something."

"Or something is right. She retired years ago, at the top of her success. She was a howling beauty, I'm told. I never saw her. There was some queer story. I've forgotten it. I was a kid then. How about it, Elizabeth?"

"I'm sorry. I'm going Wednesday night."

He looked downcast over that, and he was curious, too. But he made no comment save:

"Well, better luck next time."

"Just imagine," said Nina. "She's going with Dick Livingstone. Can you imagine it?"

But Wallace Sayre could and did. He had rather a stricken moment, too. Of course there might be nothing to it, but on the other hand, there very well might. And Livingstone was the sort to attract the feminine woman; he had gravity and responsibility. He was older, too, and that flattered a girl.

"He's not a bit attractive," Nina was saying. "Quiet, and — well, I don't suppose he knows what he's got on."

Wallie was watching Elizabeth.

"Oh, I don't know," he said, with masculine fairness. "He's a good sort, and he's pretty much of a man."

He was quite sure that the look Elizabeth gave him was grateful.

He went soon after that, keeping up an appearance of gaiety to the end, and very careful to hope that Elizabeth would enjoy the play.

"She's a wonder, they say," he said, from the doorway. "Take two hankies along, for it's got more tears than 'East Lynne' and 'The Old Homestead' put together."

He went out, holding himself very erect and looking particularly cheerful until he reached the corner. There, however, he slumped, and it was a rather despondent young man who stood, some time later, on the center of the deserted bridge over the small river, and surveyed the water with moody eyes.

IN the dusky living-room Nina was speaking her mind.

"You treat him like a dog," she said. "Oh, I know — you're civil to him, but if any man looked at me the way Wallie looks at you — I don't know, though," she added, thoughtfully. "It may be that that is why he is so keen. It may be good tactics. Most girls fall for him with a crash."

But when she glanced at Elizabeth she saw that she had not heard. Her eyes were fixed on something in the street beyond the window. Nina looked out. With a considerable rattle of loose joints and four extraordinarily worn tires, the Livingstone car was going by.

David did not sleep well that night. He had not had his golf after all, for the Homer baby had sent out his advance notice early in the afternoon, and had himself arrived on Sunday evening, at the hour when Minnie was winding her clock and preparing to retire early for the Monday washing, and the Sayre butler was announcing dinner. Dick had come in, at ten o'clock, weary and triumphant, to announce that Richard Livingstone Homer, sex male, color white, weight nine pounds, had been safely delivered into this vale of tears.

David lay in the great walnut bed which had been his mother's and read his prayer book by the light of his evening lamp. He read the Evening Prayer and the Litany, and then at last he resorted to the thirty-nine articles, which usually had a soporific effect on him. But it was no good.

HE got up and took to pacing his room, a portly, solid old figure in striped pajamas, and the pair of knitted bedroom slippers which were always Mrs. Morgan's Christmas offering. "To Doctor David, with love and a merry Xmas, from Angeline Morgan."

At last he got his keys from his trousers' pocket and padded softly down the stairs and into his office. He drew the shade and turned on the lights. Around him was the accumulated professional impedimenta of many years; the old-fashioned surgical chair; the corner closet which had been designed for china, and which held his instruments; the bookcase; his framed diplomas on the wall, their signatures faded, their seals a little dingy; his desk, from which Dick had removed the old ledger which had held those erratic records from which, when he needed money, he had been wont — and reluctant — to make out his bills.

Beyond lay Dick's office, a neat place of shining linoleum and small glass stands, highly modern and businesslike. Beyond the office and opening from it was his laboratory, which had been the fruit closet once, and into which Dick on occasion retired to fuss with slides and tubes and stains and a microscope.

Sometimes he called David in, and talked at length and with enthusiasm about such human interest things as the *staphylococcus pyogenes aureus*, and the Friedlander bacillus. The older man would listen, but his eyes were oftener on Dick than on the microscope or the slide.

David went to the bookcase and got down a large book, much worn, and carried it to his desk. . . .

An hour or so later he heard footsteps in the hall and closed the book hastily. It was Lucy Crosby, a wadded dressing-gown over her night dress and a glass of hot milk in her hand.

"You drink this and come to bed, David," she said peremptorily. "I've been lying up-stairs waiting for you to come up, and I need some sleep."

He had had no sort of hope that she would not notice the book.

"I just got to thinking things over, Lucy," he explained, his tone apologetic. "There's no use pretending I'm not worried. I am."

"Well, it's in God's hands," she said, quite simply. "Take this up and drink it slowly. If you gulp it down it makes a lump in your stomach."

She stood by while he replaced the book in the bookcase and put out the lights. Then in the darkness she preceded him up the stairs.

"You'd better take the milk yourself, Lucy," he said. "You're not sleeping either."

"I've had some. Good night."

He went in and sitting on the side of his bed, sipped his milk. Lucy was right. It was not in their hands. He had the feeling all at once of having relinquished a great burden. He crawled into bed and was almost instantly asleep.

So something after midnight found David sleeping, and Lucy on her knees. It found Elizabeth dreamlessly unconscious in her white bed, and Dick Livingstone asleep also, but in his clothing, and in a chair by the window. In the light from a street lamp his face showed lines of fatigue and nervous stress, lines only revealed when during sleep a man casts off the mask with which he protects his soul against even loving eyes.

But midnight found others awake. It found Nina, for instance, in her draped French bed, consulting her jeweled watch and listening for Leslie's return from the country club. An angry and rather heart-sick Nina. And it found the night editor of one of the morning papers drinking a cup of coffee that a boy had brought in, and running through a mass of copy on his desk. He picked up several sheets of paper, with a photograph clamped to them, and ran through them quickly. A man in a soft hat, sitting on the desk, watched him idly.

"Beverly Carlysle," commented the night editor. "Back with bells on!" He took up the photograph. "Doesn't look much older, does she? It's a queer world."

LOUIS BASSETT, star reporter and feature writer of the *Times-Republican*, smiled reminiscently.

"She was a wonder," he said. "I interviewed her once, and I was crazy about her. She had the stage set for me, all right. The papers had been full of the incident of Jud Clark and the night he lined up fifteen Johnnies in the lobby, each with a bouquet as big as a tub, all of them in top hats and Inverness coats, standing in a row. She played up the heavy domestic for me, was knitting or sewing, I forget."

"Fell for her, did you?"

"Did I! That was ten years ago, and I'm not sure I'm over it yet."

"Probably that's the reason," said the city editor, drily. "Go and see her, and get over it. Get her views on the stage and morality, for next Sunday. Williams would be crazy about it."

He finished his coffee.

"You might ask her, too, what she thinks has become of Judson Clark," he added. "I have an idea she knows, if any one does."

Bassett stared at him.

"You're joking, aren't you?"

"Yes. But it would make a darned good story."

When Dick Livingstone finished medical college he had found, like other men, that the two paths of ambition and duty were parallel and did not meet. Along one lay his desire to focus all his energy in one direction, to follow disease into the laboratory instead of the sick-room, and there to fight its unsung battles. And win. He felt that he would win.

Along the other lay David.

It was not until he had completed his course and come home that he had realized that David was growing old. Even then he might have felt that, by the time David was compelled to relinquish his hold on his practise, he himself would be sufficiently established to take over the support of the household. But here there was interposed a new element, one he had not counted on. David was fiercely jealous of his practise; the thought that it might pass into new and alien hands was bitter to him. To hand it down to his adopted son was one thing; to pass it over to some "young whipper-snapper" was another.

Nor were David's motives selfish or unworthy. His patients were his friends. He had a sense of responsibility to them, and very little faith in the new modern methods. He thought there was a great deal of tomfoolery about them, and he viewed the gradual loss of faith in drugs with alarm. When Dick wore rubber gloves during their first obstetric case together, he snorted.

"I've delivered about half the population of this town," he said, "and slapped 'em to make 'em breathe with my own bare hands. And I'm still here and so are they."

For by that time Dick had made his decision. He could not abandon David. For him then and thereafter the routine of a general practise in a suburban town, the long hours, the varied responsibilities, the feeling he had sometimes that by doing many things passably he was doing none of them well. But for compensation he had old David's content and greater leisure, and Lucy Crosby's unspoken gratitude and love.

Now and then he chafed a little, when he read some article in a medical journal by one of his fellow enthusiasts, or when, in France, he saw men younger than himself obtaining an experience in their several specialties that would enable them to reach wide fields at home. But mostly he was content, or at least resigned. He was building up the Livingstone practise, and his one anxiety was lest the time should come when more patients asked for Doctor Dick than for Doctor David. He did not want David hurt.

Elizabeth Wheeler

Doctor Dick

Clare Rossiler

After ten years the strangeness of his situation had ceased to be strange. Always he meant some time to go back to Norada, and there to clear up certan things, but it was a long journey, and he had very little time. And, as the years went on, the past seemed unimportant compared with the present. He gave little thought to the future. Then, suddenly, his entire attention became focused on the future.

JUST when he had fallen in love with Elizabeth Wheeler he did not know. He had gone away to the war, leaving her a little girl, apparently, and he had come back to find her a woman. He did not even know he was in love, at first. It was when, one day, he found himself driving past the Wheeler house without occasion that he began to grow uneasy.

The future at once became extraordinarily important and so also, but somewhat less vitally, the past. Had he the right to marry, if he could make her care for him?

He sat in his chair by the window the night after the Homer baby's arrival, and faced his situation. Marriage meant many things. It meant love and companionship, but it also meant, should mean, children. Had he the right to go ahead and live his life fully and happily? Was there any chance that, out of the years behind him, there would come some forgotten thing, some taint or incident, to spoil the carefully woven fabric of his life?

Not his life. Hers.

On the Monday night after he had asked Elizabeth to go to the theater, he went into David's office and closed the door. Lucy, alive to every movement in the old house, heard him go in and, rocking in her chair overhead, her hands idle in her lap, waited in tense anxiety for the interview to end. She thought she knew what Dick would ask, and David would answer. And, in a way, David would be right. Dick, fine, lovable, upstanding Dick, had a right to the things other men had, to love and a home of his own, to children, to his own full life.

But suppose Dick insisted on clearing everything up before he married? For to Lucy it was unthinkable that any girl in her senses would refuse him. Suppose he went back to Norada? He had not changed greatly in ten years. He had been well-known there, a conspicuous figure.

Her mind began to turn on the possibility of keeping him away from Norada.

Some time later she heard the office door open and then close with Dick's characteristic slam. He came up the stairs, two at a time as was his custom, and knocked at her door. When he came in she saw what David's answer had been, and she closed her eyes for an instant.

"Put on your things," he said gaily, "and we'll take a ride on the hill-tops. I've arranged for a moon."

And when she hesitated:

"It makes you sleep, you know. I'm going, if I have to ride alone and talk to an imaginary lady beside me."

She rather imagined that that had been his first idea, modified by his thought of her. She went over and put a wrinkled hand on his arm.

"You look happy, Dick," she said wistfully.

"I am happy, Aunt Lucy," he replied, and bending over, kissed her.

On Wednesday he was in a state of alternating high spirits and periods of silence. Even Minnie noticed it.

"Mr. Dick's that queer I hardly know how to take him," she said to Lucy. "He came back and asked for noodle soup, and he put about all the hardware in the kitchen on him and said he was a knight in armor. And when I took the soup in he didn't eat it."

It was when he was ready to go out that night that Lucy's fears were realized. He came in, as usual, when anything unusual was afoot, to let her look him over. He knew that she waited for him, to give his tie a final pat, to inspect the laundering of his shirt bosom, to pick imaginary threads off his dinner coat.

"Well?" he said, standing before her, "how's this? Art can do no more, Mrs. Crosby?"

"I'll brush your back," she said, and brought the brush. He stooped to her, according to the little ceremony she had established, and she made little dabs at his speckless back. "There, that's better."

He straightened.

"How do you think David is?" he asked, unexpectedly.

"Better than he has been in years. Why?"

"Because I'm thinking of taking a little trip. Only ten days," he added, seeing her face. "You could house-clean my office while I'm away. You know you've been wanting to."

She dropped the brush, and he stooped to pick it up. That gave her a moment.

"Where?" she managed.

"To Dry River, by way of Norada."

"Why should you go back there?" she asked, in a carefully suppressed voice. "Why don't you go east? You've wanted to go back to Johns Hopkins for months."

"ON the other hand, why shouldn't I go back to Norada?" he asked, with an affectation of lightness. Then he put his hand on her shoulder. "Why shouldn't I go back and clear things up in my own mind? Why shouldn't I find out, for instance, that I am a free man?"

"You *are* free."

"I've got to know," he said, almost doggedly. "I can't take a chance. I believe I am. I believe David, of course. But anyhow I'd like to see the ranch. I want to see Maggie Donaldson."

"She's not at the ranch. Her husband died, you know."

"I have an idea I can find her," he said. "I'll make a good try, anyhow."

When he had gone she got her salts bottle and lay down on her bed. Her heart was hammering wildly.

Elizabeth was waiting for him in the living-room, in the midst of her family. She looked absurdly young and very lovely, and he had a momentary misgiving, that he was old to her, and that — heaven save the mark! — that she looked up to him. He considered the blue dress the height of fashion and the mold of form, and having taken off his overcoat in the hall, tried to put on Mr. Wheeler's instead in his excitement. Also, becoming very dignified after the overcoat incident, and making an exit which should conceal his wild exultation and show only polite pleasure, he stumbled over Micky, so that they finally departed to a series of staccato yelps.

He felt very hot and slightly ridiculous as he tucked Elizabeth into the little car, being very particular about her feet, and starting with extreme care, so as not to jar her. But also he had the feeling of being entrusted temporarily with something infinitely precious, and very, very dear. Something that must never suffer or be hurt.

ON Wednesday morning David was in an office in the city. He sat forward on the edge of his chair, waiting, and from time to time he took out his handkerchief and wiped his face, or polished his glasses, quite unconscious of either action. He was in his best suit, with the tie Lucy had given him for Christmas.

Across from him, barricaded behind a great mahogany desk, sat a small man with keen eyes and a neat brown beard. On the desk was a spotless blotter, an inkstand of silver and a pen. Nothing else. The terrible order of the place had at first rather oppressed David.

The small man was answering a question.

"Rather on the contrary, I should say. The stronger the character, the greater the smash."

David pondered this.

"I've read all you've written on the subject," he said finally. "Especially since the war."

The psycho-analyst put his fingertips together judicially.

"Yes. The war bore me out," he observed with a certain complacence. "It added a great deal to our literature, too, although some of the positions are not well taken. Val Alston, for instance — —"

"You have said, I think, that every man has a breaking point."

"Absolutely. All of us. We can go just so far. Where the balance is strong and very sound, we can go farther than when it is not. Some men, for instance, lead lives that would break you or me. Was there — was there such a history in this case?"

"Yes." Doctor David's voice was reluctant.

"The mind is a strange thing," went on the little man, musingly. "It has its censors, that go off duty during sleep. Our sternest and often unconscious repressions pass them then, and emerge in the form of dreams. But of course you know all that. Dream symbolism. Does the person in this case dream? That would be interesting, perhaps important."

"I don't know," David said unhappily.

"The walling off, you say, followed a shock?"

"Shock and serious illness."

"Was there fear with the shock?"

David hesitated. "Yes," he said, finally. "Very great fear, I believe."

Doctor Lauler glanced quickly at David and then looked away.

"I see," he nodded. "Of course the walling off of a part of the past — you said a part — —?"

"Practically. I'll tell you about that later. What about the walling off?"

"It is the result of what we call the protective mechanism of fear. Back of most of these cases lies fear. Not cowardice, but perhaps we might say the breaking point. Fear is a complex, of course. Dislike, in a small way, has the same reaction. We are apt to forget the names of persons we dislike. But if you have been reading on the subject — —"

"I've been studying it for ten years."

"Ten years! Do you mean that this condition has persisted for ten years?"

David moistened his dry lips. "Yes," he admitted. "It might not have done so, but the — the person who made this experiment, used suggestion. The patient was very ill, and weak. It was desirable that he should not identify himself with his past. The loss of memory of the period immediately preceding was complete, but, of course, gradually, the cloud began to lift over the earlier periods. It was there that suggestion was used, so that such memories as came back were, well, he adapted them to fit what he was told."

Again Doctor Lauler shot a swift glance at David, and looked away.

"An interesting experiment," he commented. "It must have taken courage."

"A justifiable experiment," David affirmed stoutly. "And it took courage. Yes."

DAVID got up and reached for his hat. Then he braced himself for the real purpose of his visit.

"What I have been wondering about," he said, very carefully, "is this: this mechanism of fear, this wall — how strong is it?"

"Strong?"

"It's like a dam, I take it. It holds back certain memories, like a flood gate. Is anything likely to break it down?"

"Possibly something intimately connected with the forgotten period might do it. I don't know, Livingstone. We've only commenced to dig into the mind, and we have many theories, and a few established facts. For instance, the primal instincts — —"

He talked on, with David nodding now and then in apparent understanding; but with his thoughts far away. He knew the theories; a good many of them he considered poppycock. Dreams might come from the subconscious mind but a good many of them came from the stomach. They might be safety valves for the mind, but also they might be rarebit. He didn't want dreams; what he wanted was facts. Facts and hope.

The office attendant came in. She was as tidy as the desk, as obsessed by order, as wooden. She placed a pad before the small man and withdrew. David rose.

"Let me know if I can be of any further assistance, doctor," he said. "And I'll be glad to see your patient at any time. I'd like the record for my files."

"Thank you," David said. He stood fingering his hat.

"I suppose there's nothing to do? The dam will either break, or it won't."

"That's about it. Of course since the conditions that produced the setting up of the defensive machinery were unhappy, I'd say that happiness will play a large part in the situation; that happiness and a normal occupation will do a great deal to maintain the *status quo*. Of course I would advise no return to the unhappy environment, and no shocks. Nothing, in other words, to break down the wall."

Outside, in the corridor, David remembered to put on his hat. Happiness and a normal occupation, yes. But no shock.

Nevertheless, he felt vaguely comforted, and as though it had helped to bring the situation out into the open and discuss it. He had carried his burden alone for ten years, or with only the additional weight of Lucy's apprehensions. He wandered out into the city streets, and found himself some time later at the railway station, without remembering how he got there.

Across from the station was a large billboard and on it the name of Beverly Carlysle and her play, "The Valley." He stood for some time and looked at it, before he went in to buy his ticket. Not until he was in the train did he realize that he had forgotten to get his lunch.

He attended to his work that evening as usual, but he felt very tired, and Lucy, going in at nine o'clock, found him dozing in his chair, his collar half choking him and his face deeply suffused. She wakened him and then, sitting down across from him, joined him in the vigil that was to last until they heard the car outside.

She had brought in her sewing, and David pretended to read.

At midnight they heard the car go in, and the slamming of the stable door, followed by Dick's footsteps on the walk outside. Lucy was very pale, and the hands that held her sewing twitched nervously. Suddenly she stood up and put a hand on David's shoulder.

Dick was whistling outside.

AT the end of the second act Louis Bassett was standing at the back of the theater, talking to the publicity man of "The Valley" company, Fred Gregory. He was calm and only slightly interested. By the end of the first act he had realized that the star was giving a fine performance, that she had even grown in power, and that his sentimental memory of her was considerably dearer than the reality.

Beside his robust physique, Gregory, the publicity man, sank into insignificance. Even his pale spats, at which Bassett had shot a contemptuous glance, his highly expensive tailoring, failed to make him appear more than he was, a little, dapper man, with a pale cold eye and a rather too frequent smile. He hesitated, then added: "She's my sister. For business reasons, I don't publish the relationship."

Bassett glanced at him.

"That so? Well, I'm glad she decided to come back. She's too good to bury."

But if he expected Gregory to follow the lead, he was disappointed. His eyes, blank and expressionless, were wandering over the house. The curtain came down, and the lights flashed up. Gregory stirred and glanced casually at the reporter.

"IT'S going like a house afire," he said complacently. "This whole tour has been a triumph. She's the greatest there is, and they know it."

"Does *she* know it?" Bassett inquired.

"She doesn't throw any temperament, if that's what you mean. She——"

He checked himself suddenly, and stood, clutching the railing, bent forward and staring into the audience. Bassett watched him, considerably surprised. It took a great deal to startle a theatrical publicity man, yet Gregory looked as though he had seen a ghost.

After a time Gregory straightened and moistened his dry lips.

"There's a man sitting down there—see here, the sixth row, next the aisle; there's a girl in a blue dress beside him. See him? Do you know who he is?"

"Never saw him before."

For perhaps two minutes Gregory continued to stare. Then he moved over to the side of the house, and braced against the wall, continued his close and anxious inspection. After a time he turned and, passing behind the boxes, made his way into the wings. Bassett's curiosity was aroused especially when, shortly after, Gregory reappeared, bringing with him a small man in an untidy suit, who was probably, Bassett surmised, the stage manager.

He saw the small man stare, nod, stand watching, and finally disappear, and Gregory resume his former position and attitude against the side wall. Throughout the last act Gregory did not once look at the stage. He continued his steady, unwavering study of the man in the sixth row seat next the aisle.

Bassett's training made him quick to scent a story. He was not sure, of course, but the situation appeared to him at least suggestive. He wandered out with the crowd, edging his way close to the man and girl who had focused Gregory's attention, and followed them into the street. He saw only a tall man, with a certain quiet distinction of bearing, and a young and pretty girl, still flushed and excited, who went up the street a short distance and got into a small and rather shabby car. Bassett noted, carefully, the license number.

Then, still curious and extremely interested, he walked briskly around to the stage entrance, nodded to the doorkeeper, and went in.

Gregory was not in sight, but the stage manager was there, directing the striking of the last act.

"I'm waiting for Gregory," Bassett said. "Hasn't fainted, has he?"

"What d'you mean, fainted?" inquired the stage manager, with a touch of hostility.

"I was with him when he thought he recognized somebody. I don't think it was the person in question. Do you?"

The stage manager's hostility faded, and he fell into the trap. "You know about it, then?"

"I was with Gregory when he saw him. Unfortunately, I couldn't help him out."

"It's just possible it's a chance resemblance. I'm darned if I know. Look at the facts! He's supposed to be dead. Ten years dead. His money's been split up a dozen ways from the ace. Then—I knew him, you know—I don't think even he would have the courage to come here and sit through a performance. Although Jud Clark had the nerve for anything."

Bassett gave him a cigar and went out into the alleyway that led to the street. Once there, he stood still and softly whistled. Jud Clark! If that was Judson Clark, he had the story of a lifetime.

FOR some time he walked the deserted streets of the city, thinking and puzzling over the possibility of Gregory's being right. Sometime after midnight he went back to the office, and to the filing room. There, for two hours, he sat reading closely old files of the paper, going through them methodically and making occasional brief notes in a memorandum book. Then, at two o'clock he put away the files, and lighted a cigar.

It was all there; the fabulous Clark fortune inherited by a boy who had gone mad about this same Beverly Carlysle, her marriage to her leading man, Howard Lucas, the subsequent killing of Lucas by Clark at his Wyoming ranch, and Clark's escape into the mountains. Immense wealth, gifts of ropes of pearls, the sensational details of Clark's infatuation, the drama of his escape, and the later certainty of his death in a mountain storm. The story had filled the newspapers of the time for weeks. Judson Clark had been famous, notorious, infamous and dead, all

A beautifully written story of
life in Mexico

Felicitas

By Andrew Marshall

April McClure's 20 Cents

in less than two years. A shameful and somehow a pitiful story.

But if Judson Clark had died, the story still lived. Every so often it came up again. Three years before, he had been declared legally dead, and his vast estates, as provided by the will of old Elihu Clark, had gone to universities and hospitals, but now and then came a rumor. Jud Clark was alive. He was living in India; he had a cattle ranch in Venezuela. He had been seen on the streets of New Orleans.

Bassett ran over the situation in his mind.

First then, grant that Clark was still living, and had been in the theater that night. It became necessary to grant other things. To grant, for instance, that Clark was capable of sitting, with a girl beside him, through a performance by the woman for whom he had wrecked his life, of a play he had once known from the opening line to the tag. To grant that he could laugh and applaud, and at the drop of the curtain go calmly away, with such memories behind him as must be his. To grant, too, that he had survived miraculously his sensational disappearance, found a new identity and a new place for himself; even, witness the girl, possible new ties.

At half-past two he closed his memorandum book, stuffed it into his pocket, and started for home. As he passed the Ardmore Hotel he looked up at its windows. Gregory would have told her, probably. He wondered, half amused, whether the stage manager had told him of his inquiries, and whether if he had they might not fear him more than Clark himself. After all, they had nothing to fear from Clark, if this were Clark.

No. What they might see and dread, knowing he had had a hint of a possible situation, was the revival of the old story she had tried so hard to live down. She was ambitious, and there are some types of publicity that are not assets in a stage career. There might be other reasons, too. That long retirement of hers, for instance. Had it been entirely grief?

HE slowed down, absorbed in deep thought. It was a queer story. It might be even more queer than it seemed. Gregory had been frightened rather than startled. The man had even gone pale.

Motive, motive, that was the word. What motives lay behind action. Conscious or unconscious, every volitional act was the result of motive.

He wondered what she had done when Gregory had told her. . . .

As a matter of fact, she had shown less anxiety than her brother. Still pale and shocked, he had gone directly to her dressing-room when the curtain was rung down, had tapped and gone in. She was sitting wearily in a chair, a cigarette between her fingers. Around was the usual litter of a stage dressing-room after the play, the long shelf beneath the mirror crowded with powders, rouge and pencils, a bunch of roses in the corner washstand basin, a great wardrobe trunk, and a maid covering with cheesecloth bags the evening's costumes.

"It went all right, I think, Fred."

"Yes," he said absently. "Go on out, Alice. I'll let you come back in a few minutes."

He waited until the door closed.

"What's the matter?" she asked rather indifferently. "If it's more quarreling in the company I don't want to hear it. I'm tired." Then she took a full look at him and sat up.

"Fred! What is it?"

He gave her the truth, brutally and at once.

"I think Judson Clark was in the house to-night."

"I don't believe it."

"Neither would I, if somebody told me," he agreed sullenly. "I saw him. Don't you suppose I know him? And if you don't believe me, call Saunders. I got him out front. He knows."

"You called Saunders!"

"Why not? I tell you, Bev, I was nearly crazy. I'm nearly crazy now."

"What did Saunders say?"

"If he didn't know Clark was dead, he'd say it was Clark."

SHE was worried by that time, but far more collected than he was. She sat, absently tapping the shelf with a nail file, and reflecting.

"All right," she said. "Suppose it is? What then? He has been in hiding for ten years. Why shouldn't he continue to hide? What would bring him out now? Unless he needed money. Was he shabby?"

"No," he said sulkily. "He was with a girl. He was dressed all right."

"You didn't say anything, except to Joe Saunders?"

"No, I'm not crazy to tell the world."

"I'd better see Joe," she reflected. "Go and get him, Fred. And tell Alice she needn't wait."

She got up and moved about the room, putting things away and finding relief in movement, a still beautiful woman, with rather accentuated features and an easy carriage. Without her make-up the stage illusion of her youth was gone, and she showed past suffering and present strain. Just then she was uneasy and resentful, startled but not particularly alarmed. Her reason told her that Judson Clark, even if he still lived and had been there that night, meant to leave the dead past to care for itself, and wished, no more than she, to revive it. She was surprised to find, as she moved about, that she was trembling.

Her brother came back, and she turned to meet him. To her surprise he was standing inside the door, white to the lips and staring at her with wild eyes.

"Saunders!" he said chokingly. "Saunders, the fool! He's given it away, Bev."

He staggered to a chair, and ran a handkerchief across his shaking lips.

"He told Bassett, of the *Times-Republican*," he managed to say. "Do you — do you know what that means? And Bassett got Clark's automobile number. He told Joe."

He looked up at her, his face twitching. "They're hound dogs on a scent, Bev. They'll get the story, and blow it wide open!"

"You know I'm prepared for that. I have been for ten years."

"I know." He was suddenly emotional. He reached out and took her hand. "Poor old Bev!" he said. "After the way you've come back, too. It's a shame."

She was calmer than he was, less convinced for one thing, and better balanced always. She let him stroke her hand, standing near him with her eyes absent and a little hard.

"I'd better make sure that it was Jud first," he offered, after a time, "and then warn him."

"Why?"

"You know what I think. I think he believes — — "

"Hush!" she commanded sharply. "No, Fred. You let the thing alone. You've built up an imaginary situation, and you're not thinking straight. Plenty of things might happen. What probably has happened is that this Bassett is at home and in bed."

She sent him out for a taxi soon after, and they went back to the hotel. But, alone later on in her suite in the Ardmore, she did not immediately go to bed. She put on a dressing gown, and stood for a long time by her window, looking out. Instead of the city lights, however, she saw a range of snow-capped mountains, and sheltered at their foot the Clark ranch house, built by the old millionaire as a place of occasional refuge from the pressure of his life. There he had raised his fine horses, and trained them for the track. There, when late in life he married, he had taken his wife for their honeymoon and two years later, for the birth of their son. And there, when she died, he had returned, with the child, broken and prematurely aged, to be killed by one of his own stallions, when the boy was fifteen.

SIX years his own master, Judson had been twenty-one to her twenty, when she first met him. Going the usual pace, too, and throwing money right and left. He had financed her as a star, ransacking Europe for her stage properties, and then he fell in love with her. She shivered as she remembered it. It had been desperate and terrible, because she cared for some one else.

Standing by the window, she wondered, as she had over and over again in the last years, what would have happened if, instead of marrying Howard, she had married Judson Clark? Would he have settled down? She had felt sometimes that he was only playing a game that amused him, that the hard-headed part of him inherited from his father sometimes stood off and watched, with a sort of interested detachment, the follies of the rest. That he played his wild game with his tongue in his cheek.

She left the window, turned out the lights and got into her bed. She was depressed and lonely, and she cried a little. After a time she remembered that she had not put any cream on her face. She crawled out and went through the familiar motions in the dark.

Dick rose next morning with a sense of lightness and content that sent him singing into his shower. In the old stable which now housed both Nettie and the little car, Mike was washing them both with indiscriminate wavings of the hose nozzle, his old pipe clutched in his teeth. From below there came up the odors of frying sausages and of strong hot coffee.

The world was a good place. A fine old place. It had work and play and love. It had office hours and visits and the golf links, and it had soft feminine eyes, and small tender figures always to be cared for and looked after.

She liked him. She did not think he was old. She thought his profession was the finest in the world. She had wondered if he would have time to come and see her, some day. Time! He considered very seriously, as he shaved before the slightly distorted mirror in the bathroom, whether it would be too soon to run in that afternoon, just to see if she was tired, or had caught cold or anything? Perhaps to-morrow would look better. No, hang it all, to-day was to-day.

On his way from the bathroom to his bedroom he leaned over the staircase.

"Aunt Lucy!" he called.

"Yes, Dick?"

"The top of the morning to you! D'you think Minnie would have time to press my blue trousers this morning?"

There was the sound of her chair being pushed back in the dining-room, of a colloquy in the kitchen, and Minnie herself appeared below him.

"Just throw them down, Doctor Dick," she said. "I've got an iron hot now."

"Some day, Minnie," he announced, "you will wear a halo and with the angels sing."

This mood of unreasoning happiness continued all morning. He went from house to house, properly grave and responsible, but with a small song in his heart, and about eleven o'clock he found time to stop at the village haberdasher's and to select a new tie, which he had wrapped and stuffed in his pocket. And which, inspected in broad day later on a country road, gave him uneasy qualms as to its brilliance.

At the luncheon table he was almost hilarious, and David played up to him, albeit rather heavily. But Lucy was thoughtful and quiet. She had a sense of things somehow closing down on them, of hands reaching out from the past, and clutching; Mrs. Morgan, Beverly Carlysle, Dick in love and possibly going back to Norada. Unlike David, who was content that one emergency had passed, she looked ahead and saw their common life a series of such chances, with their trials and their dangers.

She could not eat.

Nevertheless, when she herself admitted a new patient for Dick that afternoon, she had no premonition of trouble. She sent him into the waiting room, a tall robust and youngish man, perhaps in his late thirties, and went quietly on her way to her sitting-room, and to her weekly mending.

Suddenly Dick said: "I may be going away before long, Elizabeth." She had a feeling that behind this, as behind everything that day, was something not spoken

On the other hand, Louis Bassett was feeling more or less uncomfortable. There was an air of peace and quiet respectability about the old house, a domestic odor of baking cake, a quietness and stability that somehow made his errand appear absurd. To connect with it Judson Clark and his tumultuous past seemed ridiculous.

His errand, on the surface, was a neuralgic headache.

When, hat in hand, he walked into Dick's consulting room, he had made up his mind that he would pay the price of an over-active imagination for a prescription; walk out again, and try to forget that he had let a chance resemblance carry him off his feet.

But, as he watched the man who sat across from him, tilted back in his swivel chair, he was not so sure. Here was the same tall figure, the heavy brown hair, the features and boyish smile of the photograph he had seen the night before. As Judson Clark might have looked at thirty-two this man looked.

He made this explanation easily. Was in town for the day. Subject to these headaches. Worse over the right eye. No, he didn't wear wear glasses; perhaps he should.

It wasn't Clark. It couldn't be. Jud Clark sitting there tilted back in an old chair and asking questions as to the nature of his fictitious pain. Impossible. Nevertheless, he was of a mind to clear the slate and get some sleep that night, and having taken his prescription and paid for it, he sat

back and commenced an apparently casual interrogation.

"Two names on your sign, I see. Father and son, I suppose?"

"Doctor David Livingstone is my uncle."

"I should think you'd be in the city. Limitations to this sort of thing, aren't there?"

"I like it," said Dick, with an eye on the office clock.

"Patients are your friends, of course. Born and raised here, I suppose?"

"Not exactly. I was raised on a ranch in Wyoming. My father had a ranch out there."

Bassett shot a glance at him, but Dick was calm and faintly smiling.

"Wyoming!" the reporter commented. "That's a long way from here. Anywhere near the new oil-fields?"

"Not far from Norada. That's the oil center," Dick offered, good-naturedly. He rose, and glanced again at the clock. "If those headaches continue you'd better have your eyes examined."

Bassett was puzzled. It seemed to him that there had been a shade of evasion in the other man's manner, slightly less frankness in his eyes. But he showed no excitement, nothing furtive or alarmed. And the open and unsolicited statement as to Norada baffled him. He had to admit to himself either that a man strongly resembling Judson Clark had come from the same neighborhood, or — —

"Norada?" he said. "That's where the big Clark ranch was located, wasn't it? Ever happen to meet Judson Clark?"

"Our place was very isolated."

Bassett found himself being politely ushered out, considerably more at sea than when he went in, and slightly irritated. His confusion was not decreased by the calm voice behind him which said:

"Better drink considerable water when you take that stuff. Some stomachs don't tolerate it very well."

The door closed. The reporter stood in the waiting-room for a moment. Then he clapped on his hat. "Well, I'm a fool," he muttered, and went out to the street.

HE was disappointed and a trifle sheepish. Life was full of queer chances, that was all. No resemblance on earth, no coincidence of birthplace, could make him believe that Judson Clark, waster, profligate and fugitive from the law, was now sitting up at night with sick children, or delivering babies.

After a time he remembered the prescription in his hand, and was about to destroy it. He stopped and examined it, and then carefully placed it in his pocketbook. After all, there were things that looked queer. The fellow had certainly evaded that last question of his.

He made his way, head bent, toward the station.

He had ten minutes to wait, and he wandered to the newsstand. He made a casual inspection of its display, bought a magazine and was turning away, when he stopped and gazed after a man who had just passed him from an outbound train.

The reporter looked after him with amused interest. Gregory, too! The Livingstone chap had certainly started something. But it was odd, too. How had Gregory traced him? Wasn't there something more in Gregory's presence there than met the eye? Gregory's visit might be like his own, the desire to satisfy himself that the man was or was not Clark. Or it might be the result of a conviction that it was Clark, and a warning against himself. But if he had traced him, didn't that indicate that Clark himself had got into communication with him? In other words, that the chap was Clark, after all?

GREGORY, having made an inquiry of a hackman, had started along the street, and after a moment's thought, Bassett fell into line behind him. He was extremely interested and increasingly cheerful. He remained well behind, and with his newspaper rolled in his hand, assumed the easy yet brisk walk of the commuters around him, bound for home.

Half-way along Station Street, Gregory stopped before the Livingstone house, read the sign, and rang the doorbell. The reporter slowed down to give him time for admission, and then slowly passed. In front of Harrison Miller's house, however, he stopped and waited. He lighted a cigarette and made a careful survey of the old place. Strange, if this were to prove the haven where Judson Clark had taken refuge, this old brick two-story dwelling, with its ramshackle stable in the rear, its small vegetable garden, its casual beds of simple garden flowers set in a half-acre or so of ground.

A doctor! A pill shooter! Jud Clark!

Elizabeth had gone about all day with a smile on her lips and a sort of exaltation in her eyes. She had, girl fashion, gone over and over the totally uneventful evening they had spent together, remembering small speeches and gestures; what Dick had said and she had answered.

She had, for instance, mentioned Clare Rossiter, very casually. Oh very, very casually. And he had said: "Clare Rossiter? Oh yes, the tall blonde girl, isn't she?"

She was very happy. He had not seemed to find her too young or particularly immature. He had asked her opinion on quite important things, and listened carefully when she replied. She felt, though, that she knew about one-tenth as much as he did, and she determined to read very seriously from that time on. Her mother, missing her that afternoon, found her curled up in the library, beginning the first volume of Gibbon's Rome with an air of determined concentration, and wearing her best summer frock.

She did not intend to depend purely on Gibbon's Rome, *et al.*

"Are you expecting any one, Elizabeth?" she asked, with the frank directness characteristic of mothers, and Elizabeth, fixing a date in her mind with terrible firmness, looked up absently and said:

"No one in particular."

At three o'clock, with a slight headache from concentration, she went upstairs and put up her hair again; rather high this time to make her feel taller. Of course it was not likely he would come. He was very busy. So many people depended on him. It must be wonderful to be like that, to have people needing one, and looking out of the door and saying: "I think I see him now."

Nevertheless, when the postman rang her heart gave a small leap and then stood quite still. When Annie slowly mounted the stairs she was already on her feet, but it was only a card announcing: "Mrs. Sayre, Wednesday May fifteenth, luncheon at one-thirty."

However, at half-past four the bell rang again, and a masculine voice informed Annie, a moment later, that it would put its overcoat here, because lately a dog had eaten a piece out of it and got most awful indigestion.

The time it took Annie to get up the stairs again gave her a moment so that she could breathe more naturally, and she went down very deliberately and so dreadfully poised that at first he thought she was not glad to see him.

"I came, you see," he said. "I intended to wait until to-morrow, but I had a little time. But if you're doing anything — —"

"I was reading Gibbon's Rome," she informed him. "I think every one should know it. Don't you?"

"Good heavens, what for?" he inquired.

"I don't know." They looked at each other, and suddenly they laughed.

"I WANTED to improve my mind," she explained. "I felt, last night, that you — that you knew so many things, and that I was frightfully stupid."

"Do you mean to say," he asked, aghast, "that I — ! Great Scott!"

Settled in the living-room, they got back rather quickly to their status of the night before, and he was moved to confession.

"I didn't really intend to wait until to-morrow," he said. "I got up with the full intention of coming here to-day, if I did it over the wreck of my practise. At eleven o'clock this morning I held up a consultation ten minutes to go to Yardsleys' and buy a tie for this express purpose. Perhaps you have noticed it already."

"I have indeed. It's a wonderful tie."

"Neat but not gaudy, eh?" He grinned at her, happily. "You know, you might steer me a bit about my ties. I have the taste of an African savage. I nearly bought a purple one, with red stripes. And Aunt Lucy thinks I should wear white lawn, like David!"

They talked, those small, highly significant nothings which are only the barrier behind which go on the eager questionings and unspoken answers of youth and love. They had known each other for years, had exchanged the

(*Continued on page 78*)

The Ivory Poacher

Roach, the Outlawed Slave Trader in Africa, Put His Wits to Match Destiny but Wits Were What He Had

By Thomas S. Miller

ROACH was an outstanding figure of the old days in Africa between the Boer War and the World War, and a tradition of him still survives in post-war Africa.

He was dragging his wretched body down the Rogues Treadmill, that serpentining trail of illegitimate adventure crossing the neutral zone between Italian, British and French Protectorates. His body bent brokenly at the hips, his legs swung as if he were a mechanical toy with springs run down, his blistered, cracked, burned feet shrank from the hot sands, and the ache of a thousand years was in his bones.

The poacher's spirit was far away in homeland dreams; spectral and unreal the sounds from his ivory-laden column of slaves and headmen; — the snarl and pop of hippo thongs, flesh-smudged blows, the weary slush of bare black feet in the loose sand; real, poignantly real the cities he visualized, the houses, the show-windows, the traffic, and everywhere white faces — *white* faces you understand; past the rank-grassed undulating plain a blood-red sun squatted contentedly on the western rim of the world; but it was not the plain he saw — not a stretch of the wild; but swathes of harvest grain, and somewhere the clink of supper china, and a woman's song.

He was jarred back to Africa by the fog-horn voice of a gigantic Kroo,— naked he was but for an old pith helmet.

"Marsa," said the Kroo, "look!"

ROACH pulled the shade of a French shako over his grit-inflamed eyes and made out to the north whirling flyspecks that quickly enlarged into buzzards winging for the column. The column, ever on the lookout for signs and omens, came to a buffering bumping freight-train halt, the slaves slipping their head-loads to earth, and easing apathetically on their heels, whilst the headmen rested passively on their long spears. The buzzards were the scavengers of N'Sara; the column was making for N'Sara.

Roach halted, too; he had to think, but at best he had never been very good at thought, and now for long past he had helped out his thinking by talking out loud; that was where came in the little "nigger" monkey he carried in his shirt-front; in the beginning, in the far back beginning of his African life, he had satisfied his hunger for the sound of his mother-tongue, by monologuing to this same monkey — Liza, he called her.

"Little Liza," he rasped with sanded throat, "we got to do some tall stalling; we dassent take this bunch into N'Sara, lest old King Koekali he sees our desperate need of fresh carriers and supplies and puts on the squeeze. He's our friend, L. L., but friendship don't cut no ice in barter. Nor dast we let on to this cut-throat Abdullah,"— his slitted eyes shot venomous distrust at the chief headman, who was surreptitiously fingering a "charmed" amulet during Roach's colloquy with his "Familiar Spirit." "We got to keep it dark," Roach went on, "that we're going to pack him and his headmen back to the Marragai that tricked us so nasty, givin' us branded slaves for the freemen I bargained for. We're up against treachery, L. L." The Marragai, a local sultan, had certainly done him dirt.

ROACH'S homely speech contrasted pathetically with his tragic face and desperate circumstances. He meditated a moment, knitting his brows above his tortured abstracted eyes, in a last effort at concentration. "The best we can do," he decided at last, "is to send Abdullah with the column to camp in the wady, whilst you and me tries a bluff on Koekali."

With decision came vitality enough to give his order decisively in (dialect) to Abdullah, wherewith he himself swung down to the side-trail for N'Sara, beckoning the gigantic Kroo to follow him.

The Kroo was his Man Friday; "Tiny," the trader called him; now he snapped out the name with no vestige of the humor that had inspired it; — "Tiny, spy Abdullah into camp," he commanded; "he's got to rest them slaves. But maybe he has a notion to try and make a deal with the German trader on his lonesome. If he moves out of the wady hike it for me one-time." To weight his order he added the bell-book-and-candle curse of Negroland: — "If you botch it I'll *crook my thumb at you.*"

With no notice of the Kroo's abject guttural horror, and eager propitiatory prayers and promises, he again set his stiff legs moving to N'Sara. There was more than weariness the matter with those legs; they dragged like a boy's stilts.

When he broke from the high-grass he was all but on the main lane of low-thatched village huts; and with the sight of them he was shocked stiff-still; he was gaping at a pitched tent with a Housa sentry at its flap; a score or more of soldiers haunched around their supper pots, and a tethered horse peacefully nosed into green millet. These things were British, British, here where they were impossible! He knew well the posted description in the English tongue that the English were sending out of him in the "wanted" list — "Will Roach, ivory poacher, six-foot-two, fingers shorn from left hand, known among the natives as Blood-in-the Face."

Blood-in-the-Face he had become after a sunstroke since when the blood had rushed to his head on the slightest provocation.

As he stared before him now a law-breaker's impulse to run shot his legs; but no, — "Little Liza," he whispered, "we gotta go through with it; we gotta say howdy to Mr. Britisher; maybe he's green; must be green pitching his tent right in the middle of the village, riskin' a muss-up between his sassy Housa and the niggers."

This evident "greenness" boosted confidence, but he knew he had need of every spark of his famous cunning; — stories of Roach's wiles, resources and courage were a conversational stock in trade up and down the Niger wherever white men came together.

He knew there could not be two white men in N'Sara without each speedily learning of the existence of the other; but after all he was on neutral ground; — unless, unless the map had changed since he was last this way. He tried to think how long ago that was, but got balled up on alternating cycles of wet and dry seasons, rain, rain, rain; sun, sun, sun; desert, swamp, forest. Hoping for the best, he put a bold front on necessity and lurched toward the Resident's tent.

AN appreciative grin twisted his face at the sentry's misplaced salute, but it straightened out the moment he bent his gaunt height under the flap; his rogue-quick eyes were alert to take in everything; a big, blond, handsome Englishman, a fragrant cigar between his jeweled fingers, trained a pair of bluest eyes on his visitor; Roach saw also a case of gilt-necked champagne, a tin bath, and a mattress, on which was laid out the full dress of a major of the King's Dragoons; the uniform completely identified the officer with that Law which had been the Nemesis of his

hunted years. An outcast's rage at Fortune's favorites seized him. He felt the hot blood surging in his face under the officer's cold appraisal of his rags, from shako to improvised raw-rubber boots; to hide the tell-tale color, he bent and upturned the bath, impudently inviting himself to a seat on its bottom; to gain time — to marshal his defense — he dug up a quaint Kanembu pipe and painstakingly thumbed leaf tobacco into the bowl, careful to hide his maimed left hand. But, try as he might to collect his wits, his rage, working on fevered blood, snarled up thought; all he knew — all he saw — was the major's glassy, supercilious monocle; all he felt was the shrieking of his parched throat at the tease of the gilt-necked champagne. . . . And still the major coldly waited explanations. . . . If he could rattle that calm superiority — — Clubbing his wits he ran over former mischances with the fop breed, and found what he wanted. With calculated insolence he reached out and relieved the major's jeweled fingers of the cigar, carelessly flicked off the ash, applied the lighted end to his pipe and, drawing heavily, fumigated the tent with rankest tobacco smoke; he then stuck the cigar back into the officer's forked fingers. The trick worked nicely. The officer hurtled the cigar through the flap as if it were a stick of live dynamite, and opened wide the throttle to his rage.

"Get off my bath! Remove your hat! Explain yourself!" Roach sat on, smoked on. The major exploded, in a fox-terrier treble out of all proportion to his Great Dane magnificence. "Yyyyyy . . . dddddd . . . . rrrrrl."

Roach interpreted that for "You impudent rascal", and took much encouragement.

"Green to the country,"— a leisurely smoke-ring —"ain't you?"

The officer found his voice, a Caruso tenor in dramatic pitch.

"Not so green that you can walk in here and bounce me that way, my man. You're Roach — Blood-in-the-Face."

"YEP." Roach pleasantly admitted the identification, frankly confessing what he saw the officer knew. "I'm working down the neutral zone," he added, with the confidence of a rogue in sanctuary; he took a long draw on his pipe, rounded his mouth on a smoke-ring, but suddenly wanted breath to send it on its teasing errand, for the major was singing his requiem:

"There is no neutral zone. It was recently delimited out of existence by the Anglo-French Boundary Commission. N'Sara lies within the border of the district over which I am Resident."

The smoke ring broke in the poacher's rounded mouth, dawdled up his pitiful face and curled round his unkempt head. He tried to hide his pain from those cold-blue vivisecting eyes, but only succeeded in grimacing like a child bravely struggling with tears. With dulled senses he heard the Resident pipe primly out of his padded life:

"You rascally nigger drivers have traded too long on the neutral zone; it's you and your kind who have brought white man's prestige into such evil repute."

A vagrant pride in Roach found tongue. "I never did a nigger dirt; no man can say I ever did a nigger dirt and not lie. It's always been a square deal between me and the blacks, and my word is good with king and emir from Kameruns to Sokoto."

But the Resident was not interested. "I'll look into your affairs in the morning, my man. You won't put me to the necessity of placing you under nigger guard, before all N'Sara?"

Roach dragged himself off the bath, a voice somewhere in him answering, "Nope; I ain't running — not with these legs." Painfully he dragged the legs outside.

RAGE balled into a lump at the pit of his stomach — rage at the revelation of the Marragai's treachery in tricking him with branded slaves and poached ivory — cardinal crimes — into British territory; rage at the fop. And he could not clear his mind of horrible speculations as to how Abdullah was taking advantage of his trap. "But we got to think!" he moaned. "We got to have carriers and supplies, got to get 'em under the Resident's nose." Sweating at the problem, ruminating over years of negro fantasies, idiosyncrasies, trickeries, he put the case to Little Liza.

"Now if we could get at Koekali and slip a bug into his nut — sow a little trouble between him and Mister Monocle Man — —" He caught the eyes of the Housa sentry bent curiously on him — his rags — and had not the vim to curse the man, but took twenty angry strides down the hut-lane; its rudely domestic life entered subconsciously into his gropings for a plot out of his terrible fix; and thus he became abstractedly interested in the struggle of a man with a refractory cow — found himself mentally gauging the strength of the grass rope against the pull exerted by the cow; its keeper's goal was evidently the Resident's tent. The incident gave a twist to his gropings.

Dash, you understand, is African for customary presents to authorities and others. "L. L.," said Roach to his monkey, "King Koekali is sending dash to Mister Major; he'll be paying his majesty a call bright and early in the morning. A cow is big dash, unless Koekali is loaning her for her milk — Eh — what?" He frowned; something way back in his mind was trying to connect up; he repeated, slowly, thoughtfully, "loaning her for her milk. . . . There's an old nigger fable about a loaned cow — — I've got it!"

The ejaculation notched an idea. He swung over to the king's house, buttoning his shirt the while over Little Liza, explaining to her Koekali's known palate for fat little monks. With the easy assurance of an old visitor he entered the aperture in the reed wall to the King's courtyard, but pulled up short, astutely appraising an unexpected scene.

King Koekali haunched at his supper pot, a gilt crown with colored glass panels perched above his villainous but happy countenance, whilst his fat headwife was no less radiant in a gay curtain chintz gown. Roach wanted no interpreter to tell him that the Resident had already sent in his present, and beaten him to the king's good-will. The fact was evident in Koekali's greeting.

"Ah, Blood-in-the-Face, see the big dash the white man has brought me, even from the Great White King. See my crown!" Then avariciously, "What have you brought me?"

Never before did Roach so moan his poverty! Now when he so badly wanted some barbaric toy to offset the gilt crown, the best he could do was a promise, backed by his established probity.

"I will send you a telescope through the Arab at Kusseri. It is magic; it brings far places near; it shows you your enemy, even when he cannot see you."

The King made a grudging motion toward the supper pot, grumbling childlike that he wanted the "magic" now, and asserting that the crown was the better dash. Roach, easing to his heels on the supper mat, answered with a proverb that was wickedly calculated to throw suspicion on the English giver of crowns.

"If a Man giveth a Chicken he expecteth a Goat; if he giveth an Ox, look to your virgins."

Koekali caught on. "He sent me a crown like unto the Great White King's, and a coat that hath the colors of the sun; I loaned him a cow; will he demand more?"

"WHEN the Great White King sends crowns he demands fealty — suzerainty. Then are you king only in name," insinuated Roach, and saw Koekali's pudgy face sour, and was satisfied to leave it thus whilst he turned to his own affairs, dissimulating his terrible eagerness under a casual manner. "I want to barter carriers and chop. I will pay you through the Arab trader. I've got a column in the wady. I did not bring it in, for my headmen are big-bellied Fulani, who would make woman palaver with your people." He lied easily, to conceal the plight he was in betwixt his branded slaves and his headman's suspected treachery, and followed up with shots at the king's avarice and his pride. "I would pay a thousand shells for the chop and a cotton per man; only it is closed fists"— his gesture betokening an African enmity —"between me and this white. He will poke his nose in, he won't let us trade." He reached three fingers into the pot and scooped out a generous portion of the mealie mash, which he tossed into his mouth with the deftness of long practise. But his eyes were slanted on the King, losing nothing of the effect of his shots

"How then!" bellowed Koekali. "Am I not king? Is there a lord over me? Do I not carry five umbrellas? If I barter men and chop for cottons and shells is there any man to say me nay?" he blustered, yet added a dubious word, — "He has soldiers, and guns."

"King, we must close his eyes."

Koekali started so violently that the crown slid rakishly over his left ear; he spoke in a Richard-the-Third whisper:

"That will bring more whites, with more soldiers, more guns."

"Lordy, King, I didn't mean put him to the assagai. I have a plan. Listen. You know the Fable of the Loaned Cow?"

"Assuredly. A Herder there was who Loaned his Cow. But he went each sun-up and he went each sun-down and drew her milk. Then he who had hired the Cow cried Thief, even unto the judge. But the Herder made cunning talk, saying he Loaned the Cow, yet was no word said of her Milk. It was great palaver for many days. In the end the judge took the Cow for Fee. It is a good fable for fools to grind wits on."

Ah, but Roach had another use for that fable. He leaned his face across the supper pot, within a hand's-breadth of Koekali's ebony homeliness, and something of the hate he owed the fop crept into his diabolical plottings.

"King, to-morrow this white makes palaver with you. Then let a man come running, crying justice on the milk thief, and do you make mock trial, and invite the white man to sit with you in justice. He will not know it is play, for he knoweth not the proverb, Wisdom is not in the Eye, but in the Head, but will accept justice seat, for the great king has so instructed him saying, learn the ways of the blacks. So will you keep his eyes shut — keep him amused whilst I get my carriers and chop."

The king's eyes shone; the fat-folds in his face puckered a gargoyled grin. "I will wear my crown, that all may see," he gurgled. "This trial will be talked of in the market-places of Kano, in the court of the Sultan of Bornu. My headman shall come to you at sun-up." In his eagerness to register the bargain before the gods he got up and threw sand over his head, over his chest.

ROACH threw sand over his head, over his chest, and, mindful of the etiquette that forbade visitors staying overnight in the royal precincts, backed from the presence.

Hope sung again, and Little Liza must share it. "We're going to get back on Mister Major; he's going to take a big tumble; and we're somehow going to get it back on that skunk of a Marragai, L. L., for double crossing us." He slouched over to the Hut-of-the-Strangers, and a clay floor was as good as a mattress to his tired bones.

He was startled out of a troubled sleep by a rumble of thunder. He dragged his protesting body upright, lurched outside, and gaped to see the sun swimming toward meridian behind rolling banks of piling cumuli; here threatened a new complication in his five-act drama — a swollen, rampaging, mad river between him and success. How would he get his ivory across and out of that dolled-up fool Resident's reach? That ivory would take him to the fields and orchards of home and the kitchen where a woman sang at her work — if it did not land him in jail? Why hadn't the headman called him?

Why the hut-lane so strangely void of its lounging dandies, tumbling pickaninnies, toiletting ladies? A thousand fears harried him. Then he caught a hum of human voices, which he traced to the king's house. He dragged his feet there, but had to elbow a way through a courtyard compact with excited negroes, to the wall hole that admitted to the king's barnlike one-room palace; in there the jam was solid. Gazing over a sea of kinky heads, he saw a Gilbertian scene which for the moment he failed to recognize as the fantastical offspring of his own cunning. On a dais, on a hard mahogany block supported by unpolished tusks, squatted King Koekali, crowned and happy as Billikins; and, pink-cheek by ebony-jowl, sat the Resident, a resplendent spirit, painfully erect, in full dragoon splendor, with four-inch collar, a monocle and a waxed moustache.

Roach's dazed senses connected up on that monocle; the Resident was sitting in judgment on the Fable of the Loaned Cow. There was no possibility of doubt about it, for the cow itself was Exhibit No. 1 in the plaintiff's case. Pandemonium reigned. The blacks with childlike facility for make-believe had lost sight of the play in a terrifying realism; vainly the defense shrieked, "Allah gave the Grass to all Men, and Milk is Grass." The plaintiff's faction yelled down the cries: "The Cow was Hired, and the Cow made the Grass into Milk." Blows annotated the babel; "Justice, O King! Justice, O Wisest White Man!" The cries cracked through air thick with smells. The Resident — mouth agape, forehead pearling sweat, his hand obstinately seeking his awful collar, his two ears besieged by rascally interpreters — suffered for the white man's prestige and His Britannic Majesty's importance.

But the poacher's affairs were too pressing for him to enjoy the fun; the thunder was rumbling ominously, and every minute brought the noon recess of the mock court nearer. He ran his eyes over the blacks, and he found his new headman. Not daring to expose himself to the Resident, he relayed word to the fellow through the press, yanked him from the crowd the second the rogue skulked within reach, dragged him through the courtyard to the hut-lane, and read the riot act.

"Now will I tell the King how he is disobeyed! Where are my men? Where are my supplies? Move — one-time; or I'll give you the Evil Eye!" He bulged his eyeballs from their sockets. The fellow began bawling out his men as if Satan stood over him with a pitchfork.

THE poacher whispered to his monkey, "L. L., they're putting it all over Mister Monocle Man; his ego bump don't allow him the sniff of suspicion . . . it's climbing noon now and we gotta hustle a get-away before them clouds let loose the rains and raises the river so we can't." He ran his eyes over the blacks who shambled to the headman's stentorian call, sulky at missing the fun of the mock trial, and indulged a tidbit of characteristic philosophy: "We first gotta lick fear into these niggers, then pat affection into their simple hides, L. L. Handled that a-way there ain't man nor mule to equal 'em for work." Straightway he filled his own prescription—a kick to the shins, a punch to a vulnerable stomach, a tweaked ear, two woolly heads grabbed in either hand and cracked together, until he had the big simples cowed, when he promptly applied the molasses — patted a Brobdingnagian shoulder, set example, joked, humored, teased. When they had the supplies, he sent a call for gourds, explaining to Little Liza, "They say your namesake crossed the Mississippi on the ice; but we're crossing the Benue on gourds."

Hiring a tom-tom to pulse the work, calculating the sun's inches to meridian, he fully merited the Resident's taunt of Nigger Driver. The storm held off, success was close, he was getting his rafts made and well hung with gourds in record time, when unaccountably, at some sign that no white man could catch or combat, the blacks to a man lolloped off to a skull-festooned hut at the end of the village. Roach, at their heels, implored them to stop — *make palaver*. But he had to stand a helpless spectator whilst they humped like fighting cats before a grotesquely-masked wizard — stand helpless whilst the necromancer portentously read fate in the entrails of a spitted cock — stand and curse his oversight in not bribing the wizard, whilst the rogue groaned the oracle through a hollowed elephant's tooth:

"Until the Voice of the Thunder God

(*Continued on page 109*)

Thomas S. Miller

is introduced to McClure readers in the current issue with "The Ivory Poacher." He has another good story of white men in Africa

The House of McLeod

April McClure's 20 Cents

Lincoln at Gettysburg

An Intimate Story of the Martyr-President's Immortal Address. The Author Was There as a Student—He Saw and Heard

Junius B. Remensnyder, D.D., LL.D.

The Reverend Dr. Junius B. Remensnyder, pastor of the English Evangelical Lutheran Church of St. James, New York, writes of his own experiences in his reminiscent article on Lincoln. Dr. Remensnyder was born, the son of a clergyman, in Staunton, West Virginia. Junius went to Pennsylvania College at Gettysburg, and it was while studying there that he enjoyed the precious adventure of hearing Lincoln deliver his immortal speech. The student enlisted and served in Fredericksburg, going through some of the most severe battles of the war. Dr. Remensnyder is a frequent contributor to prominent journals and magazines, and is the author of many books on religious and spiritual subjects.—Editor's note.

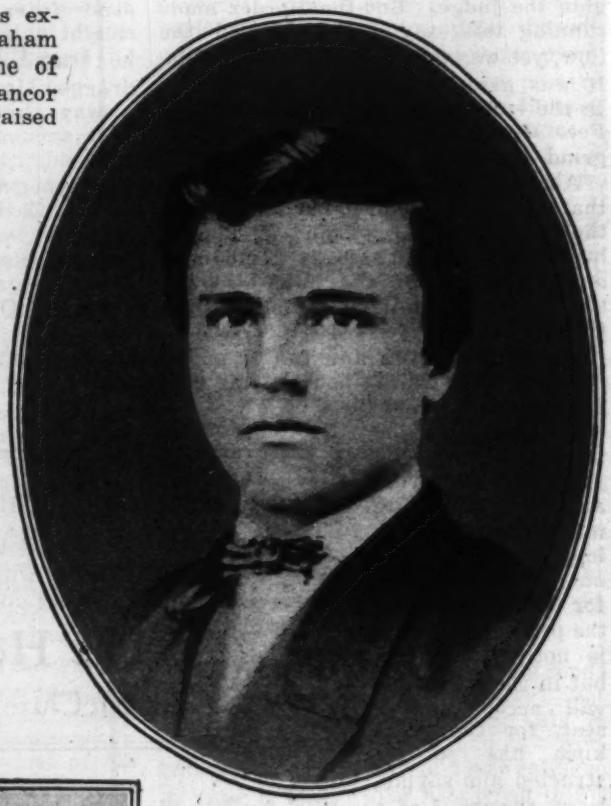
THE historian, Headly, speaking of the failure of Waterloo and Elba to shadow the glory of Napoleon's genius, or to lessen his place in history, remarks: "Extraordinary men are like mountains, and their image seems to grow in proportion as they recede from our view, and stand out alone in the confines of the horizon."

How remarkably this is exemplified in the case of Abraham Lincoln! Living in a time of civil war, which excites rancor to the fiercest degree, and raised from the humblest hamlet to the highest station, it was natural that, in his day, he should be the target for the shafts of hatred, the arrows of envy, and even the object for cheap wit and contumely. When, elected to the Presidency, he came to Washington, his lowly origin, gaunt features, and somewhat uncouth manner made an unfavorable impression, and there was a disposition to regard statesmen with such prominent records as Seward, Chase and Stanton as the real directors of the country's course over the dangerous seas.

But soon the mastery of Lincoln, as Napoleon's generalship in his Italian campaign, took the precedence over experienced statesmen and they found in his keen grasp of the situation a leadership to whose superiority they were compelled to bow. So marked was this change that Charles Francis Adams, Jr., who, with his father, had considered Mr. Lincoln entirely incompetent for the nation's crisis, was later compelled to express this opinion:

"What do you think of the inaugural? That rail-splitting lawyer is one of the wonders of the day. Once at Gettysburg, and now again on a greater occasion, he has shown a capacity for rising to the demands of the hour, which we should not expect from men of the schools. This inaugural strikes me, in its grand simplicity and directness, as being for all time the historical keynote of this war; in it a people seemed to speak in the sublimely simple utterance of ruder times. What will Europe think of this utterance of the rude ruler of whom they have nourished so lofty a contempt? Not a Prince or Minister in all Europe could have risen to such an equality with the occasion."

Mr. Adams has here caught the secret



Courtesy of Frederick H. Meserve

Above—Junius B. Remensnyder as a student at Pennsylvania College, then located at Gettysburg, Pa.

Below—The Gettysburg battle ground where the famous Address was delivered

of the unique forces of the Gettysburg and other utterances of Abraham Lincoln. The sciences grow from age to age. But great personalities do not come in any hereditary procession. They are born and made neither by art, education nor experience. They come, like Dante, amid medieval darkness, or Napoleon, amid the chaos of the French Revolution; or like Lincoln, in the epochal struggle of our Civil War. They spring, as it were, fresh from the mighty womb of Nature, endowed by the Creator with the force and wisdom to meet the crucial hour. Simplicity and greatness are qualities most frequently united. So, the lowliness of Mr. Lincoln's early life, free from the complexity and stress of society, had given his natural powers time for deepening and strength, and his reading had been of a few great books, including the Bible, which had developed in him a remarkable keenness of penetration, and a broadminded power of generalization, which enabled him to master the crux of a difficult question on sharp and true outlines.

This preparatory training it was that fitted him for the terse, comprehensive, simple and sublime sentences that ring so full of power and pathos in the Gettysburg Address, and that make it, perhaps, take first place among the immortal orations of great leaders, voicing the sentiments of notable historical epochs.

BUT now to the particular incidents of the Gettysburg Address, which was heard by the writer, then a student at Pennsylvania College, located at Gettysburg. The crushing defeat of the Union army at Fredericksburg in December, 1862, and the defeat again at Chancellorsville, in May, 1863, almost staggered the North, and General Lee was encouraged to undertake the invasion of Pennsylvania. After the first day's fighting had gone in favor of the Confederates, the tide was turned, and General Lee was forced to retire. "At Gettysburg," says Pollard, in his "Lost Cause", "the Confederates were within a stone's throw of peace."

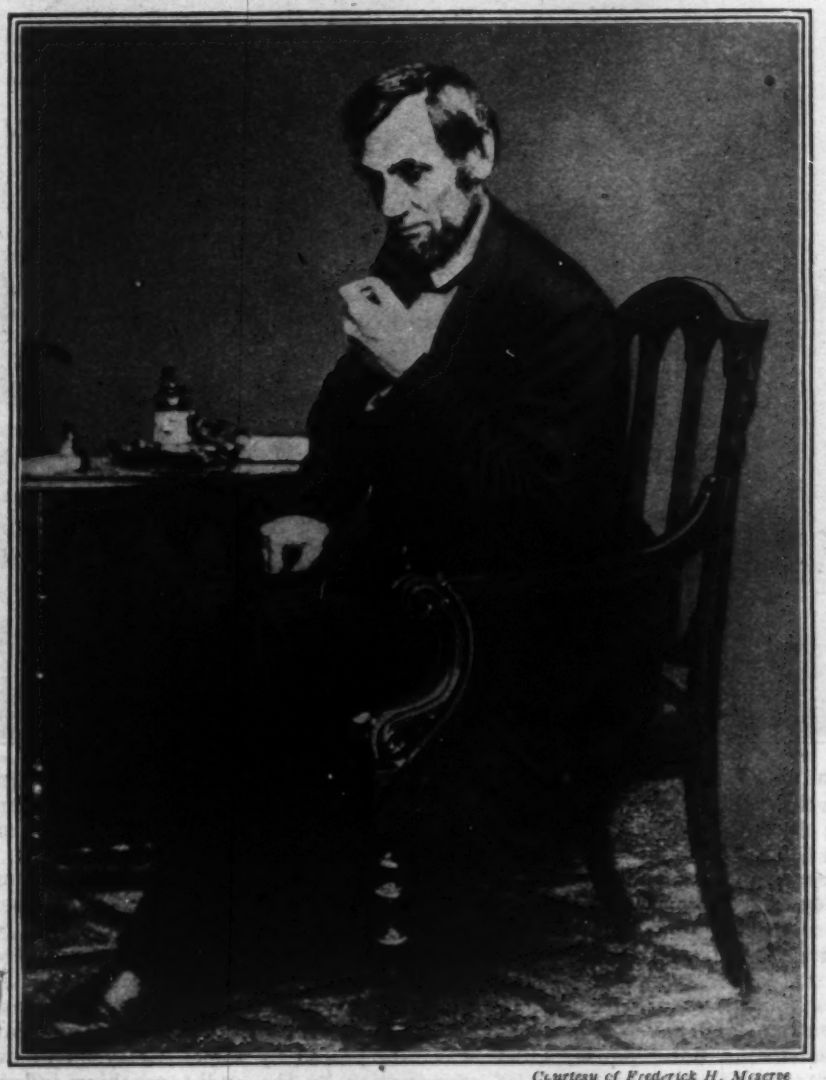
Regarded thus, as the crucial battle of the Civil War, it was decided to dedicate the field as a National Cemetery, and to have an imposing ceremony, which would inspire anew the ardor and hopes of patriotism. Hon. Edward Everett, the leading orator in the United States, was chosen to deliver the Dedicatory Address. President Lincoln was selected to pronounce the solemn office of Dedication.

Naturally Gettysburg was very proud of the Memorial Service, and we college boys were on the *qui vive* of expectation. Thursday, November 19th, was the day appointed for the ceremony.

THE morning dawned auspiciously, as bright and full of sunshine as one could have conceived. President Lincoln arrived the night before, and was quartered at the residence of Col. Wills, a leading citizen, whose house was on Gettysburg's central square. The college students determined to give the President a serenade, and then vociferously shouted for him to appear, and make a brief speech. He, however, seemed quite indifferent to the call. He was at dinner and Col. Wills writes that, having heard so much disposition to make sport of his wild western manners, he took particular notice that his table etiquette was that of a thoroughly cultured gentleman. This seems like a trifling matter, but it is important as showing either how legendary stories will grow up about a distinguished personality, or, as proving that, as Mr. Lincoln rose to prominence, he took advantage of his new associations to familiarize himself with the ways of genteel society. He realized the truth of the apothegm of Michael Angelo: "Trifles make perfection, but perfection is no trifle."

After a long delay, which almost exhausted our patience, Mr. Lincoln appeared upon the balcony. It was too dark to distinguish clearly his features. He merely remarked to us that he was glad to receive our greeting, but he would make no address. "You must bear in mind," he said, "that we are in a great historical crisis, that I am an official representative of our country, that whatever I say will be subjected to keen criticism, therefore I should only utter sentiments that have been carefully prepared, so, Good Night."

The next morning the procession formed in the central square and advanced to the hill, adjoining the town, where the chief struggle had been fought, and where the star of victory, after wavering for fierce hours, finally settled on the Northern side. It was estimated that 20,000 people were gathered to witness the scene. Many military and civic organizations took part. A number of generals and state governors were in the lead, notably the great war governor, Andrew G. Curtin of Pennsylvania. President Lincoln was at the head, mounted on rather a diminutive horse. He wore a high silk hat, and his long legs almost touched the ground. One is disposed to think, by way of contrast, of the Emperor Napoleon's entrance as victor into the city of Düsseldorf, and of the youthful poet, Heine's description of it. "He rode a white palfrey which stepped with calm assurance of dignity. The shuddering trees bowed as he passed. Carelessly, with a loose seat he held up the reins in one hand. It was a sunlit, marble hand, a mighty hand, that had tamed the hydra of anarchy, and quelled the feud of nations. His face, too, was of the same hue that we see in the marble busts of Greeks and Romans; the features wore the same expression of calm that the ancients have, imperturbability, and on it was written: 'Thou shalt have no other Gods but me.'"



Courtesy of Frederick H. Meserve

A portrait of Lincoln which was taken shortly after the Gettysburg Address

Certainly no such imposing impression was made by President Lincoln, riding

without the least pretense, on his diminutive pony. Yet the far-seeing intellect, the warm heart, and the resolute will for liberty, as the highest prize of the brotherhood of man, concentrated in that awkward looking figure, have allotted the verdict of time emphatically in his favor, as against the bloody glory of the famous Corsican.

There was a vast crowd gathered at Cemetery Hill when our procession of students arrived. Our fear, however, that we would not be able to get near the grandstand was dissipated by the multitude respectfully opening for us and allowing us to take the very best position. The platform seemed about fifty feet square. It had been hastily made of rude boards. A rocking-chair of very high back, which seemed to have been specially constructed, was assigned Mr. Lincoln.

It was one of the great historic occasions of the world. The most representative leaders of the nation were gathered there; the time was a critical one in our country's destiny; and the occasion, to honor the memory of those who had sacrificed their lives on the altar of the nation, gave solemnity and awe to the scene. Mr. Everett's oration well rose to the greatness of the hour. His fame, as the first orator of the time, was international, and every one listened with intense interest.

THE speaker possessed all the arts and graces of composition and delivery, and at points — as when describing the agonies of war, and the grief of parents for the loss of sons in battle — rose to high peaks of eloquence. It occupied nearly two hours. Mr. Lincoln at first listened very attentively, but whether worn out by travel, or by the length of the speech, under a rather fierce November sun — for it was a splendid autumn day — rocked uneasily in his chair, and with his head somewhat fallen down, presented anything but an admirable figure.

When at last his turn came, and he arose, there was a tremendous outburst of applause. It was evident that he was the popular idol of the multitude who saw in him, not only a remarkable personality, whose career had been one of strange progress from a wild western log cabin to the highest seat in the nation, but who also felt that he embodied, as did no other person, the issues of the hour.

As he proceeded to read I listened with keen and rapt attention. He held the single large sheet of paper before him, in both hands, and read without the slightest attempt at declamation. This made his manner all the more impressive to me. The theme was too great, the words of consecration too solemn, for any play of rhetoric. I instinctively felt that he realized in his deepest self the serious nature of the situation, and that his manner showed a spirit of simple greatness such as truly befitted the ceremony.

But I was altogether unprepared for the wondrous beauty and power of the address. I was not one of the best students in recitation, but one of the largest readers in the college, and reasonably familiar with the great masters of English prose. As Mr. Lincoln continued, I was deeply impressed with the paper as a literary product.

When he closed there was a moment's pause, which was interpreted by some as a lack of appreciation by the audience. But this I think was owing to two causes. One, the solemnity of the impression, which finds its voice more in stillness than in outward applause, and the other, the brevity of the paper, which took the listeners by surprise. But after this instant of profound silence there was a great and universal outburst of hearty and continued approval.

But this silence at the conclusion of the paper has often been most unjustly taken to mean its failure to impress at the time. My opinion is just the opposite. The most profound an impression made by a speaker is too deep for an outburst of applause. It rather conduces to silence. There is a remarkable illustration of this given by Mr. Nevinson's "Journal" concerning the conclusion of one of Ruskin's lectures. He says: "I well remember how in the last lecture of one course he so overwhelmed us with solemn awe that when he closed his book no one moved or spoke. We sat there absolutely silent. We no more thought of the usual thunder of applause than we should have thought of clapping an angel's song that makes the heavens be mute." This, I take it, was the temper of mind produced in the audience by the solemn beauty and power of Mr. Lincoln's address.

Underwood and Underwood

Abraham Lincoln, Mrs. Lincoln and two of their sons in the White House

WHEN they recovered themselves from this spell their feelings broke forth in enthusiastic appreciation.

To my companion, a fellow student, who asked me: "What do you think of the address?" my instant reply was, "That speech will take its place as a classic in English literature." I am glad that time has so completely vindicated my judgment.

There have been several historic occasions in which epochal events have been commemorated by immortal words — Pericles' address to the Athenians during the tragic Peloponnesian War; the oration of Demosthenes over the heroic dead of Thermopylæ, who there saved Greek civilization from overthrow; that of Daniel Webster over the revolutionary heroes of Bunker Hill, and this of Abraham Lincoln over the fallen patriots of Gettysburg, which bids fair in far-reaching influence to outrank them all.

In the evening the President attended divine service at the Reformed Church, where Dr. Baugher, president of the

college, preached. Those of us on the end pews had the privilege of taking his hand, as at the close of the service he passed down the aisle. I took his extended hand automatically, for I fixed an intense gaze upon his face, and especially looked him in the eye. He evidently noticed this, for he exchanged a deep, inquiring look with me. And the impression I received was, that his face and features indicated more than all else a feeling of melancholy. Perhaps no man has ever felt the cares of State, and realized the vital issues largely dependent upon his judgment and action, more than he, and this revealed itself in his careworn countenance. He certainly had a rather rude face, betokening his humble origin and backwoods experience. But it was by no means a displeasing ruggedness, for an expression illuminated and softened it that made it at once attractive, interesting and suggestive.

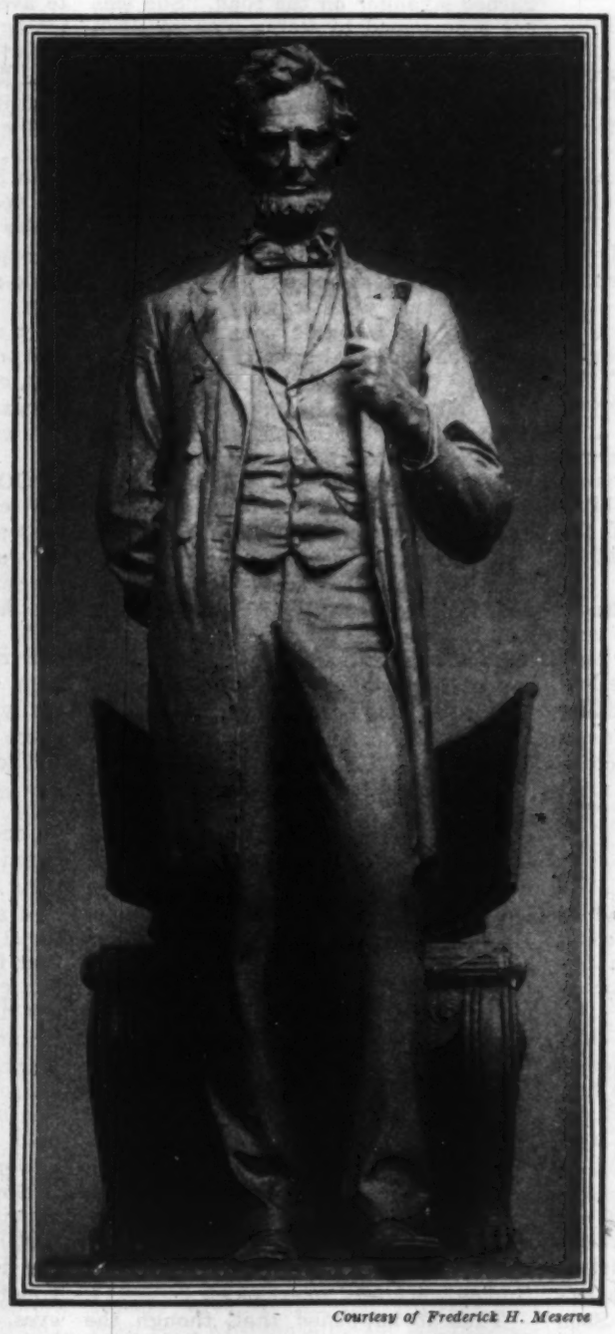
Let us make something of an analysis of this great address, which Emerson, Lowell and Victor Hugo unite in declaring to be "one of the three masterpieces of human speech in the history of the race."

First, its *simplicity*. It is the language of the heart. It comes from the forge of deep conviction. And the truer the feeling, and the more vivid the conception, the simpler and more natural the expression. Great thoughts tend to strong, terse utterances. So with this address. The speaker feels the issue deeply in his heart, and grasps the very core of it in his mind. He sees the truth in itself, shorn of all complications, and all he has to do is to give it free utterance, and it attains the most perfect form. Thus of its 300 words about 200 are monosyllables, the tersest Anglo-Saxon speech. If we wonder at such a literary achievement from one who tells us that "he never had more than six months schooling in his life", and that of the cheapest order, let us remember that geniuses are born, not made; that they do not grow with the advance of science and civilization, but that they suddenly burst upon the horizon from often the most unpropitious origins, and blaze in the literary firmament like stars of the first magnitude.

WE note its *modesty*. It betrays an absolute unconsciousness of self. The speaker is obsessed by the situation, and the effort to give fit expression to it. He is in no mood for rhetorical display or dramatic effect. This self-unconsciousness was a conspicuous quality of Mr. Lincoln. Accordingly he received Mr. Everett's congratulatory eulogy as though it were but a formal courtesy. But it was in reality as true as prophetic. Said Mr. Everett: "Mr. President, your speech will be remembered long after mine is forgotten." And when ex-Attorney General Wayne MacVeigh said to him, "Mr. Lincoln, you have made an immortal speech," he quickly replied: "O, you must not say that. You must not be extravagant about it." Indeed, he considered his part in the ceremonies of so little import that the evidence seems to be conclusive that he left Washington without having made any preparation for it.

GOVERNOR DENISON of Ohio, who rode in the train with him, says that he was only then notified that a few remarks from him would be expected. And, asking for some paper, a rough sheet of foolscap was handed him, and he wrote with a pencil the address which was to become so celebrated. That he wrote it thus in the cars is also corroborated by Governor Curtin of Pennsylvania, who was his traveling escort. This modest singleness of aim, and forgetfulness of self, add to the wonder of the result.

Evidence shows that while Mr. Lincoln fittingly thought it wise to write carefully this brief dedication, he did not ordinarily succeed with the written page. The Rev. Dr. Conwell recalls that when he made his famous Cooper Union address he had it written. He was almost unknown to the audience, and had rather a cool reception. And when reading his manuscript the pages became mixed and his effort was proving a failure. He then threw aside his written pages and proceeded to speak extemporaneously. Then suddenly the speaker's real power appeared. Let Rev. Dr. Conwell describe the effect in his own words: "Then the stammering man who had created only silent derision to that point suddenly flashed out. The awkward arms and disheveled hair were lost sight of in admiration of that magnificent address. The immense audience immediately began to follow his thought, and when he uttered that quotation from Douglas, 'It is written on the sky of America that the slaves shall some day be free', the applause was so great that the building trembled, and I felt the windows shake behind me. I went home strangely stirred."



Courtesy of Frederick H. Meserve

At the unveiling of the St. Gaudens statue of Lincoln, near Westminster Abbey, Lloyd George paid eloquent tribute

THE most genuine *patriotism* breathes all through the Address. Love for his country in the throes of a struggle, vital to its future destiny and happiness, animates the speaker's soul. He says: "We are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation so conceived and dedicated can long endure." Mr. Lincoln loved the United States with an all-absorbing passion. He believed in it, and desired for it a great future. He realized the dire peril that confronted it. And for it he was ready to devote all the strength of his heart, mind and soul. And well was it for our beloved country that it had in this crisis of its history for its head one whose absolutely disinterested patriotism was wholly placed at its service.

We hear further in this Address the voice of Democracy. It was not just that the nation he so loved was at stake, but the peculiar government of that nation was on trial. The United States of America were to give to the world an example of Democracy. Hitherto no such experiment had been made successfully on a large scale. The governments of the world had been in the hands of a privileged few. Mighty conquerors had

(*Continued on page 117*)

Deselee's Preacher

Lost Mountain Said That He Could Preach, But It Soon Got More Interesting News of Him

By Dorothy Thomas

THE burning rays of the August midday sun penetrated even the dense foliage of Lost Mountain. The heat was so oppressive that Deselee Marshal, radiant with health and born to the mountains though she was, sank wearily upon a rock by the road.

She pushed a blue sunbonnet from her damp forehead and anxiously patting her blue gingham dress murmured:

"Hit'll fade afore it's f'st washed."

And well might she be anxious, for a new dress was an event in Deselee's life. Not that her father was poor — on the contrary, since the recent revival of moonshining he had prospered. But Hal Marshal considered a roof and victuals sufficient reward for the work of his womenfolk.

Nor would he permit them to receive any "pretties" from the missionaries who were, he declared, "sp'ilin' the mountains with their religion." However, one night when drink happened to make him more generous than surly, Deselee had wheedled from him the money for her dress, hinting that she would adorn herself for Pete Shifflett, the only suitor her father recognized.

Balanced by becomingness the new dress was well worth the effort and subterfuge. Its pale blue made her eyes look bluer, her cheeks pinker. She had made it cleverly. From a filmy ruffling rose a neck as soft and white as a swan's. The bodice outlined a full, curving bosom and the skirt flared to meet what was, for the mountains, a very trim ankle.

WOULD the young preacher notice her new dress? She blushed at the audacity of the thought. How could she expect a fine young gentleman like the Reverend William Daly to notice a mountain girl with no education? Oh, he had been kind enough to her — had read to her and walked with her — but that wasn't being in love with her. Preachers were supposed to be kind and to teach folks things. And he had been polite to her, but she vaguely understood that men out yonder were polite to all women. Yes, it was all her fault, her being in love with him. But dreaming, imagining no end of what must be impossible scenes, colored Deselee's drab days with delicious sorrow. Soon — too soon — the new preacher would be gone and she would marry Peter Shifflett and after that it didn't matter if she never had a new dress.

For a few moments she sat there deep in depression, then she closed her eyes, dark lashes shadowing her cheeks, and gave herself up to fancies.

She pictured that June day when she and her mother, riding the one horse, had met the clean shaven, white garbed stranger on the road. She was not accustomed to seeing men so clean and neat — especially on a week day. Of course she had seen preachers and drummers as carefully dressed but none had ever united fashion with power and strength as did this tall young "furrener." Though he was not so thick-set nor heavy as the mountain men Deselee was sure he could swing an axe as true and shoot as straight as any. Drummers and summer preachers usually rode with a worried, uncomfortable air, but this young man rode easily as though he were born to the saddle.

Doffing his hat, he inquired of them the way to the Mission. Deselee was too abashed to speak but her mother answered glibly enough, asking him innumerable questions as to who he was and where he came from. He explained that he was the new summer preacher, chatting for awhile with Mrs. Marshal but looking always at Deselee. He said he hoped they'd come to his preachings, thanked them, smiled — a very boyish, agreeable smile — and rode on.

Several days later when Deselee chanced to be spending the day with a neighbor, the new preacher called. When pressed to break bread with them he accepted. Deselee sat opposite him at table where he passed her the corn pones and honey as though he cared for nothing in the world except that Deselee should have corn pones and honey. He complimented the mountain scenery again. But instead of looking out of the open door which was just in front of him and commanded an excellent view, he fixed his brown eyes on Deselee. There was nothing rude in his gaze, yet Deselee wished she had on her sunbonnet to hide her blushes.

Later, when she said she must go, he walked across the yard with her, offering his great, brown hand to help her over the stile and held her horse while she mounted — attentions which Pete Shifflett entirely overlooked.

Thus it happened that, though the Marshals were avowed enemies of the church, Deselee Marshal was converted. Since that day her religious zeal had never waned. Every Sunday, rain or shine, no matter how warm the day, Deselee went to both morning and afternoon services. Of course such devotion would have been impossible had not Pete and her father worked all summer at a stave mill across the mountain, whither they had migrated to avert suspicion from their too flourishing still at Lost Mountain.

Now this August morning —

"I'll be late for the preachin'," she exclaimed suddenly.

She had nearly reached the church, when, chancing to glance up, she saw Pete Shifflett, a lean slinking hound at his heels and an alert, bead-eyed rooster under his arm. He wore overalls and a rough grey shirt from which his thick neck rose like the gnarled trunk of a tree. His mouth was coarse, cruel, his very movements sly and sinister. He had one ugly green eye, the other, sightless, covered by purplish, red lids. But instead of being an affliction, this one eye was Pete's stock in trade.

GOOSE, the witch doctor, being present at his birth, declared the child possessed the "evil eye." Even before he was old enough to fight and shoot fear of his sorcery had struck terror to the heart of every man, woman and child on the mountain. Possessing an evil nature, the big bully had played upon their superstition, using his easily acquired power to work his own ends.

The rumor was current that could any man beat Pete Shifflett in a fight the spell would be broken. But no one had succeeded. Those few who dared make the attempt declared that their strength had mysteriously crumbled away. Big Hal Marshal once ventured to redress a wrong but with the first few blows he vowed his power left him completely and he became as helpless as a babe. After that Hal never attempted to defend any rights that Pete infringed upon but fell completely under his control. Even Deselee, who believed less in "spells" than the others, attributed to him the gift of supernatural powers.

Now at sight of him she stopped abruptly, fascinated as the victim of a reptile might be fascinated. Pete's one eye devoured her. Indeed, as she stood trembling before him with glistening eyes, flaming cheeks and softly curving body, Deselee was to be desired of any man.

"Where are you going looking so pretty?"

He flung the compliment at her in an insolent, suspicious tone.

"I — I didn't know you and Pa were home," she finally found courage to say.

"I reckon you didn't," he answered, moving closer. "We've been back long enough to know you've been goin' to the Preachin's with the Mission folks and the Allans an' such."

She offered neither denial nor explanation.

"I've heard about your Preacher, too," he went on angrily. "And I'll mind ye that you're my gal, Deselee — no prayin' preacher's!"

"'Tain't my fault I'm your gal," she cried at last and tried to push past him.

He caught her by the arm.

"I'm having a cock-fight down in the hollow," he said, his great fingers sinking into her flesh. "If you go to his preachin' 'stead o' my fight there'll be trouble — I ain't say'n when or how — but there'll be trouble!"

Pete's wrath was of a slow and vindictive nature. He was not one to forfeit the pleasure of anticipation by killing an enemy in a fit of rage. It was said he could wait a lifetime for revenge. He understood too that there is torture worse than death. But Deselee, loathing this man she must marry, blinded by love for the preacher, longing for the spiritual refreshment the church offered, did not reckon with the future. Or if she did it was but to assure herself that for another glimpse of happiness she would r i s k anything. She often told herself there was no power in Pete's evil eye. Yet there were moments when it held terror for her. This was one of them now. Yet she wrenched herself f r e e and flashing him a hated glance, made toward the Mission gate.

The rough pine benches had been removed from the stuffy little church and set out in rows under the great trees. A huge log had been rolled to the front which, turned upright, served as a pulpit.

Nodding to her neighbors, Deselee seated herself on one of the front benches.

AT last the preacher, in his clerical gown, appeared. Somehow the khaki uniform and broad-brimmed hat (relics of his army days) that he usually wore on his visits to the Marshal cabin put her less in awe of him than did these long, flowing robes which gave him such an air of distinction and learning and seemed to remove him still further from the humble Deselee.

Could all be known the Reverend William Daly was not, socially, so far removed from the mountain girl. The parents he had left in the little western town were simple, God-fearing folk, who had, it is true, raised their family with loftier standards of conduct than had the Marshals. The young man had left the ranch to work his way through school and later came East to study for the ministry.

Before the young preacher opened the service he let his frank, friendly eyes travel over his congregation. When they came to Deselee they brightened and lingered a moment before he announced the opening hymn.

Mr. Daly chanted the psalms, crossed himself frequently, did much kneeling and rising and turning about, all of which Deselee thought added to the services beauty, mystery and awe. His voice had a fiery, ringing quality; he could be dramatic without loss of dignity. He did not preach hell fire and brimstone but his sermons did meet the emotional needs of the mountain girl; his services did supply the esthetic longings of her beauty-starved soul and left her strangely tranquil.

SHE had a desire to close her eyes, shutting off all senses save the sound of his voice. But the girl beside her was frankly and unabashedly asleep, so Deselee, fearing the preacher might think her unappreciative, kept her eyes resolutely on the great Bible that lay on the improvised pulpit.

During the services dogs barked, babies cried — there was even an occasional snore. Shouts from the Hollow below where Pete conducted his cock-fight grew louder and more frequent. Now and again a shot rang out on the air. From the benches behind her came a creaking and shuffling of feet. Gradually the male members of the congregation stole stealthily away. The drinking and fighting in the Hollow was a competition too strong for the novice from the seminary to combat. If he were disturbed by the confusion he had sufficient self-control to hide his agitation. With calmness and dignity he proceeded, as though he addressed a well-mannered, interested congregation.

Deselee's cheeks burned with shame. These lounging, sleepy women were her kin-folk, her father and brothers were ringleaders in the rioting that had drawn the men from the preaching. To be ashamed of one's own kin is a bitter thing; it is made tenfold more bitter when that shame is constantly at variance with an innate, passionate loyalty to kin. All her life she had been torn with loathing for her family's way of life and disgust with herself for daring to loathe their ways. Yet there persisted, in spite of self-inflicted censure, the notion that she was not one of them, that somehow, somewhere another life awaited her.

Was it for nothing that this backwoods girl bore the name of one of the first families of the old South? Was it for nothing that in her veins ran the blood of warriors, statesmen, great ladies?

Perhaps some hundred years ago a youth of the landed gentry, hunting in his father's mountain land, chanced to meet a buxom, glowing beauty, with tempting lips and coaxing eyes. Perhaps he forfeited his lands and stayed — perhaps he rode away. No matter — the name, the blood was there. It had mingled back with peasant blood from old England, with that of men and women whom long years of toil and isolation had deteriorated, until now there was only Deselee, crying out against the coarseness, the dulness of her life, reaching shyly up toward this earnest, courteous young "furrener" in whose nature she sensed some of the finer, higher attributes that were crushed within her own.

As usual when the services were over Deselee tarried longer than the others, as usual the young preacher's handclasp with this fair parishioner was warmer than with the others, as usual he asked, in his gravely courteous way:

"May I walk home with you?"

To say yes was to hazard much, for Deselee knew Pete would protect his property. She knew too that now that he was home her idyl was ended. But she must have one last moment.

"I'm sorry they broke up the preachin'," she said, w h e n they had closed the Mission gate.

"I guess I'll have to preach better," he answered with a good-natured, boyish grin.

They walked silently through the summer woods, the stillness broken only by the chirping of birds, the darting of pheasant or turkey through the underbrush and the ringing, echoing sound of a woodman's ax.

"Who can be so ambitious on Sunday morning?" Mr. Daly remarked.

"I reckon it's some one cuttin' a bee tree," she volunteered.

"Did you read the book I gave you?" he asked as he offered his hand to help her over a foot-bridge.

She nodded enthusiastically.

"Which poem did you like best?"

"The one about a girl named Annabel Lee," she returned quickly.

"I'm glad you liked that," he said in a pleased tone.

"'And this maiden she lived with
no other thought
Than to love and be loved by
me.'"

Deselee spoke the lines slowly, carefully, as a child recites a school lesson. Then, as she turned into the path that skirted the branch, she said gravely —

Another Dorothy Thomas Story

A striking narrative of love in the mountains and a haunted grandfather

The Randolph Ghost

April McClure's 20 Cents

"She must 'a' loved him mightily."

"Do you — do you think you could ever love any one that much, Deselee?"

A soft glow spread over her face.

"I reckon I could."

Then when he made no answer —

"I reckon love is the prettiest thing in all the world."

Now William Daly was a young man whom love made inarticulate. Too, he was a young man to whom love, marriage, home were synonymous. He must not offer marriage until he could offer a home. What would a new-graduated minister, who has not yet been assigned a parish, do with a bride? The fact that she came from a home which he understood to be distasteful to her only made him the more determined to be silent until he could offer her something infinitely better. And so with the air of a man who dares not express his thoughts he answered —

"I reckon it is."

Then he went on to tell her how he loved her mountains and her people, how he wanted to bring something of the outside world in to them, admitting very humbly that he did not always understand their motives, that he hoped she would help him to understand them better, Deselee listening all the while with eager upturned face.

"If we knew better we'd do better," she responded quietly.

Suddenly a great crash, as of a tree falling, startled them. Then a boy's scream rang out, followed by a groaning, moaning sound.

The two halted abruptly, the preacher's head bent in an effort to catch the direction of the sound. In the next instant he was dashing through the woods, Deselee close at his heels.

Presently they came upon a huge tree that had just been felled. From beneath its trunk the arms and head of a boy were visible, while beside it, tugging futilely to lift it, was Jeff, Deselee's twelve-year-old brother.

Horror-stricken, Deselee stared. It would take the combined strength of her father and Pete to lift that giant tree.

CASTING quickly about for something to use as leverage, the preacher picked up a stout hickory pole and thrust it beneath the fallen tree. Stopping, he gripped the pole with both hands, pulling upward, throwing his whole strength into the effort, his bronzed face growing crimson with the strain. Slowly the great tree was lifted far enough from the ground for the boy to wriggle out. When he was free Mr. Daly dropped the pole limply and the tree crashed again to the ground.

"Try to stand up," he commanded, still out of breath.

The boy began to stretch his arms and legs.

"Thought I was dead," he said blinking. "I reckon I got caught in the hollow o' the tree 'cause it weren't touchin' my back — I jes' couldn't get loose."

His brother and sister looked at him anxiously.

"You boys oughtn't to cut a bee tree yourselves," Deselee reproved, when she was sure he was not hurt.

"T'weren't no bees in it nohow," he said, sorrowfully.

When the frightened boy had collected his senses and made sure he was all there, he turned to Mr. Daly.

"That were a powerful tree for a preacher to lift," was his laconic thanks. Then to Deselee. "Air ye goin' home?"

His sister was wise in knowing that she had risked enough for one day. The last day, too, and a happy one, with the walk and talk and now the pride in his great strength to remember. Wise, too, she was, and brave, not to have marred this last meeting with bitter explanations, sad farewells. He would learn soon enough that she belonged to Pete. And so with only a wistful smile, a flutter of the hand, she left him.

SHE and her brothers walked silently toward their home, Deselee sick at heart with the thought of her future.

Presently they were in sight of the log cabin that sat like a squat brown beetle between a cornfield that reached to the sky on one side and a deeply wooded hill on the other.

As she entered she pushed a great, wallowing hog from the threshold and chased some chickens from the floor.

In one corner of the room was a small stove on which cabbage and other mountain delicacies were cooking. Near it a long table upon which were the remains of the last meal. In another corner stood a large bed, covered with a patchwork quilt that was none too clean. Flies swarmed everywhere. The odors were not pleasant.

Her mother, a gaunt, hollow-eyed, slat-shaped woman, entered with an armful of wood.

"You boys tote some wood for Ma," Deselee said, shooing her brothers out of the door.

"Pa an' Pete's back," her mother informed her, as she dropped the wood into the box.

Deselee hung her bonnet on a peg and began to clear off the unsightly table.

"Ye daren't go to no more preachin's now," her mother admonished.

"I know," the girl answered dully.

The children were called to supper and there followed a great hubbub.

When the meal was ended and Deselee had tidied the cabin as much as her mother permitted, she took the book Mr. Daly had given her and began the slow and arduous task of reading.

It was late when her father returned. Most of the children had crawled into the untidy bed. Her mother nodded in the doorway.

"Howdy," Hal said as he entered the cabin.

He had been away three months but the brevity of his greeting was no sign of ill will. The mountaineer saves his emotion for great moments.

"Thar's a mess o' victuals in thar if Deselee ain't tidied them all away," his wife said, rising.

The husband shook his head.

"I stopped by with Pete," he said, dropping into a chair.

Hal was sober. He fidgeted in his chair. He spat frequently.

"Good apple year across the mountain?" his wife inquired.

"Tolerable," he answered, removing his gun from his belt. When he opened it Deselee noticed that it was empty.

After a silence Mrs. Marshal asked—

"Any fightin' in the Hollow?"

He looked uneasily from one woman to the other, then back to the empty gun which he was cleaning.

"Hear anything?"

Deselee shook her head and her mother said no.

"Oh a little drinkin' an' scrappin'," he admitted presently.

"Earbitin'?" his wife queried.

"No, shootin'."

At his answer Deselee closed her book.

"Who?" his wife asked.

Hal waxed suddenly loquacious.

"I'm not havin' any man preachin' to me what to do, refusin' my whiskey, settin' hisself up above me —"

"Who — who —" Deselee cried hysterically.

He went on cleaning his gun. At last he answered —

"Mathy Allan.

"It was an accident," he informed them in a slow, careful tone. When he had waited for them to take this in he added: "Everybody knows 'twas an accident. They got to throwin' rocks, then shootin' got kin' o' general — nobody kin tell fer certain — an' it's all fixed," he ended comfortably.

WITH this he rose, stretched himself, tumbled into the family bed and slept as peacefully as though there were no blood on his hands. In those regions where human life is held so lightly a man may murder in revenge and be as little troubled by his conscience as by the law.

The day of Mathy Allan's funeral arrived. Hal went to avert suspicion, his wife because she could not miss such entertainment, and Deselee because she would see her preacher and because, after that first terrifying moment when she feared Mr. Daly might be her father's victim, her heart bled for the Allan widow and her children. The Allan funeral was as theatrical and lachrymose as mountain funerals usually are. There was much weeping, mournful murmurings and throaty singing.

Though he did not go so far as tears no one sang louder than the dead man's murderer. Pete Shifflett and all the Marshals, from Deselee to a babe in arms, sat on the mourners' bench close to the casket.

When the preacher took his place at the head of the casket Deselee noticed that he was not so calm as usual, there was fight in his eyes and a tremor in his voice. But she could guess nothing of the moral struggle that lay behind his agitation.

It chanced that one witness of Sunday's tragedy dared tell the truth con-

cerning it. Allan had tried to persuade the men to leave off drinking and fighting — to go to the preaching. Marshal sneered at him, derided him for being a friend to the Missionaries. He insisted that Allan drink with him. When the man persisted in refusing Hal broke into a ferocious rage, crying out that the time had come for him to get even. Then he drew his gun and shot Allan dead.

The preacher had heard the story of the Marshal-Allan feud. It had begun some years ago over a land dispute. Allan, claiming the land as his, offered it to the Missionaries to be used for the new church. Marshal, a stubborn enemy of the church, said the land was his and refused to give it up. When the matter was taken to court the case was closed in favor of Allan and the church, this occurring, of course, before national prohibition had given moonshining an impetus that had placed Hal in the powerful economic position he now enjoyed.

In the young preacher's eyes Hal Marshal had viciously taken human life in revenge for what the law had proved a fancied wrong. He lacked the insight to understand that a mountaineer will protect his land, hog or woman with his life if need be, and that Hal had simply waited a propitious moment to get even with the man whom he sincerely believed had stolen his land.

And so, being a youth of strong convictions and courage sufficiently stout to stand by what he believed to be right, the Reverend William Daly saw no other right course than to publicly denounce Deselee's father as a murderer. What this decision had cost him no one knew, what it might cost him in the future his tortured imagination pictured readily enough. But he told himself stoically that he must not be swayed in such matters by personal feelings. The church must stand on the side of the right.

HE began by telling them about St. Polycarp, how his enemies had burned him at the stake because he stood for truth and justice and right.

"Polycarp died because his life was a reproach to the wickedness of those around him. And so did Matthew Allan," the young preacher said gravely. "Polycarp died a martyr's death and so did Matthew Allan. As his weeping friends surrounded the ashes of the martyred Saint, so you, my brethren, are gathered here to pay your last respects to one who was your friend and companion," the impassioned lad swept his hand eloquently over the weeping company. "Polycarp was buried amid his friends but Matthew Allen is being buried amid his enemies."

Here Mr. Daly paused. There was an uneasy shuffling and stirring among the Shiffletts and Marshals. But the preacher, being young and hot-headed, did not know that already he had said too much. Had he been longer in the work he would have understood the unwisdom of openly taking sides in any quarrel in the mountains, where men having no part in a crime or misdemeanor will adhere to the cause of friend or kin, giving their lives if need be.

"And," Mr. Daly continued, "the murderer of Matthew Allan has come to stand beside his grave. God have mercy on his soul!"

An awed silence followed. The weeping abated, even breathing seemed to cease. No need to name the man in this country where a man makes no secret of his enemies and small secret of his retaliations.

With parted lips Deselee stared at Mr. Daly, horror in her eyes. Slowly her gaze moved to her father whose great hands clenched and unclenched over his gun.

"God have mercy on his soul," she murmured and the prayer was not for her father.

THE rest of the "buryin'" went on as usual. The pall-bearers carried the pine coffin to the family burying ground at the top of a nearby hill. Then, after the last services and demonstrations of sorrow, the company filed back to the little cabin to eat a great feast prepared by the widow, to gossip and perhaps have a little merriment.

But beneath this calm exterior of customary conduct ran a sub-current of ominous foreboding. In unpropitious groups the Shiffletts and Marshals were whispering together, the Allans and their followers collecting in forbidding little companies. As the preacher was taking his leave Deselee, risking her father's wrath, made her way to the cabin door where he stood and spoke to him.

"Mr. Daly, you'd better quit this mountain."

That was what she said, but it was well that none but her preacher could hear the anguished tone in which she said it, well that her great sunbonnet hid the tender fears, the longing, the love her eyes betrayed.

As he looked down upon her the lines about the young preacher's face softened; still there was fire in his eyes but it was not the blazing fire of the champion for a right cause; it was the soft, glowing fire of love.

"I'm sorry, Deselee, I had to say what I did," he whispered tenderly. Then throwing back his head added in a stubborn tone, "but I know I'm right!"

"I ain't sayin' you're right or wrong — I ain't sayin' who did the killin'. I jes' say you'd better quit this mountain."

Because Mr. Daly was a preacher, dressed decently, spoke carefully, it was quite natural that to the girl's provincial mind he should seem a fine gentleman. And though the affair of the tree raising was some offset, still a gentleman was an incompetent person who could not protect his own life.

Perhaps the lad gathered something of this for he answered vehemently:

"Do you think I'm going to say what I think and then run? Do you think I can't shoot or fight? I've four more Sundays to preach here and no one is going to run me out!"

Before Deselee could importune him further her mother joined them to warn her that her father was coming. So, without daring another look or pressure of hands, they parted.

The following Sunday was the first Deselee had missed a preaching since Mr. Daly came to Lost Mountain. For her it was an endless, dreary day.

That evening at dusk, when the fireflies were floating above the tall grasses, the Marshal family gathered about the cabin steps. The boys played marbles, Hal leisurely whittled, the weary mother, idle, still, leaned against the door-ledge, Deselee, pale of face, droop-eyed, chin in hand, was among them but not of them. Youth is usually self-centered but youth in grief is likely to move with in-turned eyes, oblivious to all the world. Pete, strumming a banjo, was singing in his gloomy voice that always reminded Deselee of the wailing of a ghost, though this time the song was earthy enough —

"Don't never let your woman have
her way,
'Cause if you do bad luck'll come
to stay."

Suddenly, Jeff, looking up from his play, shouted —

"Yonder comes the preacher!"

Had he said that all the game on the mountain was walking up to their cabin door the announcement would have been received with less incredulity. It was as though an electrical current had flashed through the company. Every one sat up. Every one stared. None but a fool would walk alone, openly, into his enemy's yard!

ROUSED from her abstraction Deselee looked up, her heart beating wildly. There was no mistaking the stalwart figure that swung so easily along the path. His hands were in his pockets. He was whistling.

Hal sprang to his feet, gun in hand.

"He comes right merry to his funeral," he said through clenched teeth.

The preacher was in a direct line with her father's gun. Deselee's brain refused to function. She sat as one stricken dumb. But her preacher's salvation — if salvation it could be called — was to come from another than Deselee.

Pete put down his banjo.

"Hold on, Hal," he said, covering the older man's gun with his hand and gazing at him steadily. "Don't shoot — yit."

Hal, who had been infuriated by the preacher's audacity, ready to kill him on sight, began to tremble, weaken like a child under the spell of that fearful eye. He lowered his gun. His arms fell limply to his sides.

If Deselee ever experienced any warmth of feeling for Pete Shifflett it was at that moment. She understood that behind the act lay some vicious, ill-natured motive. But there was her preacher, walking, whistling, when, but for Pete, he might be dead and cold in her very door-yard.

(*Continued on page 76*)

Japanese Women of To-day

By Narcissa Cox Vanderlip

(Mrs. Frank A. Vanderlip)

THERE is a story I heard in Japan of a Japanese man and wife who after years of residence in America went back to live in Japan.

They were invited to an entertainment, and the husband accepted on the condition that his wife and the wives of the other Japanese men would also be present.

The ladies were present — as wallflowers; a troop of geisha, brought in for the occasion, furnished the entertainment. When the Americanized pair reached home and the man took his wife to task for "acting like a mummy all evening", she said, "Did you wish me to appear immodest and unwomanly in the eyes of your friends? I have not forgotten that a Japanese woman must be silent in public if she wishes to be respected."

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Vanderlip and their daughter, Miss Narcissa Vanderlip, in Japanese costume

The Japanese wife is not a companion to her husband and is not expected to be. She is not in public life and is not expected to be — save in the rarest instances. If this is true of the woman most influenced by years of the western world, it is much more true of the other woman of Japan with no touch of western influence. I met many such during my recent visit to Japan, including the wives of the mayors and other dignitaries in Tokyo and the other large cities.

Since the women spoke no English, my intercourse with them was limited, and they were shy until there was a chance to offer and to receive the friendliness that is so altogether dependent upon language.

The experience of being in public with their husbands was an amazing novelty! To be hostesses themselves, an unheard-of responsibility! One of the Japanese ladies who was to receive us had stage fright at the last minute and her daughter-in-law was commandeered to act for her.

I wish we could reproduce the amazement of Japanese women that we should really be the companions of our husbands, attend the conferences they attend, sit with them at the same banquets, dance with them at public places and accompany them to other entertainments.

They could never altogether restrain their surprise at seeing an American woman pass through doors ahead of the men. In Japan the wife, even in walking along the street, or any public place always keeps a few yards behind the husband. "Between husband and wife," said Confucius, "let there be proper distinctions." It will take many a year of the new Japan before that idea is changed, and the change is now hardly begun. The wife is commonly called "Okusama", or honorable lady of the house, but literally interpreted, the meaning is "honorable back room", implying seclusion and retirement!

Even the fairly westernized Japanese still finds it difficult to think respectfully of women engaged in any social activity outside the home. So wise a man as Dr. Nitobe, for several years an "exchange" professor in America, in connection with his exchange lectures wrote, "When I was preparing two or three of my lectures before leaving my country, how little did I anticipate that more than half of my lecture halls would be graced by ladies." The Japanese men simply do not expect it! At a gathering I at-

The Japanese wife is not expected to be a companion to her husband. She seems to find recreation and interests among her women friends.

Mrs. Vanderlip, home after a prolonged trip to the Orient, records her impressions in this searching, penetrative study

tended, a leading Japanese woman, a writer, greatly respected, and head of a girls' school, made a brief speech in English. She was nervous and well she might be, for many of the men talked all the time she was speaking, instead of showing pride in her accomplishment. To them she was out of her sphere, out of the protected area that belonged to her, and nothing was due her. They treated her as Paul might have treated ladies who insisted on being "heard in the churches."

THE greatest obstacle in bringing about a different status and theory of education for the Japanese woman is the utter laboriousness of the average housewife's life. When they have servants, they have a great many. When this is not the case, I heard Japanese women say that their whole life was taken up by the most minute and taxing routine; they would not have time to be companions to their men even if they had the opportunity. A life of complete service to a husband — which includes dressing him — is time-taking, and when added to that is household work, all of which is done by the most laborious processes, the Japanese wife has a full day, even when it is not complicated by the nursing and carrying of children. But Japan is a laborious country throughout. When the Japanese woman washes her kimono, she rips it all apart and stretches it on a board to dry, and in other household work she employs similar detailed and laborious methods, in which she is simply fulfilling the tradition of a "man-power" country, that country of the coolie-drawn jinrikisha, the country where even the watering of the streets is done by a man carrying a little tank around on a handcart and going frequently to the tap to fill it. In the day when almost every American farmer has his own flivver, there are only three thousand automobiles in all Japan. Too much woman power in the home is one very fundamental way of summing up the Japanese woman problem. While this condition exists it is hard to see how much could be accomplished, even by liberalizing the whole policy of women's education and social tradition.

Buddha is informally greeted by the children

I was charmed by the Japanese women's dress — the dark richness of color, the subtlety of design, and the discreetness with which the whole is worn. There is nothing dowdy about the Japanese kimono. The American woman who ties the sash or *obi* of a kimono loosely around her waist so that the robe bulges under the arms will never pass muster in Japan. I know, for it took two persons to tie my *obi* when I wore a Japanese costume at a party given for us by the Welcome Association in Tokyo. Whether it always takes two to tie the *obi* I do not know, but I do know that the garment will bulge unless the *obi* is very tight. The costume is taut and trim. The discreet opening in the wide sleeves is the nearest approach to the coquettish which the costume offers. The under kimono — every woman wears two — is usually gay. Mine is a bright and rare red with a design of stars and golden clouds done in gold dust. But the outer one is a rich deep plum, with soft green crêpe lining. It is batiked with deer and fern down the front, but as usual the most delicate and entrancing part of the design was on the under fold that does not show. I was made to feel a little aged by having it explained to me that my color was dark and my design slight and that the additional band that borders the neck of the kimono was, in my case, a plain white embroidered one.

So long as Japanese wives have no place in society with their husbands the geisha will remain an institution

because these things must be in keeping with my age, while my daughter's colors and design and costume generally were very gay and gorgeous. Whether there are in Japan any women who disregard these limitations of age and insist upon the colors set aside for youth, I do not know, but I did not get the impression from my Japanese women friends that any would do so with impunity in "the best circles."

So long as wives are not companions to their husbands, the geisha will remain an institution. These professional waitresses and dancers are thoroughly trained in dancing, singing, story-telling, all the arts and wiles of conduct that make them attractive to the Japanese — never to us! The geisha are usually the daughters of the poor. The course of training in the geisha training schools is exacting; the girls are first trained as waitresses and are not allowed to dance at all until they are sixteen years old. After a few years of dancing they are "retired" to playing the instruments for the dance, the samisen or three-stringed banjo, and the tsuzumi or drum. I saw the geisha in one particularly charming folk dance symbolizing clam digging. The dancers sprang into the oncoming waves, dug, flung out the gravel, etc.; it was all exceedingly graceful and vivid, full of liveliness and meaning. In spite of the tales of the geisha dancing, I saw no allurements practised. The most exciting gesture they perform is to throw the kimono sleeve over the arm with graceful rhythm, or to quiver the fan.

In fact, it is very nearly as reserved as the vestal virgins' dance, and the conventions that mark this religious dancing characterize also the geisha dancing based upon it. At Nara in the temple compound, I saw the dance of the vestal virgins. One of the virgins was about eighteen years old, the rest about twelve. The elder one wore a while satin robe embroidered in gold, a thing of rare beauty. The vestal dancer's face is covered with white paste, to impersonalize her. There is no facial expression, therefore, and the motion of the dance itself is rather the translation of a motif than anything else — with but little movement of the white-stockinged feet, graceful and deliberate gesturing with the fan, without appeal to sensuous beauty. They are simply the "white treaders of measures."

THE two women through whom I saw most clearly into the mind and heart of the Japanese woman of to-day — and to-morrow — were my maid, who bore the familiar Japanese name Aye (all too acquiescent) and Miss Takeda, a young woman from Tokyo. The chattersome Aye was devoted and wept enthusiastically at parting. She spoke English readily, had been educated in Hawaii, and is now the wife of a railway porter. Her impulsive parting declaration was, "When I am free", (by which she meant when her mother-in-law dies, for in common with Japanese women generally she is required to be the faithful servant of her mother-in-law) "when I am free, I am coming across the ocean to find you."

In Miss Takeda one felt very near indeed to the hope of the new Japan for its women. She was a teacher in Miss Tsuda's school, the famous English school for girls in Tokyo. The school itself is a product of western influence. Some 45 years ago, the Japanese government decided to see what an American education would do for Japanese girls. It picked out, for the experiment, five well-born girls, ten years old. They came to America, one of them finding a home in the family of Lyman Abbott. Two of them gave up the venture, but the other three completed their education, returned to Japan, and are now well-known throughout the empire.

One of them is Miss Tsuda, founder of the school for girls in which Miss Takeda taught.

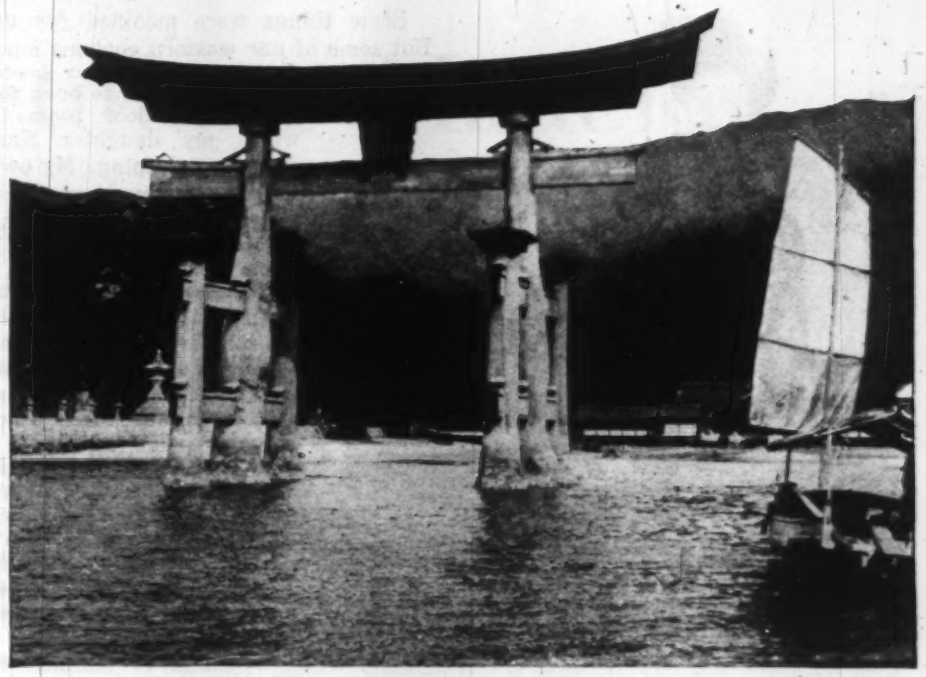
There has been a movement in Japan to establish a crêche, which will literally take the babies off the backs of the older children

Mme. Kaji Yajima, the foremost living Japanese suffragist, placing wreath on suffrage statue in Washington

I shall not soon forget Miss Takeda's simple directness. "When you first came," she said to me, "I thought you were just a rich society woman, but now I see you have a soul and I want you for my friend." Miss Takeda represented a group of educated younger women in Japan who want with all their souls a different social and educational tradition for Japanese women. I saw the same passionate curiosity and interest in several other of the younger women, notably several young women journalists who were present at a dinner given in Osaka by the *Osaka Mainichi*, the leading daily. This younger group wants to break away from the custom of marriage by arrangement and particularly from the tradition by which brides go home to be a servant in the houses of their mothers-in-law — the cause of many a divorce and ultimately perhaps many a suicide. As a part of an old tradition

Japanese women are not unfamiliar with the instruments of death. My daughter, after a visit to a fashionable girls' school, reported that the girls had a period of practising with the sword. By an old Japanese custom, a father gave his daughter when she married a dagger or *goshin-to*. It signified more than the sundering of home ties — she might some day need this "protector of the person." And in order that girls might, if worst came to worst, "end their lives in due order and comely fashion", they were taught how to bind themselves so that they should not throw their legs around in unseemly fashion in the death struggle.

Even people like Miss Takeda, educated abroad, with the western point of view in many things, can hardly in their life in Japan, be called in any sense "feminists." I discovered how completely she was under male control by the exceeding anger of her brother — with whom she lives, her mother and father being dead — when on one occasion, at my suggestion, she remained all night with us without asking his permission, because we had returned very late from some entertainment. There were adjustments to be made after that! But Miss Takeda does very well represent the aspiration of the young Japanese women educated in the western world and with an outlook for the women of their own world — and for themselves. I think of young people like her and like the young man she is engaged to marry as illustrating the best hope of the Japan that is to be. I talked with him at some length and found him young in spirit, open-minded, anxious to live in the western way. In his liberal attitude toward women he is unhindered, as some Japanese leaders are, by age or by a diplomatic career. He had carried on his own campaign in running for Parliament, and had, he said, taken pains to preach in every village, that women must be educated as companions for their husbands. It may not sound like a very radical platform to western ears. It is nevertheless a courageous attack upon the whole concubine system and the whole tradition that women shall be upper household servants, "honorable back rooms", whose best hope lies in studying to please. The young man was elected, and when men of that grade can be elected to Parliament, it means progress.



The interior of Japan is rich in beautiful scenery

A panel of young Japan — strong, sturdy little fellows they are — and so many of them

I have no fear that Miss Takeda or any other Japanese woman will, as the companions of men, cease "studying to please." It occurs to me that although I have sent her a number of things since my return, I have forgotten to include as yet the thing she wanted most — an American cook book. I can still hear her amazed, "You don't mean to say that you can *cook?*" And when I told her that I could, and very well, too, she begged for the American cook book: "Our Japanese women must learn to cook because our men grow to like western food." When I send the cook book I may include a caution against serving fish soups for breakfast, one horrible Japanese custom from which, however, I suffered only once.

Of the inimitable things, I think the quality of Japanese hospitality is fore-

A corps of geisha musicians in the annual cherry festival. This is a gorgeous spectacle to which all Japan throngs

Tying the "obi"— the sash which completes the Japanese woman's costume must be very tight, otherwise the trimness will be lost

most. During my entire visit in Japan, I stayed in private homes only, never in hotels. I noticed that the Japanese papers commented upon this as the first time foreign guests had been entertained thus continuously in Japanese homes. In no other way could I have gained so intimate an insight into Japanese life. True, they were the homes of wealth, but the Japanese homes of wealthy and poor differ rather in degree than in kind. I say the "Japanese" homes because it is not uncommon for a man of wealth to have both a European and a Japanese house, often living himself in the latter and entertaining in the former. It is not very uncommon for a family to "westernize" one room, at least to the point of including chairs. It must tax the courtesy of any true Japanese to see without laughing what a bad business we of the west make of sitting back on the floor on our heels. In a Japanese house guests would ordinarily be required to take off their shoes before entering, but, in Tokyo, our host had arranged to have us step directly from the motor upon a rich red carpet, completely covering the entrance, portico and hall.

THIS Tokyo house was full of charm, rich in its delicate severity. On the right of the entrance was a screen in soft golds and browns and greens. Over the door hung a brown wood tablet with a motto embossed in Chinese characters. With the common elasticity of Japanese houses, in which the sliding screen is used with such effect, three rooms had been converted into one long room for a living-room. In a small ante-room opening from one of the rooms was a tier of shelves filled with a rich collection of figures for the boys' festival, illustrating the heroic tales of old Japan.

Some things were modified for us. But some of our western customs must have seemed outrageous to our hosts. I realized that when I tried to open for the night the ground floor room in which my daughter Narcissa was sleeping. My own sleeping quarters were on the second floor, and having observed that Narcissa's room was closed around with screens, I went downstairs the first night to make sure that she had sufficient air. But the corridor surrounding the room was tightly closed and was meant to remain closed! Opening ground floor rooms at night simply "isn't done" and it would have been most unseemly for me not to recognize the fact. I found it simpler to have Narcissa sleep up-stairs in a little alcove — on a real Japanese bed with a scarlet and gold embroidered padded coverlet and pale blue silk crêpe padded sheets. The Japanese pillow is a funny little, hard, round affair.

In this house I immediately became acquainted with three things that are institutions — nothing else — in all Japanese homes. These are the *tokonoma* or niche of honor and, in it, the *kakemono* or scroll picture frequently changed by artistic housewives, and the meaningful "floral arrangement" which, in the house in which we stayed in Tokyo, was changed every day. The art of arranging flowers is, like the tea ceremony, a symbol of Japanese cultivation, one of the Japanese devices for "mollifying social manners", and instruction in floral arrangement is a part of any course in etiquette in a girls' school, quite as requisite as music or dancing would be here. I do not pretend to know the rules of the art, which are many and formal; but obviously profusion is not the keynote. There must be not more than two or three stems in a single vase, and it must be the sole floral adornment of the room. The language of flowers, recognized everywhere in Japan, plays an important part in it; for instance, the pine, the bamboo and the plum form a triad used on all propitious occasions. The paintings used on the *kakemono* have a symbolic meaning also. The design that greeted our entry was, I was told, used upon occasions of congratulation.

I can testify that these floral arrangements cannot be lightly imitated? The arrangement used one day intrigued me particularly, and since our return my daughter and I have tried to reproduce it — and failed utterly. It consisted of a branch of pine and a few iris with leaves, in perfect accord. But with the same materials we failed, here at home, to make them "fall together." On the very last day of our stay in Japan, the floral arrangement for the day consisted of rhododendron branches in pink bud, for which our host had to send out into the country twenty miles. The farewell was as gracious as the welcome.

EVERY fine Japanese house has a special room — or a house in the garden — for tea. The making and drinking of tea is, like the "flower arrangement" a fine art, the finest art of social intercourse. The tea ceremony has really created the canons of the rich and quiet taste that is characteristically Japanese — the standard of taste that shows not only in social conduct but also in the dark richness of women's costumes and the austere simplicity of house furnishing, if you can use that misrepresenting word in connection with Japanese houses. By the Japanese idea, people who lack refinement and taste are people with "no tea" in their system! Although the tea room is dedicated to a ceremony which is at least seven hundred years old, it still retains the almost religious ritualism with which it was introduced into the country. I

(*Continued on page 119*)

The Japanese housewife has a full day— employing the most laborious methods in every branch of her work

The Petulant Madelon

This Wild Pig and Army Mascot Played the Part of Fate in Peace as Well as War

By Michael J. Phillips

THE 869th Infantry, commanded by Col. Nigel Blake, went over early and stayed late. They went through a number of the big "shows", as the English call major engagements, and acquitted themselves well. Those who were left when the armistice came were jogging along together in mutual respect and liking. It was a good regiment.

When the advance to the Rhine was ordered the 869th was left behind, squatted on the edge of Germany in a ruined village which had been partially erased by shellfire, but to which the inhabitants had come creeping back. The men grumbled at their hard luck in being stuck there indefinitely; at the weather, which was vile, since rain fell always; at the food, and at each other.

Captain Bill Davis, commanding D Company, minded it the least of any man in the outfit. He was enabled to get generous leaves, and he spent them in hunting. There were birds, for which he managed miraculously to get a shotgun with the proper cartridges. But there were also wild pigs in the foothill forests ten miles away. These forests had once been the property of a German baron who prided himself on the strength and ferocity of his particular pigs. It was royal sport to hunt them, as Bill and several of his cronies discovered, and it was not unattended with danger.

BILL returned home just before dusk one winter evening from such an excursion. It was raining, as usual, a dull, spiritless drizzle which seemed incapable of ceasing. One felt that this rain would keep on forever, because it didn't know how to stop.

D Company was quartered in what had once been the east side of a narrow street of stone houses, built flush with the unpaved roadway. Now they were mostly jagged fragments of houses, though a few were almost whole. Those that had been unroofed or partially blown down had been made weatherproof by various ingenious makeshifts and some stolen lumber and canvas. The kitchen, consisting of a fourteen-by-fourteen fly, stood by the town pump at the entrance to the public square. Its position was strategic, for the pump was intact, insuring a most convenient water-supply.

The kitchen was a cheery place, despite the fact that the floor was earthen, and was now buried under an inch of soft mud. Only the ends of it were open. The sides, from the edges of the fly to the ground had been banked, thus shutting out some of the chill winds. It had two field ranges, raised to a convenient height by stones plastered with mud, and giving forth light and a cheerful glow, to say nothing of the warmth and appetizing smells.

Yankow, the cook, nationality undetermined, who feared no man in uniform from full general down, talked rough but he wasn't a bad fellow. He did not rebel at uninvited guests until the kitchen was so full that he couldn't work. Then he drove them all forth with a cleaver or a stick of stovewood, or anything else handy. In fifteen minutes the kitchen was full again, and the driving-out process had to be repeated. Yankow was tall, broad and angular, with small eyes set back in his head, high cheekbones and a square, unhandsome face.

AT the moment of Bill's arrival from his hunting trip, the enclosure was comparatively clear. A fringe of doughboys in raincoats, overcoats, or ponchos stood about, waiting to sift in near the warmth of the ovens.

"Good evening, Captain," greeted Yankow, with a careless wave of a potato-masher as a substitute for a salute.

"Any luck?"

"Half a pig on the way," returned the captain, who was fumbling in his shooting jacket, after returning the salute of the men. His fumblings finally resulted in the triumphant appearance of an object which caused laughter and excited comment from the close-pressing doughboys.

The object was a little wild pig, black except for a star in its forehead. It was so tiny that it seemed evident the beast was but a few days old, and the closing night was penetratingly chill. Yet the pig refused to be frightened or chilled. Its shoe-button eyes were wide open and unblinking. It turned its thin, narrow head, already incredibly long, from side to side, calmly and shrewdly appraising its surroundings.

"Here's a mascot," announced the captain. "Had to kill its mother, so we divided the children among us. This bird's growing up with D Company from now on."

"Hurray!" cheered one impulsive youth.

"You'll be a great big pig before you get to them good ol' United States," observed another, in a solemn tone, scratching the little stranger between the ears.

Bill joined in the laughter at this sally. The discipline of D Company was not the prescribed discipline of the regular army, which is generally supposed to be strict, firm and unyielding, pinching the free-and-easy like a new shoe. Rather, it was like that shoe weeks later, when it is well broken in, unfelt and unthought of, most of the time, but serving its purpose admirably. Bill could handle men. He did not have to worry about his position or his dignity as an officer. It is only those who have not the knack or gift of leading who have to worry about that sort of thing.

"What'll we name it, men?" he went on.

There was an instant chorus of suggestions.

"Pershing!" cried one. "Fawch!" yelled another, who fondly imagined he was pronouncing the name of the French leader. "Albert," "Hen-ree," and "Heinie" followed in rapid succession.

"Call him Bill," volunteered Private Adams, thereby overstepping the invisible line which Bill's men, rather than Bill himself, had drawn between them.

THEY knew — trust the doughboy to know — the hopes, the dreams, the aspirations, the virtues and the vices of their captain; the quality of his smoking tobacco; and the love of his heart. They knew that his name was Harold Benington Davis and that his nickname was Bill. But, while they always called him Bill in private — and non-commissioned — conversation, the name was not in their vocabulary in his hearing, since that is the way of the soldier. It simply wasn't done.

But Adams had done it, partially because he didn't know any better, and partially because he thought it was smart. His foozle was followed by dead silence, but only for a second or two. Up spoke Top Sergeant Jimmy Carey, squat, red faced and broad shouldered, a soldier, every inch of him. He was fiercely loyal to his captain and fond of his company as a mother of her dirty-faced small son.

"Let's call him Sleepy, after Private Almeron Benedict Adams," drawled the top, giving each syllable of the supercargo name its full value. The circle shouted and Adams, a sleepy soldier as well as a sloppy one, spake no more.

"Your suggestions are fine," grinned Bill, when the noise at Adams' expense had died down, "but she ain't that kind of a pig."

"Oh, well, then," chanted the circle, in unpremeditated but exact unison, "call her Madelon!"

"If you'd just do the manual of arms with the same unanimity we'd stand better with headquarters," commented Bill, drily. "However, that's fair enough. Here, Yankow, take Madelon into your squad and see that she gets some bread and milk and a warm place to sleep."

"What'll I sleep her on?" demanded the cook, distrustfully.

It was plain that his new assignment did not please him. Bill thought a minute.

"I have an extra shirt up in my house," he said, hopefully.

"Never mind; I'll bed her down in my apron," returned Yankow.

The dripping circle yelled. Yankow despised his cook's apron and had told an inspector once that he didn't wear it because it was always getting dirty. Now he brandished the potato masher.

"Get out o' here, youse guys," he commanded. "How'm I goin' to git supper with youse cloggin' the kitchen all up?"

He reached for Madelon. The wee pig, which had been cuddling contentedly in Bill's hands burst forth into a soprano scream that pierced like a knife-blade and rang like a bugle. It was a most surprising squawk, considering the insignificant source.

"Yell, you little cuss," growled Yankow. "We won't need no reveille with you on the job. He certainly likes you, Cap."

It was indeed true. The beastie turned her small eyes toward the captain and struggled to follow her glance, but Yankow held her tight. Muttering under his breath he found an empty box and some excelsior which, with his apron, made a snug nest.

After supper, the cook called on Bill. It was plain that he was peevish.

"See here, Cap," he began abruptly, "do you realize what you sawed off on me? I been a good hour feedin' that darn pig. She et till she's podded out like a balloon. Bread and milk and a few beans. And she bit my finger!"

"Too bad, Yankow," rejoined Bill, sympathetically.

A GOOD cook is rare in the army. They are entitled to — and receive — special consideration and treatment. So now they sat in silence, Bill pondering the muddy floor of his cracked, low-ceilinged room — a room lighted by a single candle, and Yankow studying a tiny scratch on a finger as thick as a sausage.

"I'll tell you, Yankow," said Bill, with touching hopefulness. "I'll give you Private George to work in the kitchen all the time with you and Ed in addition to the regular K. P's., you know. He'll take care of Madelon."

"Dirty George, eh?" observed Yankow, gloomily. "Is he out o' the guardhouse this week? I can keep the pig clean, but I don't know who'll look after *him!*"

Bill manfully swallowed a laugh. It was playing it rather lowdown on Yankow. George Jerome George was a wobble-jointed individual with pale, vacant blue eyes, a pendulous lower lip and only the most rudimentary grasp of the principles of personal hygiene. His blaspheming tentmates declared that Dirty George imported the cooties into the A. E. F. His shoes were always broken, his leggings loose and inaccurately lapped and his cap awry. Never by any chance, on Saturday morning inspection, were all four pocket flaps of his blouse buttoned. Regularly each week the crisp and crabby West Pointer, detailed from division headquarters to the first battalion of the 869th, triumphantly called Bill's attention to the unbuttoned Private George.

THIS is a crime that tries men's souls. A private could easily be shot for unbuttoned blouse pockets. It is sufficient cause for courtmartialing a second lieutenant. But a captain gets only a shake of the head for it; and mention of the solecism in higher officers is discreetly avoided. In fact, there are five hundred thousand lithographs of General Pershing scattered over the United States with an upper pocket flap unbuttoned. He has been tried for that in a hundred squadrooms and always convicted.

"Aw, George isn't so bad, Yankow," soothed Bill. "He means well and he doesn't talk much. Make him scrub the pig every day. In that way he'll probably get reasonably clean himself."

On the heels of the departing cook, partially placated, came First Sergeant Carey.

"Where did the captain put my rifle?" queried the snappy little soldier, in the correct third person.

Bill avoided his subordinate's eyes.

"Sit down, Sergeant," he invited; and then, after a moment:

"How many rifles did we lose on that last offensive?"

"Thirty-one, sir."

"Papers made out, so we can get relieved of them?"

"All ready for your signature, sir."

"Better make 'em out for thirty-two, Sergeant."

"No!" ejaculated the anguished Carey.

"I'm afraid you will. I busted your gun, Sergeant. You see, we ran a great, tall pig, a regular heller, right into her lair. She was as big as a Shetland pony. The rest of the gang were slow in coming up and when she charged me — say! I thought it was all off. Her mouth was open and tusks as long as your arm were just a-gleaming.

"I fired once and thought I'd missed her, for she kept on coming. I didn't have time to throw another shell into the chamber so I just reversed the gun and walloped her over the head. That fixed her, but I broke the stock slam in two. I'm sorry, Sergeant."

"Oh, that's all right, sir," sighed the sergeant, swallowing manfully. "But I sure did think the little old gun was going to bring home the division matches next month. There isn't but one other gun in the regiment that shot as well as mine."

"Who owns that?"

"Fullenweiden, the regimental quartermaster sergeant. He's got a star-gauged baby, and it's some shooter."

"Seems to me," said the captain dreamily, as he studied the ceiling, "that a man with a name like that shouldn't be permitted to have a good gun. If — "

"Pardon me, sir," interrupted the sergeant, briskly. "I think I'll say good night. Fullenweiden sleeps in the house next to mine — and there's a hole in his wall."

It might be remarked that Fullenweiden never found his rifle. The searchers discovered eight guns in D Company, though, with numbers obliterated. Sergeant Carey never did anything by halves.

Madelon grew marvelously in size, beauty and accomplishments. The manner in which she shot up in the world of pigdom seemed to indicate that, like many of her sex, she was older than she looked. Yankow fed her from kitchen scraps whenever she squealed, which was frequently. Her vocal efforts were almost unbearable, rivaling in volume and continuity the siren of a Mississippi steamboat. Dirty George took her for walks twice a day, when she ate acorns, grass, twigs and other things as appetizers for the more substantial offerings of the cook. George also washed her. Contrary to slanderous tradition, she enjoyed being clean, and gave utterance to the porcine equivalent of a coo as her keeper manicured her vigorously with a scrubbing-brush and yellow issue soap almost strong enough in lye-content to curl her stiff black hair.

MADELON was surprisingly intelligent, and violent in her likes and dislikes. She regarded every man in uniform as her friend. French peasants, and children of all nationalities, she tolerated. She hated Germans, of whom she saw many, since there was a camp of prisoners a mile distant. They were engaged in reconstruction work on the roads and buildings, and when Madelon grew a little older she enjoyed nothing better than running a Heinie up a tree.

Davis was the object of her steadfast affection. She greeted his every appearance with grunts and deafening squeals of delight. The squeal was entirely different from her hunger-call, and also of a varied timbre from the trumpet which she sounded when displeased by the appearance of a German on the horizon. Bill taught her to sit up on her hind legs and beg like a dog; to raise her right foreleg when in this position to something ludicrously like a salute; to stand on her head; and to play dead. Bill talked to her in his humorous semi-drawl, and while he was speaking the beady eyes never left his face.

Sergeant Carey contributed to her

education by implanting a love of plug-tobacco in her susceptible young heart. Madelon did not masticate the delicacy lingeringly, as did her biped friends. She gulped it down avidly and screamed for more. At sight of the "top" she would run to him. Standing on her hind legs, with her front hoofs planted against his breast, she would beg in the most earsplitting manner for a "chew."

Tommy Quinn always claimed that he taught her to smoke. By some freak of the mails he actually received a carton of Turkish cigarettes which friends at home had trustingly forwarded. He declared that he lighted one, and after calling on Madelon to observe closely, he had puffed a few times and then placed it in her mouth. She smoked it quite up and —

But at this point everybody began to throw things, and Tommy was forced to desist. They had tried to prove up on his statement by giving her one of the roll-your-own variety, lighted, which she promptly ate. Tommy declared that this corroborated his contention: It proved beyond a doubt that Madelon despised American tobacco, having a more educated taste.

Madelon loved to waltz. When she had grown to be a sizable pig, still flat, despite much good food, and long and high, with a wicked-looking white tusk disfiguring either side of her mouth, and a black tail with two tight kinks in it, a D company man would seize her unceremoniously by the forelegs and whistling something in three-four time, would shuffle solemnly about, her head under his arm, her hoofs held tightly against either side. She developed a noteworthy technic, never once stumbling, or stepping on her partner's feet.

As a bolsterer of morale, Madelon was a wonder. D Company was inordinately proud of its mascot. She attended all formations, never missing a hike. During their marches she trotted between the head of the company and the rear, or foraged briefly in the fields and barnyards. She was death on chickens, invariably killing and eating one or more on each hike. To avoid complaints and the possible loss of their pet, D Company maintained a "chicken fund", with which they paid for Madelon's lunches on the spot.

MADELON had the frame, though not the fat, of a three-hundred-pound porker when Col. Blake returned to the regiment. He had been transferred to special duty not long after the armistice, which may have accounted for the 869th's sticking in the mud of France. He had been to Paris and to Tours and to Coblenz. On the morning following his return, he made an unofficial visit to the units of his command.

Whether you realize it or not, you know "Pinky" Blake. Remember Richard Harding Davis' story, "Ranson's Folly," and the young lieutenant at a lonely spot out west who varied the monotony of the post by holding up the stage with a handkerchief for a disguise and a nickel-plated monkey-wrench for a gun? Blake was the original of Ranson. The escapade showed that he had a sense of humor. It was still an asset — from departmental viewpoint, a liability — of Col. Blake. He had shot up from captain to colonel because of the war emergency and because he had the goods.

He looked not unlike how Bill Davis' older brother might have looked. He was tall, straight, clean of limb, brown of eye, and his face was tanned by wind and sun.

He wore his uniform jauntily. He was forty, and Bill was thirty. Blake was not a "typical" army officer — if there is such a thing. He was sometimes very formal and standoffish and efficient with his men. And then again he was short-tempered and familiar and slipshod with them. He abused them and pampered them and drove them as that wondrous man with the circus drove a forty-horse-team a few years ago. Everybody seemed to like him better than if he had been always slipshod or always deadly efficient.

His eyes usually twinkled in spite of himself when they rested on drawly, good-natured Captain Bill, for here, one might imagine him thinking, was a kindred soul with the ability to laugh at the world and at times even at himself.

"Well, Davis," he said, shaking hands, "how's everything?"

"All right, sir, except the rain. An American cloudburst would be a drouth in this country."

"Oh, well, it can't rain always, even here. Pretty close to spring, now. It'll have to stop after awhile. By the way, what's the name of that town you came from?"

"Missoukee, sir."

"Always thought heretofore it was a disease, or a state of mind. But I found another fellow from there, up in Paris."

"Is that so, sir? Met him in church or a 'Y' hut, I suppose?"

"I did not!" returned the colonel, with gusto. "I sat on the court that tried him. Do you know what he was up for? Stole the general's field-glasses!"

"Oh, well, sir, we aim high," observed Bill, modestly. "What was his name?"

"Rodman Crunk."

"Why, I sang in the choir with him back home when we were kids!"

"Well, you won't sing together again for a while. I doubt if he's demobilized for about twenty years. It's Leavenworth —"

A mighty squeal in Madelon's highest and shrillest key cut mercilessly athwart his sentence. The mascot was desirous of food. Yankow happened to be absent from the kitchen at the minute, and she was complaining about the lack of service.

"WHAT in the pink perdition is that?" demanded Col. Blake.

"Our mascot, Madelon," explained Bill, proudly if a trifle apprehensively, not knowing how he would take it.

"Lead me to it," commanded the colonel, curtly.

"A pig — a wild pig," he commented, when he had been duly led. "What's the big idea, Davis? Are you keeping it — her, for her beauty?"

"Oh, no, Madelon is accomplished, sir."

"Atten-shun!" he commanded.

Madelon grunted, sat down, and raised her body until it was erect. At successive orders from Bill she played dead, stood on her head, and wound up with the prized salute.

"Fine," commented the colonel, silkily, when Madelon's tremendous and earsplitting screech had been quieted by a cabbage stalk fed her by the newly-returned Yankow.

"Fine, Davis. It might be a good idea to teach that salute to your company."

"I'm sure the company is pretty well grounded in military courtesy, sir," defended Bill, incautiously.

"Indeed? Well, I met a bareheaded individual out here a few minutes ago with his sleeves rolled up and about ten inches of legging trailing in the mud. He didn't salute. When I asked him about it, he told me salutin' wasn't done any more, since the armistice, in fact. Or at least that is what he gathered from his last sojourn in the guardhouse. Do you happen to know that bird?"

Bill was silent, but he did know. There was only one. Dirty George, of course!

"Would I help you any to identify him if I told you," went on the colonel amiably, "that he has the dirtiest arms in the world?"

"I can't understand that, sir," replied Bill puzzled. "Why, he washes the pig!"

"Better change off a week, and let the pig wash him."

Discordant howls of laughter from Yankow and Ed rather mollified the colonel, but he went on with an increased show of severity:

"Davis, you can't get away with this pig stuff. That long-geared brute will get you into trouble. And when it —

Nothing But the Truth

A Short Story

By Chester L. Lyman

April McClure's 20 Cents

she does, you're in trouble, take it from me! The army mind can't encompass a pig as a mascot. They understand under protest, at Washington, that soldiers like to have mice, geese, rabbits, monkeys, dogs, cats, chickens and parrots around quarters. The department doesn't approve of any of them, but it knows.

"Here you go, upsetting that knowledge with a pig, a wild pig — a wild German pig. That pig'll eat a turnip some day and the owner will complain. It'll go through channels, but they'll catch you before you can be demobilized and you'll spend three years writing indorsements."

"May I keep her, sir?"

"Trade it — her for the itch, if you get a chance," was Blake's parting advice, "but you can keep her for all of me."

About a week later two generals squashed through the mud in a large olive-drab touring car, inspecting kitchens and supplies of food. It was not a big job for wearers of five-pointed stars, but a private who was somebody had written home to his congressman, who happened to have a pull at the war department that month, complaining about the quality of the grub. The private's letter was so eloquent and the congressman's influence had so much tractive power that the department hastened to oblige with all it had.

The bestarred ones, with Col. Blake in their trail, had combed the kitchens of the 869th thoroughly, since that is the army way: to be thorough, no matter how big or how little the job. The major-general hadn't bothered much, but the brigadier was an affliction. He was named Titchrow, and he had graduated from the Academy a scant ten numbers ahead of Nigel Blake. But those ten numbers, and the fact that he happened to be under official eyes in Washington when the war broke out, had made of him the youngest of generals while Blake had come off only with his colonelcy.

THIS had not tended to promote harmony when they met. Anyway, they had never liked each other and both took pains to show it. Titchrow was a man of little imagination. All he could think of doing was to find fault with everything and to address Blake frequently as "Colonel." Now, this form of address sounds all right, but army usage, under the circumstances, made of it an insult. Just as a junior officer must always give his senior his title, so must the senior, if they are on good terms, never address the junior by anything but his surname. It should have been merely "Blake" with Gen. Titchrow. But he coloneled his classmate endlessly, thus calling attention, not very subtly, to the difference in their rank.

Blake, having more intelligence, was more devious and exasperating. Titchrow found nothing to praise. Blake, outwardly conforming to regulations, took all his fault-findings with a careless lift of the eyebrows and a shrug of the shoulder which rendered them feeble, importunate and unimportant. Another method of drawing the Titchrow sting was to start a conversation with the older general on one of his two hobbies — golf and White Wyandotte chickens — just at the moment that Titchrow was ready to render scathing opinion on another kitchen.

Being a stickler for etiquette, the junior general could not interrupt his senior while the latter was in speech; and the older one spake enthusiastically and at length on those subjects to the ever-attentive and deferential Blake, who hung on each word and kept a flat, trim back to the raging Titchrow. Things were at a tension when they drove up to the kitchen of D Company, the last of the regiment to be visited. That is, they drove almost up to it. There was a pond of black mud ten feet across and several inches deep from the steps of the car to Yankow's fly. The driver could not get closer because of sprawling tentropes and a barrier Yankow had caused to be erected, so that traffic would not raise too much dust or spatter too much mud about the food he was preparing. To date there had been no dust but Yankow's forethought was justified. There had been plenty of mud.

IT was easy to see which was the old general and which was the new, or war-made product. The former wore a camp cap that had seen hard service and showed it. His droopy mustache was much in need of trimming. His uniform, in cut and material, would have been scorned by a quartermaster corporal, since the quartermaster corps has first go at issue stuff and many a desk sergeant wears better clothes than a division commander. He was somewhat portly, and it is universally conceded that a stomach is not part of a martial figure. Scorning his prerogative of wearing boots, he had donned a pair of cowhide leggings for this rough work, a pair of broad-toed issue shoes, and — rubbers!

Yes, rubbers. They were, it is true, brown, almost the shade of his shoes, but he would probably have worn them had they been black, for a man near the retiring age thinks more of dry feet than custom and modishness. Furthermore, his two upper blouse pockets were unbuttoned, and a fountain pen with a saucy metal fastener protruded from the left-hand pocket. Many a young officer with brilliant prospects, any inspector-general will tell you, is pacing a lonely cell to-day because he was seen inadvertently outside his own quarters with a fountain pen visible on his uniform. But generals can get away with murder.

Titchrow was overweeningly, exasperatingly correct. He wore a white collar and new gray gloves. His uniform had been cut for him alone out of the finest of cloth. His tan boots were still shiny about the top, though the mud of France had eclipsed them from the ankles down. He wore spurs, of course, and knocked the mud from them whenever he stepped gingerly through another quagmire. His eyebrow mustache out-Englished the English, who were the discoverers, lessors, and sole patentees of this article of facial disfigurement.

"Colonel," he said loudly, so that his voice might encompass the two cooks, Private George, hanging listlessly in the offing, and Capt. Davis, at a rigid salute, "this is really impossible, you know. This hole in front of the kitchen should be filled up."

As he spoke he opened the door of the tonneau and with a snappy head shake, picked his way through the pond.

"But my Uncle Ben, down in Indiana, General, thinks a lot of Plymouth Rocks," was Blake's rejoinder.

"Colonel, the floor of this kitchen is very muddy."

"Can't keep it dry without cinders, and they ain't no cinders," volunteered Yankow.

"Silence!" snapped the younger general.

He completed his rounds, poking into boxes and barrels and peering into the huge, homemade cooler. On the edge of the pond, the kitchen edge of it, he paused to deliver his verdict. The old general, busy defending Wyandottes against mongrel Plymouth Rocks, had not left the car. Furthermore, his heated discourse had kept Col. Blake standing at the wheel, which was a bit of strategy that Blake had planned. It obviated his following Titchrow about.

"This kitchen, Colonel, is worse than the usual run," announced Titchrow, when the Plymouth Rocks had finally been reduced to a heap of quivering feathers. "The icebox leaks, forming a cesspool. The vegetables gather dampness because they are too close to the —"

A squeal which had something of the tone of an imminent high explosive drowned his utterance. Madelon, having masticated a half-plug of tobacco and three cigarettes, was desirous of dessert and trumpeted her approach to Yankow. She trotted down the soggy company street, brushed unceremoniously past Titchrow, and charged into the kitchen. There, confronting the cook, she shut off steam and the far-flung blast dwindled to a coaxing whimper.

"What in thunder is that?" demanded Titchrow.

"That's a pig," Blake informed him.

THE "sir" which is supposed to accompany rejoinder to a superior was conspicuously absent.

"What's it doing here?"

"Company mascot."

The younger general turned and spread his gloved hands to the elder with a gesture of weary impatience.

"All wrong, sir; absolutely all wrong! I don't think regulations countenance such a mascot for a minute. The beast can't help but be unsanitary and it — he eats food enough for four ordinary men. It cuts down the ration savings by just that much. It's unfair to the men."

"If you ask the men, I think you'd find they care more for their mascot

than they do for ration savings," observed Blake, judicially.

"That makes no difference, Colonel. They don't know what's good for them. We have to decide. Here, you get out!"

This latter remark was addressed to Madelon, who was still lowing pensively up into the face of Yankow. The pig paid no attention to rank. She wanted food. Gen. Titchrow felt, rather than saw, the smiles of the older general, Blake and the chauffeur. He kicked Madelon viciously in the side. Which was a grievous mistake.

Madelon's limited philosophy had heretofore been that all men in uniform were friends. But she was not slavishly attached to that philosophy. A kick was a kick, no matter who dealt it. She was a wild pig, after all; and one doesn't kick wild pigs carelessly, and without due reflection.

She whisked about instantly, little eyes gleaming, lips drawn back from her white tusks in a ferocious snarl. Her one-track mind traveled from effect to cause. The foot which had dealt the kick was near and she lunged for it.

Gen. Titchrow divined her intention and drew back hastily. The bite which would have encompassed his ankle grazed his instep instead, plowing two diagonal furrows across the boot and severing the leather strap which held his spur. He repeated, hurriedly, his backward step and the black ooze of the puddle sucked off the spur. He continued a well-thought-out retreat and stepped on to the running-board of the car.

"Madelon!"

Capt. Davis, Yankow, Ed and Private George implored in unison. Yankow hastily produced a half-loaf. As the tall animal turned with a satisfied grunt, he caught her deftly by the ear and led her out of the zone of hostilities.

"That big brute is dangerous, Blake!" complained the younger general, forgetting his usual insult in his agitation. "See that she's killed at once!"

Despite the removal of the pig he seemed content to take his place in the car, from which he leaned to beckon to Dirty George.

"Here, you," he ordered, "see if you can find my spur in that frog-pond."

It so happened that the older general, Bill, and Dirty George himself all saw a dull gleam above the placid surface of the pool. The gleam emanated from a bit of the shank of the missing spur. George leisurely salvaged the tape of his wrap legging which, as usual, was dragging, and stepped into the mud. His broad foot came down on the dull gleam. The spur sank from sight.

Unwittingly, Bill looked up. His glance encountered that of the older general. Bill knew that George had stepped with malice prepense. The general's eyes revealed that he had seen the incident and appreciated the malice. As their looks crossed, first one corner of the untidy mustache and then the other lifted as though an imprisoned smile sought in vain to gain its freedom. The general's baggy right eyelid drooped over a keen gray eye. Bill winked back.

"I can't find it," reported George, achieving a slovenly salute.

"Devil of a note!" spluttered the younger general. "Rotten kitchens! Rotten discipline! Colonel, I want that pig killed at once! Do you hear?"

BLAKE slammed the tonneau door with an echoing slam.

"I hear you, Titchrow!" he barked.

"All right, chauffeur. Drive on," said the older general, hastily.

Bill somehow gained impression from the tone that the smile had escaped at last.

"Davis!"

Col. Blake led the way out of earshot, indignation in the set of his shoulders. The dejected Bill followed. He had just heard the reading of Madelon's death warrant. When they were at a safe distance, the colonel wheeled on him.

"I told you that infernal pig would get you into trouble! It did, and it got me into trouble as well. You can realize, can't you, what sort of a report will be made on the kitchens of my regiment? And you and your blasted pig are to blame for it!"

"I'm sorry, sir," said Bill miserably.

"I knew that pig wasn't any good," went on the colonel. "I knew she couldn't be depended on."

"Couldn't be depended on — couldn't what?" mumbled Bill.

"Davis," continued Col. Blake, impressively, as a mirthful glimmer grew in his eyes, "the next time any pussyfooter comes smelling around your kitchen and this Madelon hog doesn't bite his leg off, I'll have you both shot by the same firing-squad. You get me?"

"Then — then I don't have to kill her?"

"Kill her? No!"

Bill went back joyously to Dirty George.

"George, if you don't wash your arms I'll send you to the bullpen!"

"They're in the water every day when I wash Madelon," remonstrated the slovenly one, who was poking about in the pond with a stick. "Ain't that enough?"

"No, it isn't enough! You bring your wash-basin in front of my quarters to-night. You'll wash till you stand inspection."

"All right," conceded George, continuing his poking.

He gave a little crow of satisfaction and brought up Gen. Titchrow's spur. There was a gleam in his pale eyes.

"I saw you step on that spur," accused Bill. "What do you want of it?"

"There's an old he-mule down in Nigger Knob, Missouri," explained George, his pendulous lip eager, "I ain't never been able to ride. His hide's so tough a club just tickles him. But angels bright and fair! When I git aboard of that Zed-mule and jab him with this, he'll be the surprisedest critter on four legs!"

"The next time you fail to salute an officer I'll ride you with it myself," threatened his Captain.

"I ain't takin' no chances," explained George, conservatively. "Last week I saluted one and he turned out to be only a 'Y' feller."

Madelon's affection for Bill was the cause of another semi-riot. A regiment of Ghurkas went into camp within striking distance of the 869th. They were active, brown, laughing little fellows whose principal playthings seemed to be long knives. Bill came to the instant conclusion after surveying them that Madelon would be the foundation of a half-dozen stews were she allowed to run loose, and the question of confining the mascot was up for solution.

Clearly, since there was no building that would house her which was not already in use, the thing to do was to tie her. But she had never been tied. Knowing Madelon's petulant nature, Bill planned a dress-rehearsal.

He called on Sergeant Carey. That useful non-commissioned officer and his accomplice, the supply sergeant, had the habit of picking up and sequestrating against future emergencies everything portable. They were invariably hazy on the question of previous ownership. So long as it was government property of some sort or description,

(*Continued on page 102*)

The Warning

by

Jean Kenyon Mackenzie

The flower you let fall
From the blind side of your wall
Is the only flower for me.
Oh, if you hunt at all
For your flower, have a care —
In the shadow I am there.

The kiss you thought you kept
I have stolen while you slept,
With the tear you shed for me
When you did not know you wept —
I will never part with these
Though you beg me on your knees.

Spoon River Poems

By Edgar Lee Masters

Reason Robb

YOU would have thought that she was ruined,
You would never have thought that I was ruined,
By her wrong of me with Lucius Atherton,
Caught, divorced and written up
In Editor Whedon's paper!
Well, while I was living calm and strong
What does she do but go away
Quiet, smiling and wise,
To return a linguist, teaching the drama,
Lithographed over the whole of Spoon River,
And entertained by the Wash McNeely's,
And all the prominent people!
And what were my virtues, pride and character?
And where was my triumph in life?
My soul was steel, but what of that?
Her soul was a force electrolytic
That shattered my soul to crystals!

Douglas Strong

I USED to orate in Proctor's Grove:
I care more for the sacred principles
Of local self-government
Than all the niggers in Christendom.
Now a negro owns and lives
In my mansion house by the river.
And the scrawny son of A. D. Blood
Who married my daughter has named his son
Eighteenth Amendment Blood!

Wallace Hardy

YOU grieved when I burned your letters,
You said I had murdered your very soul
In burning your letters.
But when your child was taken from you,
What did you do but hide his coat,
And hide his little hat and shoes,
And lock away his picture,
And put out of sight whatever kept you
In thought that begged for rest?
Oh! Yes, my friend, you understood:—
Life and Memory cannot live
In the house together where Love has departed,
Or Death has entered!

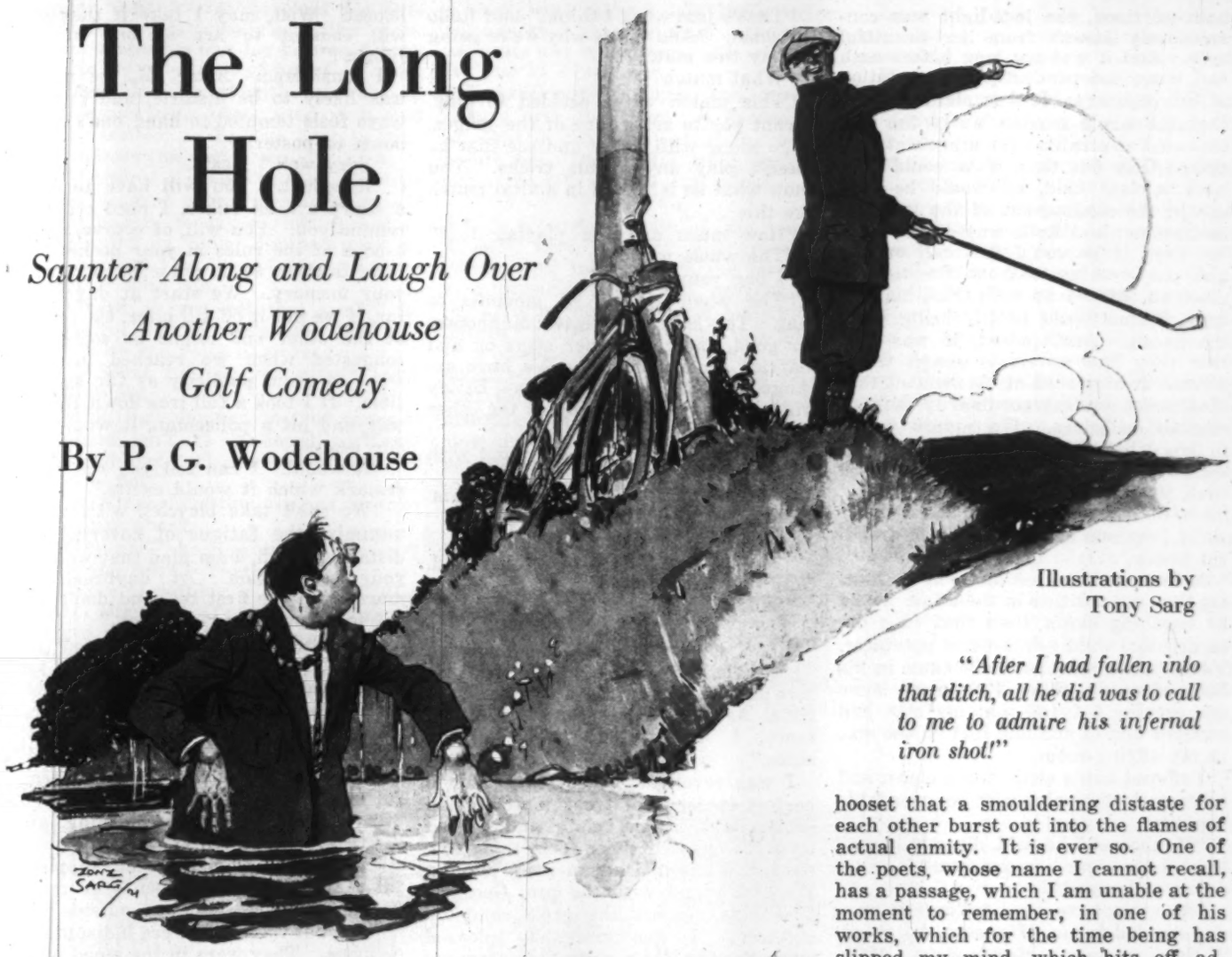
Balfour Tozer

YOU read from a book, I read the rocks,
Friends of Spoon River.
I studied the gravel, sand and mud,
Limestone, shale,
Around the hills of Bernadotte!
And found that chalk is but the remains
Of little things that lived.
So while you talked of the fall of man,
Sin, salvation and faith,
It came to me that men and women
Live their life and dissolve in death,
And make a chalk for gods who study
Soul geology!

The Long Hole

Saunter Along and Laugh Over Another Wodehouse Golf Comedy

By P. G. Wodehouse



Illustrations by Tony Sarg

"After I had fallen into that ditch, all he did was to call to me to admire his infernal iron shot!"

THE young man, as he sat filling his pipe in the club house smoking-room, was inclined to be bitter.

"If there's one thing that gives me a pain squarely in the center of the gizzard," he burst out, breaking a silence that had lasted for some minutes, "it's a golf-lawyer. They oughtn't to be allowed on the links."

The Oldest Member, who had been meditatively putting himself outside a cup of tea and a slice of seed-cake, raised his white eyebrows.

"The Law," he said, "is an honorable profession. Why should its practitioners be restrained from indulgence in the game of games?"

"I DON'T mean actual lawyers," said the young man, his acerbity mellowing a trifle under the influence of tobacco. "I mean the blighters whose best club is the book of rules. You know the sort of excrescences. Every time you think you've won a hole, they dig out Rule eight hundred and fifty-three, section two, sub-section four to prove that you've disqualified yourself by having an ingrowing toe-nail. . . . Well, take my case." The young man's voice was high and plaintive. "I go out with that man Hemmingway to play an ordinary friendly round—nothing depending on it except a measly ball—and on the seventh he pulls me up and claims the hole simply because I happened to drop my niblick in the bunker. Oh, well, a trick's a trick, and there's nothing more to say, I suppose."

The Sage shook his head.

"Rules are rules, my boy, and must be kept. It is curious that you should have brought up this subject, for only a moment before you came in I was thinking of a somewhat curious match which ultimately turned upon a question of the rule-book. It is true that, as far as the actual prize was concerned, it made little difference. . . . But perhaps I had better tell you the whole story from the beginning."

The young man shifted uneasily in his chair.

"Well, you know, I've had a pretty rotten time this afternoon already. . . ."

"I will call my story," said the Sage tranquilly, "'The Long Hole,' for it involved the playing of what I am inclined to think must be the longest hole in the history of golf."

"I half promised to go and see a man. . . ."

"But I will begin at the beginning," said the Sage. "I see that you are all impatient to hear the full details."

Rollo Bingham and Otis Jukes (said the Oldest Member) had never been friends—their rivalry was too keen to admit of that—but it was not till Amelia Trivett came to stay at Manhooset that a smouldering distaste for each other burst out into the flames of actual enmity. It is ever so. One of the poets, whose name I cannot recall, has a passage, which I am unable at the moment to remember, in one of his works, which for the time being has slipped my mind, which hits off admirably this age-old situation. The gist of his remarks is that lovely woman rarely fails to start something. In the weeks that followed her arrival, being in the same room with the two men was like dropping in on a reunion of Capulets and Montagues.

YOU see, Rollo and Otis were so exactly equal in their skill on the links that life for them had, for some time past, resolved itself into a silent, bitter struggle in which first one, then the other gained some slight advantage. If Rollo won the May medal by a stroke, Otis would be one ahead in the June competition, only to be nosed out again in July. It was a state of affairs which, had they been men of a more generous stamp, would have bred a mutual respect, esteem, and even love. But I am sorry to say that, apart from their golf, which was in a class of its own as far as this neighborhood was concerned, Rollo Bingham and Otis Jukes were nothing less than a couple of unfortunate incidents. A sorry pair — and yet, mark you, far from lacking in mere superficial good looks. They were handsome fellows, both of them, and well aware of the fact; and, when Amelia Trivett came to stay, they simply straightened their ties, twirled their mustaches, and expected her to do the rest.

But here they were disappointed. Perfectly friendly though she was to

both of them, the love-light was conspicuously absent from her beautiful eyes. And it was not long before each had come independently to a solution of this mystery. It was plain to them that the whole trouble lay in the fact that each neutralized the other's attractions. Otis felt that, if he could only have a clear field, all would be over except the sending out of the wedding invitations; and Rollo was of the opinion that, if he could just call on the girl one evening without finding the place all littered up with Otis, his natural charms would swiftly bring home the bacon. And, indeed, it was true that they had no rivals except themselves. It happened at the moment that Manhooset was extraordinarily short of eligible bachelors. We marry young in this delightful spot, and all the likely men were already paired off. It seemed that, if Amelia Trivett intended to get married, she would have to select either Rollo Bingham or Otis Jukes. A dreadful choice.

It had not occurred to me at the outset that my position in the affair would be anything closer than that of a detached and mildly interested spectator. Yet it was to me that Rollo came in his hour of need. When I returned home one evening I found that my man had brought him in and laid him on the mat in my sitting-room.

I offered him a chair and a cigar, and he came to the point with commendable rapidity.

"Manhooset," he said, directly he had lighted his cigar, "is too small for Otis Jukes and myself."

"Ah, you have been talking it over and decided to move?" I said, delighted. "I think you are perfectly right. Manhooset *is* overbuilt. Men like you and Jukes need a lot of space. Where do you think of going?"

"I'm not going."

"But I thought you said . . ."

"What I meant was that the time has come when one of us must leave."

"Oh, only one of you?" It was something, of course, but I confess I was disappointed, and I think my disappointment must have shown in my voice, for he looked at me, surprised.

"Surely you wouldn't mind Jukes going?" he said.

"Why, certainly not. He really is going, is he?"

A LOOK of saturnine determination came into Rollo's face.

"He is. He thinks he isn't, but he is."

I failed to understand him, and said so. He looked cautiously about the room, as if to reassure himself that he could not be overheard.

"I suppose you've noticed," he said, "the disgusting way that man Jukes has been hanging 'round Miss Trivett, boring her to death?"

"I have seen them together sometimes."

"I love Amelia Trivett!" said Rollo.

"Poor girl!" I sighed.

"I beg your pardon?"

"Poor girl," I said. "I mean to have Otis Jukes hanging 'round her."

"That's just what I think," said Rollo Bingham. "And that's why we're going to play this match."

"What match?"

"This match we've decided to play. I want you to act as one of the judges, to go along with Jukes and see that he doesn't play any of his tricks. You know what he is! And in a vital match like this . . ."

"How much are you playing for?"

"The whole world!"

"I beg your pardon?"

"The whole world. It amounts to that. The loser is to leave Manhooset for good, and the winner stays on and marries Amelia Trivett. We have arranged all the details. Rupert Bailey will accompany me, acting as the other judge."

"And you want me to go round with Jukes?"

"Not round," said Rollo Bingham. "Along."

"What is the distinction?"

"We are not going to play a round. Only one hole."

"Sudden death, eh?"

"NOT so very sudden. It's a longish hole. We start on the first tee here and hole out in the doorway of the Hotel Astor in Times Square. A distance, I imagine, of about sixteen miles."

I was revolted. About that time a perfect epidemic of freak matches had broken out in the club, and I had strongly opposed them from the start. George Willis had begun it by playing a medal round with the pro, George's first nine against the pro's complete eighteen. I was extremely pleased when the pro did a sixty-two, a record for the course, thus getting home by three strokes and putting George back a matter of two hundred and fifty dollars. After that came the contest between Herbert Widgeon and Montague Brown, the latter, a twenty-four handicap man, being entitled to shout "Boo!" three times during the round at moments selected by himself. There had been many more of these degrading travesties on the sacred game, and I had writhed to see them. Playing freak golf matches is to my mind like ragging a great classical melody. But of the whole collection this one, considering the sentimental interest and the magnitude of the stakes, seemed to me the most terrible. My face, I imagine, betrayed my disgust, for Bingham attempted extenuation.

"It's the only way," he said. "You know how Jukes and I are on the links. We are as level as two men can be. This, of course, is due to his extraordinary luck. Everybody knows that he is the world's champion fluker. I, on the other hand, invariably have the worst luck. The consequence is that in an ordinary round it is always a toss-up which of us wins. The test we propose will eliminate luck. After sixteen miles of give-and-take play, I am certain — that is to say, the better man is certain to be ahead. That is what I meant when I said that Otis Jukes would shortly be leaving Manhooset. Well, may I take it that you will consent to act as one of the judges?"

I considered. After all, the match was likely to be historic, and one always feels tempted to hand one's name down to posterity.

"Very well," I said.

"Excellent. You will have to keep a sharp eye on Jukes, I need scarcely remind you. You will, of course, carry a book of the rules in your pocket and refer to them when you wish to refresh your memory. We start at daybreak, for, if we put it off till later, the course at the other end might be somewhat congested when we reached it. We want to avoid publicity as far as possible. If I took a full iron down Broadway and hit a policeman, it would excite remark."

"It would. I can tell you the exact remark which it would excite."

"We shall take bicycles with us, to minimize the fatigue of covering the distance. Well, I am glad that we have your cooperation. At daybreak tomorrow on the first tee, and don't forget to bring your rules book."

The atmosphere brooding over the first tee, when I reached it on the following morning, somewhat resembled that of a dueling ground in the days when these affairs were settled with rapiers or pistols. Rupert Bailey, an old friend of mine, was the only cheerful member of the party. I am never at my best in the early morning, and the two rivals glared at each other with silent sneers. I had never supposed till that moment that men ever really sneered at one another outside the movies, but these two were indisputably doing so. They were in the mood when men say "Pshaw!"

THEY tossed for the honor; and Otis Jukes, having won, drove off with a fine ball that landed well down the course. Rollo Bingham, having teed up, turned to Rupert Bailey.

"Go down on to the fairway of the seventeenth," he said. "I want you to mark my ball."

Rupert stared.

"The seventeenth!"

"I am going to take that direction," said Rollo, pointing over the trees.

"But that will land your second or third shot in the Sound."

"I have provided for that. I have a flat-bottomed boat moored close by the sixteenth green. I shall use a mashie-niblick and chip my ball aboard, row across to the other side, chip it ashore, and carry on. I propose to go across country as far as Flushing. I think it will save me a stroke or two."

I gasped. I had never before realized the man's devilish cunning. His tactics gave him a flying start. Otis, who had driven straight down the course, had as his objective the high road, which adjoins the waste ground beyond the first green. Once there, he would play the orthodox game by driving his ball along till he reached the Fifty-ninth Street Bridge. While Otis was winding along the high road, Rollo would have cut off practically two sides of a tri-

angle. And it was hopeless for Otis to imitate his enemy's tactics now. From where his ball lay he would have to cross a wide tract of marsh in order to reach the seventeenth fairway, an impossible feat. And, even if it had been feasible, he had no boat to take him across the water.

He uttered a violent protest. He was an unpleasant young man, almost — it seems absurd to say so, but almost as unpleasant as Rollo Bingham; yet at the moment I am bound to say I sympathized with him.

"Where do you get that stuff?" he demanded. "You can't play fast and loose with the rules like that."

"To what rule do you refer?" said Rollo coldly.

"Well, that damned boat of yours is a hazard, isn't it? And you can't row a hazard about all over the place."

"Why not?"

The simple question seemed to take Otis Juke aback.

"Why not?" he repeated. "Why not? Well, you can't. That's why."

"There is nothing in the rules," said Rollo Bingham, "against moving a hazard. If a hazard can be moved without disturbing the ball, you are at liberty, I gather, to move it wherever you darned please. Besides, what is all this about moving hazards? I have a perfect right to go for a morning row, haven't I? If I were to ask my doctor, he would probably actually recommend it. I am going to row my boat across the sound. If it happens to have my ball on board, that's not my affair. I'll play it from where it lies. Am I right in saying that the rules enact that the ball shall be played from where it lies?"

"Very well, then," said Rollo, after we admitted that he was. "Don't let us waste any more time. We will wait for you at Flushing."

He addressed his ball, and drove a beauty over the trees. It flashed out of sight in the direction of the seventeenth tee. Otis and I made our way down the hill to play our second.

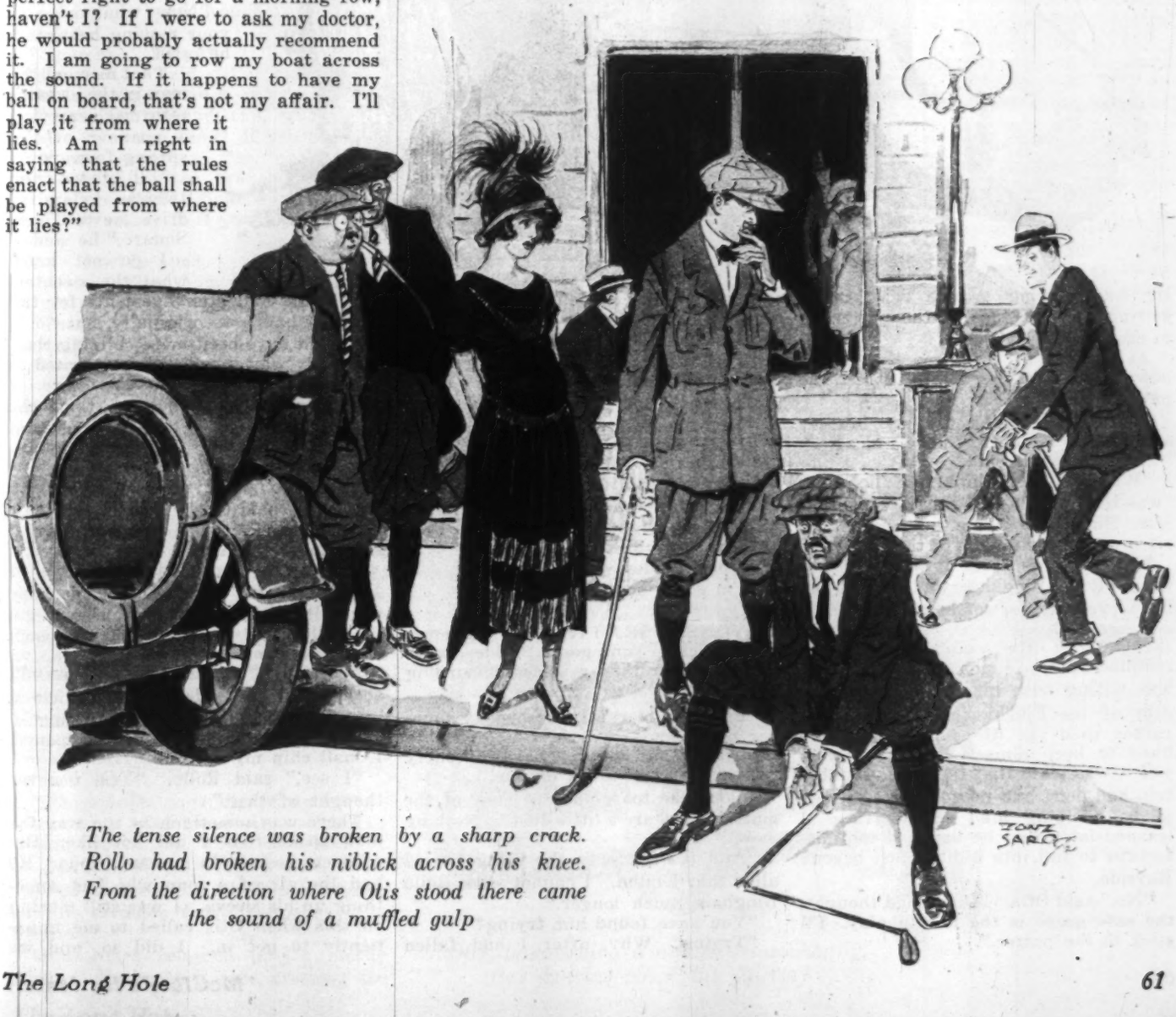
IT is a curious trait of the human mind that, however little personal interest one may have in the result, it is impossible to prevent oneself taking sides in any event of a competitive nature. I had embarked on this affair in a purely neutral spirit, not caring which of the two won, and only sorry that both could not lose. Yet, as the morning wore on, I found myself almost unconsciously becoming distinctly pro-Jukes. I did not like the man. I objected to his face, his manners, and the color of his tie. Yet there was something in the dogged way in which he struggled against adversity which touched me and won my grudging support. Many men, I felt, having been so outmaneuvered at the start, would have given up the contest in despair; but Otis Jukes, for all his defects, had the soul of a true golfer. He declined to give up. In grim silence he hacked his ball through the rough till he reached the high-road; and then, having played twenty-seven, set himself resolutely to propel it to New York.

It was a lovely morning, and, as I bicycled along keeping a fatherly eye on Otis' activities, I realized for the first time in my life the full meaning of that exquisite phrase of Coleridge:

"Clothing the palpable and familiar
With golden exhalations of the dawn,"

for in the pellucid air everything seemed weirdly beautiful, even Otis Jukes' heather-mixture knickerbockers, of which hitherto I had never approved. The sun gleamed on their seat, as he bent to make his shots, in a cheerful and almost a poetic way. The birds were singing gaily in the hedgerows, and such was my uplifted state that I, too, burst into song, until Otis petulantly desired me to refrain, on the plea that, though he yielded to no man in his enjoyment of farmyard imitations in their proper place, I put him off his stroke. And so we passed through Bayside in silence and started to cover that long stretch of road which ends in the railway bridge and the gentle descent into Flushing.

Otis was not doing badly. He was at least keeping them straight. And in the circumstances straightness was to be preferred to distance. Soon after leaving Little Neck he had become am-



The tense silence was broken by a sharp crack. Rollo had broken his niblick across his knee. From the direction where Otis stood there came the sound of a muffled gulp

bitious and had used his brassey with disastrous results, slicing his fifty-third into the rough on the right of the road. It had taken him ten with the niblick to get back to the car tracks, and this had taught him prudence. He was now using his putter for every shot, and, except when he got trapped in the cross-lines at the top of the hill just before reaching Bayside, he had been in no serious difficulties. He had once, so he informed me, had to fulfil an election bet by rolling a peanut down Seventh Avenue with a toothpick, and this stood him now in good stead.

I burst into song until Otis objected on the plea that, though he yielded to no man in his enjoyment of farmyard imitations, I put him off his stroke

He was playing a nice easy game, getting the full face of the putter on to each shot.

At the top of the slope that drops down into Flushing Main Street, he paused.

"I think I might try my brassey again here," he said. "I have a nice lie."

"Is it wise?" I said.

"What I was thinking," he said, "was that with luck I might wing that man Bingham. I see he is standing right out in the middle of the fairway."

I followed his gaze. It was perfectly true. Rollo Bingham was leaning on his bicycle in the roadway, smoking a cigarette. Even at this distance one could detect the man's disgustingly complacent expression. Rupert Bailey was sitting with his back against the door of the Flushing Garage, looking rather used up. He was a man who liked to keep himself clean and tidy, and it was plain that the 'cross-country trip had done him no good. He seemed to be scraping mud off his face. I learned later that he had had the misfortune to fall into a ditch just beyond Bayside.

"No," said Otis. "On second thought, the safe game is the one to play. I'll stick to the putter."

We dropped down the hill, and presently came up with the opposition. I had not been mistaken in thinking that Rollo looked complacent. The man was smirking.

"Playing three hundred and ninety-six," he said, as we drew near. "How are you?"

I consulted my score-card.

"We have shot a snappy seven hundred and eleven," I said.

Rollo exulted openly.

Rupert Bailey made no comment. He was too busy with the alluvial deposits on his person.

"Perhaps you would like to give up the match?" said Rollo to Otis.

"Tchah!" said Otis.

"Might just as well."

"Pah!" said Otis.

"You can't win now."

"Pshaw!" said Otis.

I am aware that Otis' dialogue might have been brighter, but he had been through a trying time.

Rupert Bailey sidled up to me.

"I'm going home," he said.

"NONSENSE," I replied. "You must stick to your post. Besides, what could be nicer than a pleasant morning ramble?"

"Pleasant morning ramble my number nine foot! I want to get back to civilization and set an excavating party with pickaxes to work on me."

"You take too gloomy a view of the matter. You are a little dusty. Nothing more."

"And it's not only the being buried alive that I mind. I cannot stick Rollo Bingham much longer."

"You have found him trying?"

"Trying! Why, after I had fallen into that ditch and was coming up for the third time all the man did was simply to call to me to admire an infernal iron shot he had just made. No sympathy, mind you! Wrapped up in himself. Why don't you make your man give up the match? He can't win."

"I refuse to admit it. Much may happen between here and Times Square."

I have seldom known a prophecy more swiftly fulfilled. At this moment the doors of the Flushing Garage opened and a small car rolled out with a grimy young man in a sweater at the wheel. He brought the machine out into the road, and alighted and went back into the garage, where we heard him shouting unintelligibly to some one in the rear premises. The car remained puffing and panting against the curb.

Engaged in conversation with Rupert Bailey, I was paying little attention to this evidence of an awakening world, when suddenly I heard a hoarse, triumphant cry from Otis Jukes, and, turning, I perceived his ball dropping neatly into the car's interior. Otis himself, brandishing a niblick, was dancing about the fairway.

"Now what about your moving hazards?" he cried.

That moment the man in the sweater returned, carrying a spanner. Otis sprang forward.

"I'll give you twenty dollars to drive me to Times Square," he said.

I do not know what the sweater-clad young man's engagements for the morning had been originally, but nothing could have been more obliging than the ready way in which he consented to revise them at a moment's notice. I daresay you have noticed that the sturdy peasantry of our beloved land respond to an offer of twenty dollars as to a bugle-call.

"You're on," said the youth.

"Good!" said Otis Jukes.

"You think you're darned clever," said Rollo Bingham.

"I know it," said Otis.

"Well, then," said Rollo, "perhaps you will tell us how you propose to get the ball out of the car when you reach Times Square?"

"Certainly," replied Otis. "You will observe on the side of the vehicle a convenient handle which, when turned, opens the door. The door thus opened, I shall chip my ball out!"

"I see," said Rollo. "Yes, I never thought of that."

There was something in the way the man spoke that I did not like. His mildness seemed to me suspicious. He had the air of a man who has something up his sleeve. I was still musing on this when Otis called to me impatiently to get in. I did so, and we

drove off. Otis was in great spirits. He had ascertained from the young man at the wheel that there was no chance of the opposition being able to hire another car at the garage. This machine was his own property, and the only other one at present in the shop was suffering from complicated trouble of the oiling system and would not be able to be moved for at least another day.

I, however, shook my head when he pointed out the advantages of his position. I was still wondering about Rollo.

"I don't like it," I said.

"Don't like what?"

"Rollo Bingham's manner."

"Of course not," said Otis. "Nobody does. There have been complaints on all sides."

"I mean, when you told him how you intended to get the ball out of the car."

"What was the matter with him?"

"He was too — ha!"

"How do you mean he was too har?"

"I have it!"

"What?"

"I see the trap he was laying for you. It has just dawned on me. No wonder he didn't object to your opening the door and chipping the ball out. By doing so you would forfeit the match."

"Nonsense. Why?"

"Because," I said, "it is against the rules to tamper with a hazard. If you had got into a sand-trap, would you smooth away the sand? If you had put your shot under a tree, could your caddie hold up the branches to give you a clear shot? Obviously you would disqualify yourself if you touched that door."

Otis' jaw dropped.

"What! Then how the deuce am I to get it out?"

"That," I said gravely, "is a question between you and your Maker."

It was here that Otis Jukes forfeited the sympathy which I had begun to feel for him. A crafty, sinister look came into his eyes.

"SAY, listen!" he said. "It'll take them an hour to catch up with us. Suppose, during that time, that door happened to open accidentally, as it were, and close again? You wouldn't think it necessary to mention the fact, eh? You would be a good fellow and keep your mouth shut, yes? You might even see your way to go so far as to back me up in a statement to the effect that I hooked it out with my . . . ?"

I was revolted.

"I am a golfer," I said coldly, "and I obey the rules."

"Yes, but . . ."

"Those rules were drawn up by" — I bared my head reverently — "by the Committee of the Royal and Ancient at St. Andrew's. I have always respected them, and I shall not deviate on this occasion from the policy of a lifetime."

Otis Jukes relapsed into a moody silence. He broke it once, crossing the Fifty-ninth Street Bridge, to observe that he would like to know if I called myself a friend of his, — a question which I was able to answer with a whole-hearted negative. After that he did not speak till the car drew up in front of the Astor Hotel in Times Square.

Early as the hour was, a certain bustle and animation already prevailed in that center of the great city, and the spectacle of a man in a golf-coat and plus-four knickerbockers hacking with a niblick at the floor of an automobile was not long in collecting a crowd of some dimensions. Three messenger-boys, four stenographers, and a gentleman in full evening-dress who obviously possessed or was friendly with some one who possessed a large private stock formed the nucleus of it; and they were joined about the time when Otis addressed the ball in order to play his nine hundred and fifteenth by six newsboys, eleven char-ladies, and perhaps a dozen assorted loafers, all speculating with the liveliest interest as to which particular asylum had had the honor of sheltering Otis before he had contrived to elude the vigilance of his custodians.

Otis had prepared for some such contingency. He suspended his activities with the niblick, and calmly proceeded to draw from his pocket a large poster which he proceeded to hang over the side of the car. It read:

COME
TO
McCLURG
and MACDONALD
18 West 49th Street
for
ALL GOLFING
SUPPLIES

His knowledge of psychology had not misled him. Directly they gathered that he was advertising something, the crowd declined to look at it; they melted away, and Otis returned to his work in solitude.

He was taking a well-earned rest after playing his eleven hundred and fifth, a nice niblick-shot with lots of wrist behind it, when out of Forty-fifth Street there trickled a weary-looking golf-ball, followed in the order named by Rollo Bingham, resolute but going a trifle at the knees, and Rupert Bailey on a bicycle. The latter, on whose face and limbs the mud had dried, made an arresting spectacle.

"What are you playing?" I inquired.

"Eleven hundred," said Rupert. "We got into a casual dog."

"A casual dog?"

"Yes, just before the bridge. We were coming along nicely, when a stray dog grabbed our nine hundred and ninety-eighth and took it nearly back to Flushing, and we had to start all over again. How are you making out?"

"WE have just played our eleven hundred and fifth. A nice even game." I looked at Rollo's ball, which was lying close to the curb. "You are away, I think. Your shot, Bingham."

Rupert Bailey suggested breakfast. He was a man who was altogether too fond of creature comforts. He had not the true golfing spirit.

"Breakfast!" I exclaimed.

"Breakfast," said Rupert firmly. "If you don't know what it is, I can teach you in half a minute. You play it with a pot of coffee, a knife and fork, and about a hundredweight of scrambled eggs. Try it. It's a pastime that grows on you."

I was surprised when Rollo Bingham supported the suggestion. He was so near holing out that I should have supposed that nothing would have kept him from finishing the match. But he agreed heartily.

"Breakfast," he said, "is an excellent idea. You go along in. I'll follow in a moment. I want to buy a paper."

We went into the hotel, and a few minutes later he joined us. Now that we were actually seated at the table, I frankly confess the idea of breakfast

(*Continued on page 130*)

Otis, brandishing a niblick triumphantly, was dancing about the fairway

The Quest of the Million-

A Glimpse Into New York Financial and Commercial
Adventurous Country Boy with the Great
First of a Series of Autobio-

By Arthur Briggs Farquhar

A. T. Stewart advised economy and intelligent investment

Arthur Briggs Farquhar, manufacturer and political economist of York, Pa., has long been recognized as a student of and writer and speaker on, banking, political economy and social subjects. He has been a leading figure in public affairs for nearly half a century, and has held important offices in numerous of the nation's leading associations. He was a member of the American Industrial Commission to France in 1916, and a member of the Pennsylvania Defense Organization in 1917.

EVERY one remembers the remark of the late Dr. William Osler that the initiative comes from men under 40 and that older men might as well be chloroformed. Dr. Osler was one of my warm friends and he asked me to his home in Baltimore to dinner just before leaving for his chair at Oxford some years ago. He told me that he had gotten more reputation out of what he said in fun than out of anything he ever said in earnest — that he had jokingly advised chloroform for a lot of elderly college professors at an alumni dinner in an effort to jolly the younger men. And then I asked him if he thought I should retire — I was then approaching seventy.

"No, you have not yet reached forty. The years have nothing to do with it. It is one's mental and physical condition that makes age. You will probably be young as long as you live."

I have now behind me more than twice the fatal forty years — on the calendar count; I have known most of the great figures of the nation during the last sixty years. I have seen the change from a farming to a manufacturing country, and have seen manufacturing go from little shop hand work to great shop machine work. Many of the things that we use to-day and think are necessities were unknown to business when I first entered it. Other big figures have replaced the big figures of yesterday, but because, according to the formula, I have not yet reached forty, my interests are of to-day and of the men of to-day. And I hold that yesterday is important mainly as its experience acts as a mentor for to-day. If it were not for that I would drop yesterday and again be wholly as young as on that day long ago when I started for New York to ask A. T. Stewart, William B. Astor, James Gordon Bennett, and several other noted men, the simple, direct question, "How can I make a million dollars?"

That journey which — in a very literal way — marked my breaking into business life, happened in 1858, before I was twenty. The modern recipes for making a million dollars overnight and sold on a subscription basis had not as yet been invented. There were practically no books of business instruction; one just grew up, like Topsy, in business. But I happened across an issue of *Harper's Magazine* which described the successful men of New York, and immediately became fired with the notion that the way to get along in the world more rapidly than the next fellow was to find the secrets of those who had made the high scores. It was not that I was greedy for money, for the whole teaching of my father had been to the end that no one could properly be called a man who let his love for a dollar interfere with his love for a book — which is a precept that has always stayed with me.

But I did want to be successful in business, and, though success in business is not measured only in dollars, yet I then thought it was. Therefore the question which I thought would most attract these several gentlemen and secure attention, exquisitely compressed that particular philosophy of business life into: "How can I make a million dollars?" With that single query in mind I started to New York shortly after I left my home in Sandy Spring, Maryland, to see the larger money kings of the nation.

I was only a raw country lad, but had had the advantages of considerably more than the usual amount of education, for my father and mother, although not at all wealthy, were exceptionally cultured people, and the family had been trained in the love of books and of study. I had never been to New York, I had seen little of what is known as life, and therefore it did not strike me as at all an extraordinary proceeding to talk to the country's rich men without the preliminary of an introduction. It never occurred to me that they would not be ready to see me or be glad to answer my questions, for I had always been in contact with people who were glad to see any one who happened along and to answer their questions. Up to that time asking questions had been my foremost occupation. I do not ask so many now, but I still consider that asking questions is about the most useful way that a young man can put in his time — provided that he uses a reasonable amount of intelligence in framing the questions, and digesting the answers.

An Earlier New York

That was a big, adventurous journey; and, by to-day's standards, a hard one, for the trains were slow, the stops frequent, and when one dozed off the yell came to change cars. Of course there were no sleepers. It took, I think, fourteen hours of traveling before the ferry from Jersey landed me in what I thought was a big city.

The New York of to-day would regard that big city as nothing in particular. There were no big buildings; few of any kind had more than three stories. They were mostly of red brick and very plain and solid. Some of the streets were roughly paved, but most were not much better than country roads, and many were lined with trees. Above Canal Street it was country, and Canal Street was a canal. I distinctly remember the boats on it. All of this I saw incidentally. I had started to New York to ask questions, and the moment I got off the ferry I made for the old Astor House, left my bag, and without waiting for breakfast started for Astor's office, reaching there about eight o'clock.

He had two little rooms; in the outer was an old round-shouldered clerk and in the back room, writing at a plain

Copyright by Doubleday, Page & Co.

Dollar Secret

Life in the 50's and Interviews by an Business Leaders of the Time. The graphical Articles

Courtesy of Frederick H. Meserve

William B. Astor told how his father built the family's fortune

board table, was a heavy-set man with a full face and bushy brows whom I instantly recognized from the picture in the magazine as Mr. Astor.

The furniture was unpolished, there were no decorations of any kind, and a rough mental inventory gave me a value of about twenty dollars. The old clerk looked up, and, without a welcome, growled testily at me:

"What do you want?"

"I want to see Mr. Astor."

"You cannot see him. He is busy," he growled again, and then made a grab at my coat as I tried to dive past him. I shook him off and landed somewhat ruffled before the desk of the richest man in the country. He had heard the scuffle, and, looking up from his writing, snappedoutangrily:

"Well, boy, what do you want?"

I drew up a chair by him and told him in a few words: "I want to know how to make a million dollars."

Right away his testiness left him and he smiled just a little as he answered:

"Do you want to make yourself as miserable as I am, and stay up all day and half the night trying to keep people from cheating you? I never made any money myself. It takes all my time to collect rents and to see that people do not get away without paying their rent."

Courtesy of Frederick H. Meserve

"Never break a promise — always pay your debts on the day they are due," was Hamilton Fish's counsel

How Astor Started

Then he told me to sit down, and he explained how his father had thought that New York would grow into a great city and had cheaply bought land in what he believed would be the march of the city, and then as time went on and streets were cut through, he had sold off all but the corners, and these he had rented, and that he, the son, was collecting the rents. He spoke about the power of invested money and referred feelingly to what would have happened if old Moses, as he called him, had only put a penny out at interest and let it go on compounding.

"But," he went on, "there is nothing in it. I do not have enough fun. I am too much afraid that people will cheat me, and, in spite of everything, they do cheat me. If you really want to know how to make money you had better go to see some of the men who have made money and not waste time with men like myself who do nothing but try to keep and increase what they have."

I showed him the list of men whom I expected to meet — copied from the magazine.

"Go over and see Stevens," said he, "at the Bank of Commerce, whom you have on your list; he may give you some good advice. See A. T. Stewart; he has made his own money. And then there is George S. Coe at the American Exchange Bank; he is a nice fellow.

And James Gordon Bennett has good ideas."

I thanked him, and as I left he asked me: "Do you expect to see all the men whose names you have on your list?"

I replied, "Yes, I shall tell them that Mr. Astor sent me."

"Don't do anything of the kind," he returned, snappishly.

"I am going to anyhow," I answered, my courage rising. "It is true you did tell me to see them."

He laughed a little and rejoined: "All right, go ahead. You'll do."

Men went to their offices early in those days; they used all of the daylight. Shortly after nine o'clock I was at the office of John A. Stevens in the Bank of Commerce, which is now the National Bank of Commerce. Their four-story white marble building was almost the finest in the city, and, to me, very imposing. It stood at the corner of Cedar and Nassau Streets. To-day that is a busy point, with the great Equitable Building hard by and more people passing in an hour than were then apparently in all New York. Across from the bank was an open square and above, at Liberty Street, was the Post Office, with a steeple, looking more like a church than a public building. The bank was then an important one, but it was only later, during the Civil War, that people found out how really big a man President Stevens was; he many times came to the rescue of the Government in the haphazard war financing. To my personal knowledge he responded with his whole heart to the call of President Lincoln, and was foremost in assisting in the financing of the first $50,000,000 loan.

I TOLD an attendant that Mr. Astor had sent me over to see Mr. Stevens, and at once he showed me in. Mr. Stevens had a somewhat better desk than Mr. Astor, but there was nothing of the modern bank president's furnishing about the place; it was all very plain and without the slightest thought that it was necessary to make a showing in dress or in furnishings in order to give an impression of financial stability. Mr. Astor had not been dressed any better than his clerk, and Mr. Stevens might have been almost any one. In fact, of all the men I met that day only A. T. Stewart dressed and acted the part of the rich man. The others were decidedly below my estimate of how a rich man would be expected to dress and act. Since then offices have changed, and many men, and especially bankers, find it advisable to surround themselves with the appearance of wealth, but I find that the really great men of the country rarely have ostentatious offices, and I know of none who go in for extravagance in dress. Now and then a man, when moving his office, decides that the new office will be something to make people sit up, and he hires a decorator, gets the finest imaginable furniture — and then hardly ever uses it. But to get back to Mr. Stevens. He was very cordial and he laughed when I said:

"I JUST asked Mr. Astor how to make a million dollars. Then I showed him the list of people I had come to see, and he said you could give me some good advice."

"I am in the same boat with Astor," said Stevens. "I never made any money. All I do is take care of the money that other people make. The man for you to see is George S. Coe — and I shall send you right over to him. I think he has a board meeting this morning, and if you get in there you will meet a number of men who can tell you more than I can."

With that he called a messenger, and I was escorted around to the little building of the American Exchange Bank.

George S. Coe was, I believe, the youngest bank executive in New York, being then vice-president and actual manager of the bank. He was afterward president. He, too, seemed glad to see me — the Astor name had carried me along — and he asked me to stay until the board had met, when he would call me in. Fancy a metropolitan bank president of to-day holding a board together to talk with an unknown young man who desired to learn how to make a million dollars! But by that time I was quite at ease in the higher financial circles. Of the men I met at the bank I recall, besides Mr. Coe, only David Hoadley, Charles J. Stedman, William C. Langley and Edwin Thorne of the directorate, and Robert S. Oakley, the cashier. They all talked with me.

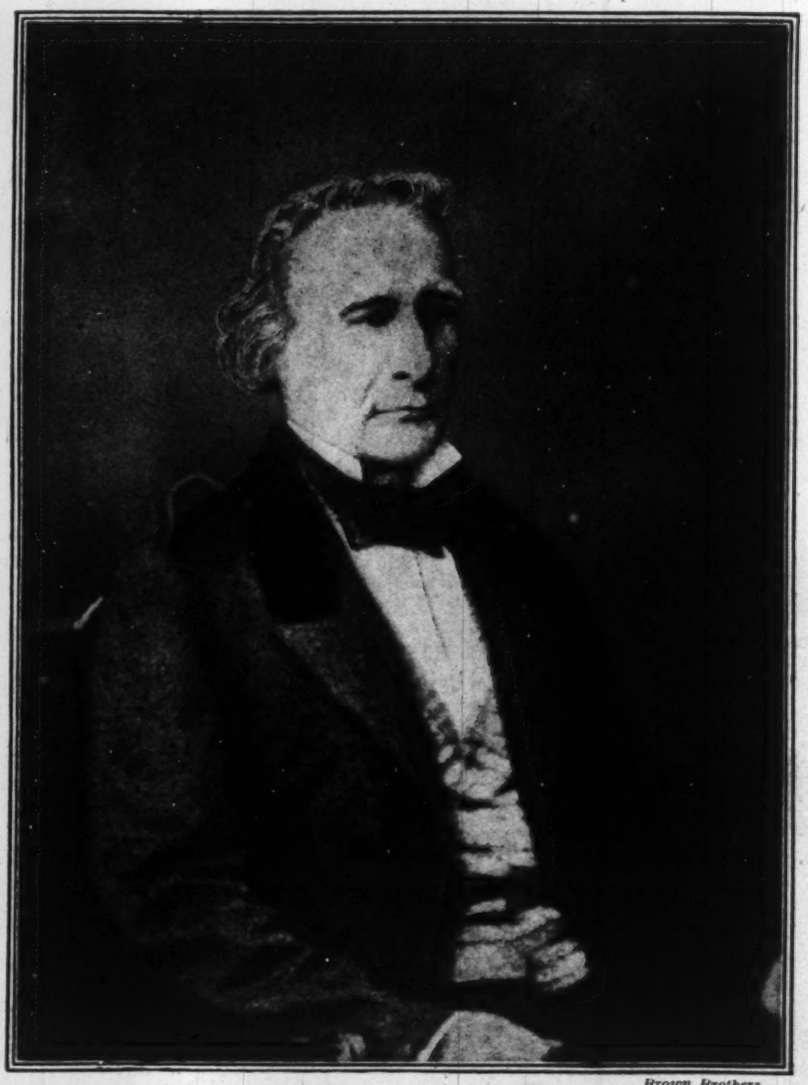
The code of those men was extremely simple; they were traders rather than manufacturers — for New York had already taken on its character of a clearing house for the overseas commerce, although as compared with to-day only in a small way — and the most striking recipe for success which they had to offer as I remember was this:

"Take care of your character, never break a promise, and give value for what you get. Avoid speculation." An old man whom I met in the bank, and who I think was Hamilton Fish, put the advice this way:

"If you never break a promise, if you always pay the money you owe exactly on the day it is due, nobody will know but that you are worth a billion. And you will be just as good a risk as a man worth a billion, for all that he could do would be to pay on the due date."

They had no short cuts to suggest, and, curiously enough, not one of them even spoke of technical or other proficiency. They were concerned only with fundamentals. I gathered from them that if one were scrupulously honest, industrious and economical, then the other business qualities came almost as of course — but without the fundamentals nothing else mattered.

(*Continued on page 124*)



Brown Brothers

James Gordon Bennett, founder of The Herald, whose card brought the ambitious young interviewer a breakfast

A Cinema Picture

The Irrepressible "Bones" Takes His First Flier in the Movies and Incidentally Jolts the Oil Market

By Edgar Wallace

MR. AUGUSTUS TIBBETTS, called "Bones", made money by sheer luck — he made more by sheer artistic judgment. That is a fact which an old friend sensed a very short time after he had renewed his acquaintance with his sometime subordinate.

Yet Bones had the curious habit of making money in quite a different way from that which he planned. As, for example, in the matter of the great Oil Amalgamation. In these days of airplane travel, when it is next to impossible to watch the comings and goings of important individuals, or even to get wind of directors' meetings, the City is apt to be a little jumpy and to respond to wild rumors in a fashion extremely trying to the nerves of conservative brokers.

There were rumors of a fusion of interests between the Franco-Persian Oil Company and the Petroleum Consolidated, rumors which set the shares of both concerns jumping up and down like two badly trained jazzers. The directorates of both companies expressed their surprise that a credulous public could accept such stories, and both M. Jorris, the Emperor of the Franco-Persian block, and George Y. Walters, the Prince Regent of the "Petco", denied indignantly through the press that any amalgamation was even dreamt of.

Before these denials came along, Bones had plunged into the oil market, making one of the few flutters which stand as interrogation marks against his wisdom and foresight.

HE did not lose; rather he was the winner by his adventure. The extent of his immediate gains he inscribed in his private ledger; his ultimate and bigger balance he entered under a head which had nothing to do with the Oil gamble. Which was just like Bones; as Hamilton subsequently remarked.

Hamilton was staying with Sanders — late Commissioner of a certain group of Territories; and Bones was the subject of conversation one morning at breakfast.

The third at the table was an exceedingly pretty girl whom the maid called "Madame", and who opened several letters addressed to "Mrs. Sanders", but who in days not so very long past had been known as Patricia Hamilton.

"Bones is wonderful," said Sanders, "truly wonderful! A man I know in the city tells me that most of the things he touches turn up trumps. And it isn't luck or chance, either, let me tell you. Bones is developing a queer business sense."

Hamilton nodded.

"It is his romantic soul which gets him there," he said. "Bones will not look at a proposition which hasn't something fantastical behind it — he doesn't know much about business, but he's a regular whale on adventure! I've been studying him for the past month, and I'm beginning to sense his method. If he sees a logical and happy end to the romantic side of any new business, he takes it on. He simply carries the business through on the back of a dream."

The girl looked up from the coffee pot she was handling, and asked Hamilton:

"Have you made up your mind, dear?"

"About going on with Bones?" Hamilton smiled. "No — not yet. Bones is frantically insistent — has had a beautiful new Sheraton desk placed in his office, and says that I'm the influence he wants, but —"

He shook his head.

"I think I understand," said Sanders. "You feel that he is doing it all out of sheer generosity and kindness. That would be like Bones. But isn't there a chance that what he says is true — that he does want a corrective influence?"

"Maybe that is so," said Captain Hamilton doubtfully, "and then there's the money. I don't mind investing my little lot, but it would worry me to see Bones pretending that all the losses of the firm came out of his share and a big slice of the profits going into mine."

"I shouldn't let that worry you," said his sister quietly. "Bones is too nice-minded to do anything so crude. Of course, your money is nothing compared with Bones' fortune, but why don't you join him on the understanding that the capital of the company should be — how much would you put in?"

"Four thousand."

"Well, make the capital eight thousand. Bones could always lend the company money — debentures, isn't that the word?"

Sanders smiled in her face.

"You're a remarkable lady," he said. "From where on earth did you get your ideas on finance?"

She went red.

"I lunched with Bones yesterday," she said, "and here is the post."

The maid distributed the letters. One was addressed:

"Captin Captian Hamilton D. S. O."

"From Bones," said Hamilton, and Bones' letter claimed first attention. It was a frantic and an ecstatic epistle, heavily underlined.

"Dear old old Ham," it ran, "You simply must must join me in *magnificant* new sceme sheme plan! Wonderfull prophits profets! The most extrordiny *chance* for a fortune . . ."

"For Heaven's sake, what's this?" asked Hamilton, handing the letter across to his sister and indicating an illegible line. "It looks like 'A bad girl's leg' to me."

"My dear!" said the shocked Mrs. Sanders, and studied the vile calligraphy.

"IT certainly does look like that," she admitted, "and — I see! 'Legacy' is the word."

"A bad girl's legacy is the titel of the play story picture (Bones never crossed anything out). There's a studyo at Tunbridge and two cameras and a fellow awfully nice fellow who understands it. A pot of money the story can be improved imensely. Come in it dear old man—*magnifficant* chance. See me at office earliest earliest ealiest possible time.

"Thine in art for art sake,

"BONES."

"From which I gather that Bones is taking a header into the cinema business," said Sanders. "What do you say, Hamilton?"

Hamilton thought a while.

"I'll see Bones," he said.

He arrived in town soon after ten, but Bones had been at his office two hours earlier, for the fever of the new enterprise was upon him and his desk was piled high with notes, memoranda, price lists and trade publications. (Bones, in his fine rage of construction, flew to the technical journals as young authors fly to the Thesaurus.)

As Hamilton entered the office, Bones glanced up.

"A chair," said the young man peremptorily. "No time to be lost, dear old artist. Time is on the wing, the light is fadin' an' if we want to put this jolly old country (God bless it!) in the forefront —"

"Silence, babbler," said Hamilton. "Before we go any further, what about this matter of partnership you were discussing with Patricia?"

Bones put down his pen and leaned back in his chair.

"Ham," he said. "I had a bit of a pow-pow with your sacred and sainted sister, bless her jolly old heart. That's where the idea arose. Are you on?"

"I'm on," said Ham, and there was a moving scene. Bones shook his hands and spoke broken English.

"There's your perfectly twee little desk, dear old officer," he said pointing to a massive piece of furniture facing his own. "And there's only one matter to be settled."

He was obviously uncomfortable, and Hamilton would have reached for his cheque-book, only he knew his Bones much better than to suppose that such a sordid matter as finance could cause his agitation.

"Ham," said Bones, clearing his throat and speaking with an effort, "old comrade of a hundred gallant encounters, and dear old friend."

"What's the game?" asked Hamilton suspiciously.

"There's no game," said the depressed Bones. "This is a very serious piece of business, my jolly old comrade. As my highly respected partner, you're entitled to use the office as you like. Come in when you like, go home when you like. If you have a pain in the tum-tum, dear old friend, just go to bed and trust old Bones to carry on. Use any paper that's going, help yourself to nibs — you'll find there's some beautiful nibs in that cupboard — in fact, do as you jolly well like; but —"

"But?" repeated Hamilton.

"On one point alone, dear old thing," said Bones miserably, yet heroically, "we do not share."

"What's that?" asked Hamilton, not without curiosity.

"My typewriter is my typewriter," said Bones firmly, and Hamilton laughed.

"You silly ass!" he said. "I'm not going to play with your typewriter."

"That's just what I mean," said Bones. "You couldn't have put it better, dear old friend. Thank you."

HE strode across the room, gripped Hamilton's hand and wrung it.

"Dear old thing, she's too young," he said brokenly. "Hard life . . . terrible experience . . . play with her young affections, dear old thing? No . . ."

"Who the dickens are you talking about? You said typewriter."

"I said typewriter," agreed Bones gravely. "I am speaking about my —"

A light dawned upon Hamilton.

"You mean your secretary?"

"I mean my secretary," said Bones.

"Good Lord, Bones!" scoffed Hamilton. "Of course I sha'n't bother her. She's your private secretary, and naturally I wouldn't think of giving her work."

"Or orders," said Bones gently. "That's a point, dear old thing. I simply couldn't sit here and listen to you giving her orders! I should scream! I'm perfectly certain I can trust you, Ham. I know what you are with the girls, but there are times —"

"You know what I am with the girls?" said the wrathful Hamilton. "What the dickens do you know about me, you libelous young devil?"

Bones raised his hand.

"We will not refer to the past," he said meaningly, and was so impressive that Hamilton began to search his mind for some forgotten peccadillo.

"All that being arranged to our mutual satisfaction, dear old partner," said Bones brightly, "permit me to introduce you."

He walked to the glass-paneled door, leading to the outer office, and knocked discreetly, Hamilton watching him in wonder. He saw him disappear, closing the door after him. Presently he came out again, following the girl.

"Dear young miss," said Bones in his squeakiest voice, a sure sign of his perturbation, "permit me to introduce partner, ancient commander, gallant and painstaking, jolly old Captain Hamilton D. S. O. — which stands, young typewriter, for Deuced Satisfactory Officer."

THE girl, smiling, shook hands, and Hamilton for the first time looked her in the face. He had been amazed before by her classic beauty, but now he saw a greater intelligence than he had expected to find in so pretty a face; and, most pleasing of all, a sense of humor.

"Bones and I are very old friends," he explained.

"Hem!" said Bones severely.

"Bones?" said the girl, puzzled.

"Naturally," murmured Bones. "Dear old Ham, be decent. You can't expect an innocent young typewriter to think of her employer as 'Bones.'"

"I'm awfully sorry," Hamilton hastened to apologize, "but you see, Bones and I —"

"Dicky Orum," murmured Bones. "Remember yourself, Ham, old indiscreet one — Mr. Tibbetts — and here's the naughty old picture-taker," he said in another tone, and rushed to offer an effusive welcome to a smart young man with long, black wavy hair, and a face reminiscent, to all students who have studied his many pictures, of Louis XV. Strangely enough, his name was Louis. He was even called "Lew."

"Sit down, my dear Mr. Becksteine," said Bones. "Let me introduce you to my partner, Captain Hamilton D. S. O. —a jolly old comrade in arms and all that sort of thing. My lady typewriter you know, and anyway, there's no necessity for your knowing her — I mean," he said hastily, "she doesn't want to know you, dear old thing. Now, don't be peevish. Ham, you sit there. Becksteine will sit there. You, young miss, will sit near me, ready to take down my notes as they fall from my ingenious old brain."

In the bustle and confusion the embarrassing moment of Hamilton's introduction was forgotten. Bones had a manuscript locked away in the bottom drawer of his desk, and when he had found the key for this and had placed the document upon the table, and when he had found certain other papers, and when the girl was seated in a much more comfortable chair (Bones fussed about like an old hen) the proceedings began.

Bones explained.

He had seen the derelict Cinema Company advertised in a technical journal, had been impressed with the amount of the impedimenta which accompanied the proprietorship of the syndicate, had been seized with a brilliant idea, bought the property, lock, stock and barrel for £2,000, for which sum, as an act of grace, the late proprietors allowed him to take over the contract of Mr. Lew Becksteine, that amiable and gifted producer.

It may be remarked in passing that this arrangement was immensely satisfactory to the syndicate, which was so tied and bound to Mr. Becksteine for the next twelve months that to have canceled his contract would have cost them the greater part of the purchase price which Bones paid.

"This is the story," said Bones impressively. "And, partner Ham, believe me, I've read many, many stories in my life, but never, never has one touched me as this has. It's a jolly old tear-bringer, Ham. Even a hardened, wicked old dev — old bird like you would positively dissolve. You would really, dear old Ham, so don't deny it."

He got up and shook hands with Hamilton.

"Now, clever old Becksteine thinks that this is going to be a scorcher."

"A winner, a winner," murmured Mr. Becksteine, closing his eyes and shaking his head. He spoke on this occasion very softly, but he could raise his voice to thrilling heights. "A sure winner, my dear sir. I have been in the profession for twenty-seven years, and never in my life have I read a drama which contains so much heart appeal —"

"YOU hear?" said Bones in a hoarse whisper.

"— so much genuine comedy —"

Bones nodded.

"— so much that I might say goes straight to the passionate heart of the great public, as this remarkable, brilliantly planned, admirably planted, exquisitely balanced little cameo of real life."

"It's to be a two-roller," said Bones.

"Reeler," murmured Mr. Becksteine.

"Reeler or roller, dear old thing; don't let's quarrel over how a thing's spelt," said Bones.

"Who wrote it?" asked Hamilton.

Mr. Becksteine coughed modestly.

"Jolly old Becksteine wrote it," said Bones. "That man, Ham, is one of the most brilliant geniuses in this or any other world. Aren't you? Speak up, old playwright. Don't be shy, old thing."

Mr. Becksteine coughed again.

"I do not know anything about other worlds," he admitted.

"Now, this is my idea," said Bones, interrupting what promised to be a free and frank admission of Mr. Becksteine's genius. "I've worked the thing out, and I see just how we can save money. In producing two-roller cinematographs — that's the technical term," explained Bones — "the heavy expense is with the artists. The salaries that these people are paid! My dear old Ham, you'd never believe."

"I don't see how you can avoid paying salaries," said Hamilton patiently. "I suppose even actors have to live."

"Ah!" said Mr. Becksteine, shaking his head.

"Of course, dear old thing. But why pay outside actors?" said Bones, triumphantly.

He glared from one face to the other, with a ferocity of expression which did no more than indicate the strength of his conviction.

"Why not keep the money in the family, dear old Ham? That's what I ask you. Answer me that." He leaned back in his chair, thrust his hands in his trousers pockets, and blandly surveyed his discomfited audience.

"But you've got to have actors, my dear chap," said Hamilton.

"Naturally and necessarily," replied Bones, nodding with very large nods. "And we have them. Who is Jasper Brown, the villain who tries to rob the poor girl of her legacy and casts the vilest aspersions upon her jolly old name?"

"Who is?" asked the innocent Hamilton.

"You are," said Bones.

Hamilton gasped.

"Who is Frank Fearnot, the young and handsome soldier — well, not necessarily handsome, but pretty good-looking — who rescues the girl from her sad predicament."

"Well, that can't be me anyway," said Hamilton.

"It is not," said Bones. "It is me! Who is the gorgeous but sad old innocent one who's chased by you, Ham, till the poor little soul doesn't know which way to turn, until this jolly young officer steps brightly on the scene, whistling a merry tune, and throwing his arms about her, saves her, dear old thing, from her fate — or, really, from a perfectly awful rotten time."

"Who is she?" asked Hamilton softly.

BONES blinked and turned to the girl slowly.

"My dear old miss," he said, "what do you think?"

"What do I think?" asked the startled girl. "What do I think about what?"

"There's a part," said Bones; "there's one of the grandest parts that was ever written since Shakespeare shut his little copybook."

"You're not suggesting that I should play it?" she asked, open-mouthed.

"Made for you, dear old typewriter, positively made for you, that part," murmured Bones.

"Of course, I shall do nothing so silly," said the girl with a laugh. "Oh, Mr. Tibbetts, you really didn't think that I'd do such a —"

She didn't finish the sentence, but Hamilton could have supplied the three missing words without any difficulty.

Thereafter followed a discussion, which in the main consisted of joint and several rejection of parts. Marguerite Whitland most resolutely refused to play the part of the bad girl, even though Bones promised to change the title to "the good girl", even though he wheedled his best, even though he struck attitudes indicative of despair and utter ruin, even though the gentle persuasiveness of Mr. Lew Becksteine was added to his entreaties. And Hamilton as resolutely declined to have anything to do with the bad man. Mr. Becksteine solved the difficulty by undertaking to produce the necessary actors and actresses at the minimum of cost.

"Of course you won't play, Bones," said Hamilton.

"I don't know," said Bones. "I'm not so sure, dear old thing. I've got a lot of acting talent in me, and I feel the part — that's a technical term you won't understand."

"But surely, Mr. Tibbetts," said the girl reproachfully, "you won't allow yourself to be photographed embracing a perfectly strange lady?"

BONES shrugged his shoulders.

"Art, my dear old typewriter," he said. "She'll be no more to me than a bit of wood, dear old miss. I shall embrace her and forget all about it the second after. You need have no cause for apprehension, really and truly."

"I am not at all apprehensive," said the girl coldly, and Bones followed her to her office, showering explanations of his meaning over her shoulder.

On the third day Hamilton went back to Twickenham a very weary man.

"Bones is really indefatigable," he said, irritably but yet admiringly. "He has had those unfortunate actors rehearsing in the open fields, on the highways and byways — really, old Bones has no sense of decency. He's got one big scene which he insists upon taking in a private park. I shudder to think what will happen if the owner comes along and catches Bones and his wretched company."

Sanders laughed quietly.

"What do you think he'll do with the film?" he asked.

"Oh, he'll sell it," said Hamilton. "I tell you, Bones is amazing. He has found a city man who is interested in the film industry, a stockbroker or something, who has promised to see every bit of film as it is produced and give him advice on the subject; and, incredible as it may sound, the first half-dozen scenes that Bones has taken have passed muster."

"Who turns the handle of the camera?" asked Mrs. Sanders.

"Bones," said Hamilton, trying not to laugh. "He practised the revolutions on a knife-cleaning machine."

The fourth day it rained, but the fifth day Bones took his company in a hired motor into the country, and, blissfully ignoring such admonitions as "Trespassers will be shot", he led the way over a wall to the sacred soil of an Englishman's stately home. Bones wanted the wood, because one of his scenes was laid on the edge of a wood. It was the scene where the bad girl, despairing of convincing anybody as to her inherent goodness, was taking a final farewell of the world before "leaving a life which had held nothing but sadness and misunderstanding", to quote the title which was to introduce this touching episode.

Bones found the right location, fitted up his camera, placed the yellow-faced girl (the cinema artist has a somewhat bilious appearance when facing the lens) and began his instructions.

"Now you walk on here, dear old Miss What's-Your-Name. You come from that tree with halting footsteps — like this, dear old thing. Watch and learn."

Bones staggered across the green sward, clasping his brow, sank on his knees, folded his arms across his chest, and looked sorrowfully at the heavens, shaking his head.

Hamilton screamed with laughter.

"Behave yourself," said Bones severely.

After half-an-hour's preliminary rehearsal the picture was taken, and Bones now prepared to depart, but Mr. Lew Becksteine, from whose hands Bones had taken not only the direction of the play but the very excuse for existence, let fall a few uncomfortable words.

"Excuse me, Mr. Tibbetts," he said, in the sad, bored voice of an artist who is forced to witness the inferior work of another. "It is in this scene that the two lawyers must be taken, walking through the wood, quite unconscious of the unhappy fate which has overtaken the heiress for whom they are searching."

"True," said Bones, and scratched his nose.

HE looked around for likely lawyers. Hamilton stole gently away.

"Now, why the dickens didn't you remind me, you careless old producer, to bring two lawyers with me?" asked Bones. "Dash it all, there's nothing here that looks like a lawyer. Couldn't it be taken somewhere else?"

Mr. Becksteine had reached the stage where he was not prepared to make things easy for his employer.

"Utterly impossible," he said, "you must have exactly the same scenery. The camera cannot lie."

Bones surveyed his little company, but without receiving any encouragement.

"Perhaps I might find a couple of fellows on the road," he suggested.

"It is hardly likely," said Mr. Lew Becksteine, "that you will discover in this remote country village two gentlemen arrayed in faultlessly fitting frock-coats and top-hats."

"I don't know so much about that," said the optimistic Bones, and took a short cut through the wood, knowing that the

(*Continued on page 108*)

Traveling by elephant from Bangkok to Pnom-Penh seemed to fit into the picture as the wheel-chair accords with

To Pnom-Penh by the Jungle Trail

At the End of the Journey is a City as Fantastic and Unreal as the City of a Dream

INDO-CHINA is a great bay-window bulging from the southeastern corner of Asia, its casements opening on the Gulf of Siam and on the China Sea. Of all the countries of the Farther East it is the most mysterious; of them all it is the least known. Larger than the State of Texas, it is a land of vast forests and unexplored jungles in which roam the elephant, the tiger and the buffalo; a land of palaces and pagodas and gilded temples; of sun-bronzed pioneers and priests in yellow robes and bejeweled dancing-girls. Lured by the tales I had heard of curious places and strange peoples to be seen in the interior of the peninsula, I refused to content myself with skirting its edges on a steamer. Instead, I determined to cross it.

I had looked forward to covering the first stage of this journey, the four hundred-odd miles of jungle which separate Bangkok, in Siam, from Pnom-Penh, the capital of Cambodia, on an elephant. Every one whom I had met in Singapore had assured me that this was perfectly feasible. And as a means of transportation it appealed to me. It seemed to fit into the picture, as a wheel-chair accords with the spirit of Atlantic City, as a *caleche* is congruous to Quebec. To my friends at home I had planned to send pictures of myself reclining in a *howdah*, rajah-like, as my ponderous mount rocked and rolled along the jungle trails.

BUT it was not to be. For in shaping my plans, I had been ignorant of the fact that during the dry season Asiatic elephants are seldom worked — that they become morose and irritable and are usually kept in idleness until their docility returns with the rains. I was greatly disappointed.

The overland route thus proving impracticable, so far as the first part of the journey was concerned, the sea road alone remained. Of vessels plying between Bangkok and the ports of French Indo-China there are but two — the *Bonite*, a French packet slightly larger than a Hudson River tugboat, which twice monthly makes the round trip between the Siamese capital and Saigon; and a Danish tramp, the *Chutututch*, an unkempt vagrant of the seas which wanders at will along the Gulf coast, touching at those obscure ports where cargo or passengers are likely to be found. The *Bonite* swung at her moorings in the Menam, opposite my hotel windows, so, made cautious by previous experiences on other coastwise vessels, I went out in a sampan to take a preliminary look. But I did not go aboard. The odors which assailed me as I drew near caused me to decide abruptly that I wished to make no voyage on *her*. The *Chutututch*, I reasoned, *must* be better; it certainly could be no worse. And when I approached her owners they offered no objections

the spirit of Atlantic City

By E. Alexander Powell

to earning a few-score extra *ticals* by extending her itinerary so as to drop me at the tiny Cambodian port of Kep. The next day, then, saw me on the bridge of the *Chutututch*, as we steamed slowly between the palm-fringed banks of the Menam toward the Gulf.

On many kinds of vessels I have voyaged the Seven Seas. I once spent Christmas on a Russian steamer, jammed to her guards with lousy pilgrims bound for the Holy Land, in a tempest off the Syrian coast. On another memorable occasion I skirted the shores of Crete on a Greek schooner which was engaged in conveying from Canea to Candia a detachment of British recruits much the worse for rum. But that voyage on the *Chutututch* will linger longest in my memory. From stem to stern she was packed with yellow, half-naked, perspiring humanity — Siamese, Laos, Burmans, Annamites, Cambodians, Malays, Chinese — journeying, God knows why, to ports whose very names I had never before heard. They lay so thick beneath the awnings that the sailors literally had to walk upon them in order to perform their work. From the glassy surface of the Gulf the heat rose in waves — blasts from an opened furnace door. The flaming ball of molten brass that was the sun beat down upon the crowded decks until they were as hot to the touch as a railway station stove at white heat. The odors of crude sugar, copra, tobacco, engine oil, perspiration, and fish frying in the galley mingled in a stench that rose to heaven. In the sweatbox which had been allotted to me, called by courtesy a cabin, a large gray ship's rat gnawed industriously at my suitcase in an endeavor to ascertain what it contained; insects that shall be nameless disported themselves upon the dubious-looking blanket which formed the only covering of the bed; cockroaches of incredible size used the wash-basin as a public swimming-pool.

The other cabin passengers were all three Anglo-Saxons — a young Englishman and an American missionary and his wife. These last, I found, were convoying a flock of noisy Siamese youngsters, pupils at an American school in Bangkok, to a small bathing resort at the mouth of the Menam where, it was alleged, the mercury had been known to drop as low as ninety on cold days. Because of its invigorating climate it is a favorite hot weather resort for well-to-do Siamese. Here, in a bungalow that had been placed at their disposal by the King, the missionary and his charges proposed to spend a glorious fortnight away from the city's heat. Now do not draw a mental picture of a sanctimonious person with a prominent Adam's apple, a Prince Albert coat, and a white bow-tie. He was not that sort of a missionary at all. On the contrary, he was a very human, high-spirited, likeable fellow of the type that at home would be a Scout Master or in France would have made good as a welfare worker with the A. E. F. Once, when a particularly obstreperous youngster drew an over-draft on his stock of patience, he endorsed his disapproval with an extremely vigorous *"Damn!"* I took to him from that moment.

WHEN, their energy temporarily exhausted, his charges had fallen asleep upon the deck and pandemonium had given place to peace, he told me something of his story. For four years he had labored in the Vineyard of the Lord in Chile, but, feeling that he "was having too good a time", as he expressed it, he applied to the Board of Missions for transfer to a more strenuous post. He obtained what he asked for, and then some, for he was ordered to a post in the northeastern corner of Siam, on the Annam frontier. If there is a more remote or inaccessible spot on the map it would be hard to find it. Here he and his wife spent ten years preaching the Word to the "black-bellied Laos," as the tattoed savages of that region are known. Then he was transferred to Bangkok. There are no roads in Siam, so he and his wife and their five small children made the long journey by river, in a native dugout of less than two feet beam, in which they traveled and ate and slept for upwards of two weeks.

I asked him if he wasn't becoming wearied of Bangkok, which, as a place of residence, leaves much to be desired.

"Yes, I've had about enough of it," he admitted. "I'm anxious to get away."

"Back to the Big Town?" I suggested. "Chicago? Or Boston, perhaps?"

"Oh, no; not back to the States," he said. "I haven't finished my job out here. I want to get back to my people in the interior again."

WHETHER you approve of foreign missions or not, it is impossible to withhold your respect and admiration from such men as that. Though at home they are too often the butts of ignorant criticisms and cheap witticisms, they are carrying civilization, no less than Christianity, into the world's dark places. They are the real pioneers. You might remember this the next time an appeal is made in your church for foreign missions.

The young Englishman was likewise an outpost of progress, though in a different fashion. For seven years he had worn the uniform of an officer in the Royal Navy. At the close of the war, seeing small prospect of promotion, he had entered the employ of a British company which held an enormous timber concession in the teak forests of northern Siam, far up, near the Chinese border. He was, he explained, a "girdler," which meant that his duties consisted in riding through the forest area allotted to him, selecting and girdling those trees which, three years later, would be cut down. To girdle a tree, as every one knows, is to kill it, which is what is wanted, there being no market for green teak, which warps. He remained in the forest for four weeks at a stretch, he told me, without seeing a white man's face, his only companions his coolies and his Chinese cook. His domain comprised a thousand square miles of forest through which he moved constantly on horseback, followed by elephants bearing his camp equipage and supplies. Once each month he spent three days in the village where the company maintains its field headquarters. Here he played tennis and bridge with other girdlers — young Englishmen like himself who had come in from their respective districts to make their monthly reports — and in gleaning from the eight-weeks-old newspapers the news of that great outside world from which he was a voluntary exile. One would have supposed that, after seven years spent in the jovial atmosphere of a warship's ward-room, his solitary life in the great forests would quickly become intolerable, and I expressed myself to this effect. But he said no, that he was neither lonely nor unhappy in his new life, and that his fellow foresters, all of whom had seen service in the Army, the Navy or the Royal Air Force, were equally contented with their lot. I could understand, though. The solitude of the wild

holds no terrors for any one who went through the Great War.

We dropped anchor at midnight off Chantahon, where a launch was waiting to take him ashore. He was going up-country, he told me, to inspect a timber concession recently acquired by the company that employed him. Yes, he would be the only white man, but he would not be lonely. Besides, he would only be in the interior a couple of months, he said. He followed the coolies bearing his luggage down the gangway and dropped lightly into the tossing launch, then looked up to wave me a farewell.

"Good luck!" he called cheerily.

"Good luck to *you!*" said I.

That is the worst of this gadding up and down the earth — it is always "How d'ye do?" and "Good-bye."

Three days out of Bangkok the anchor of the *Chutututch* rumbled down off Kep, on the Cambodian coast. Kep consists of a ramshackle wooden pier that reaches seaward like a lean brown finger, an equally decrepit custom house, a tin-roofed bungalow which the French Government maintains for the use of those fever-stricken officials who need the tonic of sea air, a cluster of bamboo huts thatched with *nipa* — nothing more. You will not find the place on any map, it is too small.

IT is in the neighborhood of three hundred kilometers from Kep to Pnom-Penh, the capital of Cambodia, and for nearly the entire distance the highway has been hewn through the most savage jungle you can imagine. There was only one motor car in Kep and this I hired for the journey. I say hired, but bought would be nearer the truth. It was an aged and decrepit Renault, held together with string and wire, and suffering so badly from asthma and rheumatism that more than once I feared it would die on my hands before I reached my destination. It had as nurses two Annamites, who took unwarranted liberties with the truth by describing themselves as *mechaniciens.* Accompanying them were two sullen-faced Chinese who proved to be the owners of the vehicle. All four of them, I found, proposed to accompany me to Pnom-Penh. At this I protested vigorously, on the ground that, as the lessee of the machine, I had the right to choose my traveling companions, but my objections were overruled by the *Chef des Douanes,* the only French functionary in Kep, who assured me that if the car went the quartette must go, too. One of the Annamites, he explained, was the chauffeur, the other was the cranker, for in Indo-China automobiles are not equipped with self-starters and the chauffeurs firmly refuse to crank their own cars. They thus "save their face," which is a very important consideration in the estimation of Orientals, and they also provide easy and pleasant jobs for their friends. It is an idea which some of the labor unions in America might adopt to advantage. I make no charge for the suggestion. The two Chinese, it appeared, were the joint owners of the machine, and both insisted on going along because neither would trust the other with the hire-money. Thus, it will be seen, we made quite a cozy little party.

The road to Pnom-Penh, as I have already remarked, leads through a peculiarly lonely and savage region. The road is very narrow, bordered on either side by walls of almost impenetrable jungle. A place better adapted for a hold-up could hardly be devised. And of the reputations or antecedents of my four self-imposed companions I knew nothing. Nor was there anything in their faces to lend me confidence in the honesty of their intentions. As we were about to start a native *gendarme* beckoned me to one side.

"*Beaucoup des pirats sur la route, M'sieu,*" he warned me in execrable French.

"Brigands, you mean?" I asked him.

"*Oui, M'sieu.*"

That was reassuring.

"HOW about these men?" I inquired, indicating the motley crew who were to accompany me. "Are they to be trusted?"

He shrugged his shoulders non-committally. It was evident that he did not hold a high opinion of them.

Producing my .45-caliber service automatic, I slipped a clip into the magazine and ostentatiously laid it beside me on the seat. It is the most formidable weapon carried by any civilized people. The German Lüger is larger, it is true —

"Tell them," I said to the policeman, "that this gun will shoot through twenty millimeters of pine. Tell them that they had better dispose of their property and burn a few joss-sticks before they start to argue with it. Tell them that, no matter what happens, the car is to keep going."

I confess that I was by no means as confident as I sounded, for the road was notoriously unsafe, nor did I put much trust in my companions. I felt easier when that portion of my journey was over.

As the journey to Pnom-Penh is quite uninteresting — just a narrow yellow road chopped through a dense tangle of tropic vegetation — suppose I take advantage of the opportunity to tell you something of this little-known land in which we find ourselves.

French Indo-China occupies perhaps two-thirds of that great bay-window-shaped peninsula which protrudes from the southeastern corner of Asia. In area it is, as I have already remarked, somewhat larger than Texas; its population is about equal to that of New York and Pennsylvania combined. It consists of five states: the colony of Cochin-China, the protectorates of Cambodia, Annam and Tongking, and the unorganized territory of Laos, to which might be added the narrow strip of borderland, known as Kwang Chau Wan, leased from China. In 1902 the capital of French Indo-China was transferred from Saigon, in Cochin-China, to Hanoi, in Tongking.

By far the most interesting of these political divisions is Cambodia which, for centuries an independent kingdom, was forced in 1862 to accept the protection of France. An apple-shaped country, about the size of England, with a few score miles of seacoast and without railway or regular sea communications, it lies tucked away in the heart of the peninsula, its southern borders marching with those of Cochin-China, its frontier on the north conterminous with that of Siam. Though the octogenarian King Sisowath maintains a gorgeous court, a stable of elephants, upwards of two hundred dancing girls, and one of the most splendid palaces in Asia, he is permitted only a shadow of power, the real ruler of Cambodia being the French Resident-Superior, who governs the country from the great white Residency on the banks of the Mekong.

I know of no region of like size and so comparatively easy of access (the great liners of the *Messageries Maritimes* touch at Saigon, whence the Cambodian capital can be reached by river-steamer in two days) which offers so many attractions to the hunter of big game. Unlike British East Africa, where, as a result of the commercialization of sport, the cost of going on *safari* has steadily mounted until now it is a form of recreation to be afforded only by war profiteers, Cambodia remains unexploited and unspoiled. It is in many respects the richest, as it is almost the last, of the world's great hunting-grounds. It is, indeed, a vast zoological garden, where such formalities as hunting licenses are still unknown. In its jungles roam elephants, tigers, rhinoceroses, leopards, panthers, bear, deer, and the savage jungle buffalo, known in Malaya as the *seladang* and in Indo-China as the *gaur* — considered by many hunters the most dangerous of all big game.

NAILED to the wall of the Government rest-house at Kep was the skin of a leopard which had been shot from the veranda the day before my arrival, while raiding the pig-pen. The day that I left Kampot an elephant herd, estimated by the native trackers at one hundred and twenty head, was reported within seven miles of the town. Twice during the journey to Pnom-Penh I saw tracks of elephant herds on the road — it looked as though a fleet of whippet tanks had passed. I should have put mental question-marks after some of the big game stories I heard while I was in Indo-China had I not been convinced of the integrity of those who told them. A few days before my arrival at Saigon, for example, the manager of an American trading company, motoring in a small car to the paddy-fields before daybreak to shoot birds, encountered in the narrow, jungle-bordered road a full-grown tiger. The animal, bewildered by the glare of the headlights, sprang upon the hood of the machine. The snarling face of the great cat was so close that the two men in the car could feel its breath. The native chauffeur nearly fainted from fright, but the American, thrusting the muzzle of his shotgun into the furry neck, loosed both barrels, blowing away the animal's throat. I saw its skin.

Though Saigon and Pnom-Penh do not possess the facilities for equipping shooting expeditions afforded by Mombasa or Nairobi, and in Indo-China there are no professional European guides, such as the late Major Cunningham; or the elaborate and costly outfits customary in East Africa, with their mile-long trains of bearers; but they are as unnecessary as they are unknown. The arrangements for a tiger hunt in Indo-China are scarcely more elaborate, and certainly no more expensive, than for a moose hunt in Maine. A dependable native *shikari* who knows the country, a cook, half-a-dozen coolies, a sturdy riding-pony, two or three pack-animals, a tent and food — that is all you need. With such an outfit, particularly in a region so thick with game as, say, the Dalat Plateau, in Annam, the hunter should get a shot at a tiger before he has been forty-eight hours in the bush. In a clearing in a jungle known to be frequented by tigers, the carcass of a bullock, or, if that is unavailable, of a pig, is fastened securely to a stake and left there until it smells to high heaven. When its odor is of sufficient potency to reach the nostrils of the tiger, the hunter takes up his position in the edge of the clearing, or in a platform built in a tree if he believes in Safety First. For investigating the kill the tiger usually chooses the dimness of the early dawn or the semi-darkness which precedes nightfall. With no warning save a faint rustle in the undergrowth a lean and tawny form slithers on padded feet across the open — and the man behind the rifle has his chance. I have found, however, that even in tiger lands tigers are by no means as plentiful as one's imagination paints them at home. It is easy to be a big-game hunter on the hearth-rug.

PNOM-PENH, the capital of Cambodia, stands on the west bank of the mighty Mekong, one hundred and seventy miles from the sea. Pnom, meaning "Mountain," refers to the hill, or mound, ninety feet high, in the heart of the city; Penh was the name of a celebrated Cambodian queen. Until twenty years ago Pnom-Penh was a filthy and unsanitary native town, its streets ankle-deep with dust during the dry season and ankle-deep with mud during the rains. But with the coming of the French the flimsy, vermin-infested houses were torn down, the hog-wallows which served as thoroughfares were transformed into broad and well-paved avenues shaded by double rows of handsome trees, and the city was provided with lighting and water systems. The old-fashioned open sewers still remain, however, lending to the place a rich, ripe smell. Pnom-Penh possesses a spacious and well ventilated motion-picture house, where Charlie Chaplin — known to the French as "Charlot" — and Fatty Arbuckle convulse the simple children of the jungle just as they convulse more sophisticated assemblages on the other side of the world.

But all that is most worth seeing in Pnom-Penh is cloistered within the mysterious walls of vivid pink which surround the Royal Palace. Here is the residence of His Majesty Prèa Bat Samdach Prèa Sisowath, King of Cambodia; here dwell the twelve-score dancing-girls of the famous royal ballet and the hundreds of concubines and attendants comprising the royal harem.

HERE are the stables of the royal elephants and the sacred zebus; here are congeries of palaces, pavilions, throne halls, dance halls, temples, shrines, kiosks, monuments, courtyards and gardens the like of which is not to be found outside the covers of "The Thousand and One Nights." It is an architectural extravaganza, a bacchanalia of color and design, as fantastic and unreal as the city of a dream. Their odd sense of proportions, too, is bewildering to the western mind. The steep-pitched curiously shaped roofs are covered with tiles of every color — peacock blue, vermilion turquoise, em-

Some of the dancing girls of the royal ballet. The Cambodian show-girl, once she enters the service of the king, becomes to all intents and purposes a prisoner

erald green, burnt orange; no inch of exposed woodwork has escaped the carver's cunning chisel; everywhere gold has been laid on with a spendthrift hand. And in this marvelous setting strut or stroll figures that might have stepped straight from the stage of *Sumurun* — fantastically garbed functionaries of the Household, shaven-headed priests in yellow robes, pompous mandarins in sweeping silken garments, bejeweled and bepainted dancing girls. It is not real, you feel. It is too bizarre, too gorgeous. It is the work of stage-carpenters and scene-painters and costumers, and you are quite certain that the curtain will descend presently and that you will put on your hat and go home.

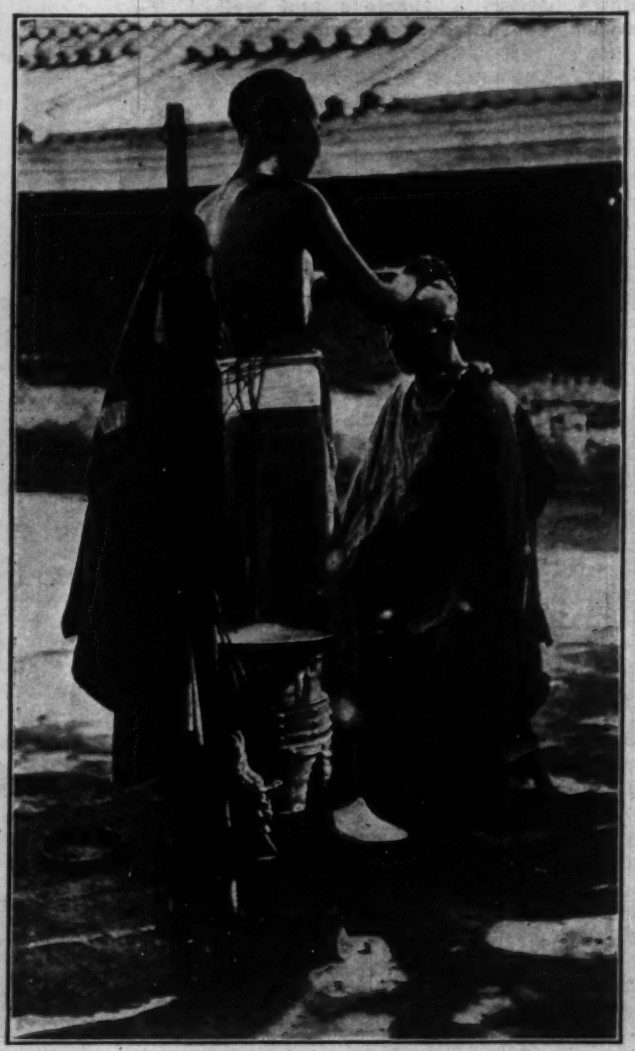
From the center of the great central court rises the famous Vat-Prah-Keo — the Silver Pagoda. It takes its name from its floor, thirty-six feet wide and one hundred and twenty long, which is covered with pure silver. When the sun's rays seep through the interstices of the carving it leaps into a brilliancy that is blinding. On the high walls of the room are depicted in startling colors scenes from the life of Buddha and realistic glimpses of hell, for your Cambodian artist is at his best in portraying scenes of horror. The wall-paintings of the Silver Pagoda would win the unqualified approval of old-time fire-and-brimstone preachers. Rearing itself roofward from the center of the room is an enormous pyramidal altar, littered with an amazing collection of offerings from the devout. At its apex is a so-called Emerald Buddha — probably of translucent jade — which is the guardian spirit of the place. But at one side of the altar stands the chief treasure of the temple — a great golden Buddha set with diamonds. The value of the gold alone is estimated at not far from three-quarters of a million dollars; at the value of the jewels one can only guess. It was made by order of King Norodom, the brother and predecessor of the present ruler, the whole amazing edifice, indeed, being a monument into which that monarch poured his wealth and ambition. Ranged about the altar are glass cases containing the royal treasures — rubies, sapphires, emeralds and diamonds of a size and in a profusion which makes it difficult to realize that they are genuine. It is a cave of Al-ed-Din. The covers of these cases are sealed with strips of paper bearing the royal cypher — nothing more. They have never been locked or guarded, yet nothing has ever been stolen, for King Sisowath is to his subjects something more than a ruler; he is venerated as the representative of God on earth. For a Cambodian to steal from him would be as unthinkable a sacrilege as for a Roman Catholic to burglarize the apartments of the Pope. And, should their religious scruples show signs of yielding to temptation, why, there are the paintings on the walls to warn them of the torments awaiting them in the hereafter. It struck me, however, that the Silver Pagoda offers a golden, not to say a jeweled opportunity to an enterprising American burglar.

ON the south side of the courtyard containing the Vat-Prah-Keo is a relic far more precious in the eyes of the natives, however, than all the royal treasures put together — a foot-print of Buddha. It was left, so the priests who guard it night and day reverently explain, by the founder of their faith when he paid a flying visit to Cambodia. Over the footprint has been erected a shrine with a floor of solid gold. Buddha did not do as well by Cambodia as by Ceylon, however, for whereas at Pnom-Penh he left the imprint of his foot, at Kandy he left a tooth. I know, for I have seen it.

In an adjacent courtyard is the Throne Hall, a fine example of Cambodian architecture, the gorgeous throne of the monarch standing on a dais in the center of a lofty apartment decorated in gold and green. Close by is the *Salle des Fêtes*, or dance hall, a modern French structure, where the royal ballet gives its performances. Ever since there have been kings in Cambodia each monarch has chosen from the daughters of the upper classes two hundred and forty show girls and has had them trained for dancing. These girls, many of whom are brought to the palace by their parents when small children and offered to the King, eventually enter the monarch's harem as concubines. Admission to the royal ballet is to a Cambodian maiden what a position in the Ziegfeld Follies is to a Broadway chorus girl. It is the blue ribbon of female pulchritude. Unlike Mr. Ziegfeld's carefully selected beauties, however, who frequently find the stage a stepping-stone to independence and a limousine, the Cambodian show-girl, once she enters the service of the King, becomes to all intents and purposes a prisoner. And Sisowath, for all his eighty-two years, is a jealous master. Never again can she stroll with her lover in the fragrant twilight on the palm-fringed banks of the Mekong. Never again can she leave the precincts of the palace, save to accompany the king. The bars behind which she dwells are of gold, it is true, but they are bars just the same.

King Sisowath was at his summer palace near Kampot when I was in Pnom-Penh but, in accordance with a request made by the French Resident-Superior, His Majesty telephoned instructions that the royal ballet was to give a special performance in my honor. The dancers were considerably younger than I had expected — none of them over fourteen or fifteen, I should guess, while there were several who looked to be scarcely more than ten—slender, lithesome, sloe-eyed creatures with the daintiest hands and feet that you can imagine.

It was impossible to judge of their beauty because their faces were coated so thickly with enamel that to all intents and purposes they were masked. They were as expressionless as dolls. Indeed, they could not have smiled with safety had they wished — the enamel would have cracked. Their costumes, faithful copies of those worn by the goddesses of the Ramayana, as depicted on the walls of the temples, were stiff with precious stones and bullion. Certain of them wore head-pieces shaped like medieval helmets, representing the animals of the Hindu pantheon; others had towering, painted headdresses of gold set with jewels. I should have liked to have held converse with them, but stern-faced duennas, the watchdogs of the harem, squatted in the background, guarding their charges jealously. Guest of the King though I was, they were taking no chances. I had anticipated dances characterized by daring and abandon, but in this I was



In Cochin-China barbers shave their customers while they squat in the roadway

disappointed. Compared to the leisurely steps and tedious posturings of these Cambodian daughters of Terpsichore, through which they moved with languid grace to the shrill wail of reeds and the monotonous *tum, tum, tum* of native drums, the minuet of Colonial days would have been a riot. The sun was unbearably hot and the dancing soon became irksome. I was glad when it was over.

It is in the neighborhood of two hundred miles from Pnom-Penh to Saigon, the capital of Cochin-China, and two routes are open to the traveler. The most comfortable and by far the cheapest is by the bi-weekly steamer down the Mekong. The other way, which is far more interesting, consists in descending the river to Banam, a village some twenty miles below Pnom-Penh, on the opposite bank of the Mekong, whence, if a car has been arranged for, it is possible to motor across the fertile plains of Cochin-China to Saigon in a single day.

Though separated only by the Mekong, that mighty waterway which, rising in the mountains of Tibet, bisects the whole peninsula, Cochin-China is as dissimilar from Cambodia as the ordered farmlands of Ohio are from the Florida Everglades. In Cambodia stretches of sand covered with low, scraggy scrub alternate with tangled and impenetrable jungles.

Cochin-China, on the other hand, is one great sweep of plain, green with growing rice and dotted with the bamboo poles of well-sweeps, for water can be found everywhere at thirty to forty feet. These striking contrasts in contiguous states are due in some measure, no doubt, to differences in their soils and climates and to the industry of their inhabitants, but more largely, I imagine, to the fact that while the Frenchman has been at work in Cochin-China for upward of sixty years, Cambodia is still on the frontier of civilization.

THE roads which the French have built in Indo-China deserve a paragraph of mention, for, barring the rivers and the three short and unconnected sections of railway on the East coast of the peninsula, they form the country's only means of communication. The national highways consist of two great systems. The Route Coloniale, which was the one I followed, has its beginning at Kep, on the Gulf of Siam, runs northeastward through the jungles of Cambodia to Pnom-Penh, and, recommencing at Banam, swings southward across the Cochin-China plain to Saigon. The Route Mandarine beginning at Saigon, hugs the shores of the peninsula and after traversing twelve hundred miles of jungle, forest and mountain land in Annam and Tongking, comes to an end at Hanoi, the capital of Indo-China. The entire length of the Route Mandarine may now be traversed by auto-bus — an excellent way to see the country provided you are inured to fatigue, do not mind the heat, and are not overparticular as to your fellow-passengers. A motor car is, of course, a great deal more comfortable and considerably more expensive; a small one can be rented for ninety dollars a day.

Nowhere has the colonizing white man encountered greater obstacles than those which have confronted the French road-builders in Indo-China; nowhere has Nature turned toward him a more forbidding face. But, though their coolies have died by the thousand from cholera and fever, though their laboriously constructed bridges have been swept away in a night by rivers swollen from the torrential rains; though the fast-growing jungle persistently encroaches upon their right-of-way, though they have had to combat savage beasts and still more savage men, they have prosecuted with indomitable courage and tenacity the task of building a road "to To-morrow from the Land of Yesterday."

Saigon, the capital of Cochin-China and the most important place in Indo-China, is a European city set down on the edge of Asia. So far as its appearance goes, it might be on the Seine instead of the Saigon. The original town was burned by the French during the fighting by which they obtained possession of the place, and they rebuilt it on European lines, with the gay boulevards, and shops, *cafés*, even a *Hotel de Ville*, a *Theatre Municipal*, a *Musée*, a *Jardin Botanique*, all complete. The general plan of the city, with its regular streets and intersecting boulevards, has evidently been modeled on that of the French capital and the Saigonese proudly speak of it as "the Paris of the East."

The Cambodian King lives in barbaric splendor, maintaining a court in one of the most gorgeous palaces in Asia

In certain respects this is taking a considerable liberty with the truth, but they are very lonely and homesick and one does not blame them.

Most of the streets, which are paved after a fashion, are lined with *tamarinds*, thus providing the shade so imperative where the mercury hovers between 90 and 110 winter and summer, day and night. At almost every street intersection stands a statue of some one who bore a hand in the conquest of the country, from the cassocked figure of Pigneau de Behaine, Bishop of Adran, the first French missionary to Indo-China, to the effigy of the dashing Admiral Rigault de Genouilly, flanked by charging marines, who took Saigon for France.

The most characteristic feature of Saigon is its *café* life. During the heat of the day the Europeans keep within doors, but toward nightfall they all come out and, gathering about the little tables which crowd the sidewalks before the *cafés* in the *Rue Catinat* and the Boulevard Bonnard, they gossip and sip their absinthes and smoke cigarettes and mop their florid faces and argue noisily and with much gesticulation over the political news in the *Courrier de Saigon* or the six-weeks-old *Figaro* and *Les Temps* which arrive fortnightly by the mail-boat from France. They wear starched white linen — though the jackets are all too often left unfastened at the neck — and enormous mushroom-shaped topees which come down almost to their shoulders and are many sizes too large for them, and they consume enormous quantities of drink, the evening usually ending in a series of violent altercations. When the disputants take to backing up their arguments with blows from beer bottles and canes the *café* proprietor unceremoniously bundles them into *pousse-pousses*, as rickshaws are called in Saigon, and sends them home.

Along the *Rue Catinat* in the evenings saunters as picturesque and colorful a procession as one could ever hope to find anywhere on earth — haggard, slovenly officers of the *troupes Coloniales* and of the Foreign Legion, the rows of parti-colored ribbons on their breasts telling of service in little wars in the world's forgotten corners; dreary, white-faced government employees, their cheeks gaunt from fever; sun-bronzed, swaggering, loud-voiced rubber planters in riding breeches and double Terais, down from their plantations in the far interior for a periodic spree; women gowned in the height of Paris fashion, but with too pink cheeks and too red lips, equally at home on Paris boulevards or the Bund of Shanghai; shaven-headed Hindu money-lenders from British India, the lengths of cotton sheeting which form their only garments revealing bodies as hairy and repulsive as those of apes; barefooted An-

(*Continued on page 107*)

Deselee's Preacher

(*Continued from page 47*)

Pete suddenly turned his menacing eye upon her.

"You go down thar an' tell him you're Pete Shifflett's gal an' if he ever speaks to you again I'll shoot him dead. If he don't turn on his heel now in five minutes he'll never turn agin!"

Of course — that was Pete's way — slower, more cruel than her father's. But she thanked God for it. No matter if he hated her ever after at least her man would have another chance for life. And she told herself passionately in this moment that he was her man, even if he never looked at her again, he was her man because she loved him, because she would make any sacrifice for him.

She rose stoically and walked across the yard toward the fence. A statue might have shown more emotion.

At sight of her Mr. Daly vaulted the fence and began talking before he was within five yards of her.

"Oh, Deselee, I've a surprise for you," he exclaimed in buoyant tones that she feared carried to the cabin. "My letters to that wealthy church up North have interested the congregation—they are going to give us money for an industrial school — to operate a canning factory and stave mill. The Bishop has assigned me permanently to this field — I asked him to. And he is going to build a house for us," he poured out this information in a breathless, boyish fashion. But when he noticed the pallor of her cheek, the lifeless look in her eye, he paused abruptly. "Why Deselee — what is wrong?"

She tried to speak but there seemed not enough life in her to make speech possible.

He came closer to her, speaking quietly, gravely,

"Deselee, I've come to tell you what I had no right to say sooner. I love you — I want you to marry me. It's you that must live in the new Mission House with me."

SHE closed her eyes. Ah yes, this was what she had all her life waited for — this was the answer to those vague dreams of another way of life — this was where she belonged — in a neat, new Mission house, furnished and kept like the Mission Lady kept hers, with this man who could teach her so much, this man whom she loved. All her own dreams would be fulfilled and yet she would still be among her people—could perhaps help them to dream and work for higher things.

The shadows deepened, stars blossomed and the thread of a new born moon appeared in the deep blue sky. The preacher had her hand; his face was close to hers.

Suddenly Pete's sepulchral voice broke the spell, he had resumed his singing in a weird, melancholy tone. Deselee in a frenzy of fear drew away.

"Go — go," she cried, hysterically.

The preacher stared at her in amazement.

"Why Deselee — "

"I'm Pete's girl," she cried frantically.

"I don't believe it." Then something in the terrible earnestness of her face made him add, though still in a light tone as if he doubted her words — "suppose you are? What's to prevent me from trying to win you from him?"

She saw in an instant this would not do. Yet it was something to know that for her he would risk the wrath of the most feared man on the mountain. But who could win against Pete with his evil eye, his powerful fists, his sure shot? While she gloried in the intrepidity of her lover she told herself that it was madness for him to stay, it was madness for him to be here now, or to have come at all — all this in a wordless flash.

PETE'S singing had ceased. The five minutes must be up. She could feel his wicked eye upon her.

"I love him — I love him — we're the same — you're a furrener," she cried, beside herself.

He still stared at her incredulously. He was not the man to declare his love until he had some reasonable assurance of its acceptance. Had he misread her glances, her smiles, her solicitude for his safety?

"It was him all the time — I only saw you so's I could learn things."

Even in the dusk she could see the wounded look on his face. To know that she had brought it there was worse than death to her. Yet she whispered to her anguished soul, it was life to him.

For a moment he held her eyes steadily, the muscles of his face twitching, his lips compressed. Then without a word he turned, slowly mounted the stile and slowly walked away.

Deselee, like a deer wounded to the death, ran back to the cabin, brushing past her staring family, oblivious to Pete's victorious grin, and flung herself prone upon the floor, her body shaken with the sobs that she had so long kept back.

The case came to trial, but the one doubtful witness was bought off; the preacher had no proof, what the Allan faction had to say was of no consequence. The corrupt little county court at the foot of the mountain was presided over by men as lawless as Marshal himself — bootleggers who bought all the moonshine Hal could make. Where he made pennies they made dollars. The verdict was that Hal Marshal had killed Matthew Allan in self-defense.

The night following the settlement of the case there was a merry "gatherin' " at the Marshal cabin. With lavish hand Hal dispensed his corn whiskey, brought out huge hams and sides of bacon, his wife adding to these serious dainties, pies, cakes, corn pones and her best apple butter.

After the day spent at the court where the drinking had been continuous, the guests were in a frolicsome mood. Some brought their banjos, others violins, there was singing and dancing in the moonlit yard and mingled with all the frank mountain courting. There were coarse jests — friendly, and well enough intentioned — thrust at Pete and Deselee who were to be married within the week, so Hal had announced.

Hal, in a rollicking, bragging mood, talked much of what he was going to do to that "preachin' furrener." Pete, in a state of triumphant revelry, was clumsily affectionate to his woman when she was near and when out of reach he cast upon her smirking, proprietary smiles. Deselee, in her best blue dress, carefully starched for the occasion (this was her mother's work—for the girl had no heart for gala clothes) was desperately, heart-breakingly gay. She danced until the breath left her body and old Uncle Newte, who shouted the figures from the cabin door cried out —

"I'll be dogged, Deselee, if I were a young fellow I'd be right thar a-steppin' with you. I've seen the day when Uncle Newte could dance down any gal in three counties!"

BUT her bright eyes hid terror, her panting bosom a thousand fears. Had he fled or was he recklessly staying on? No woman admired bravery and strength more than Deselee, but no woman knew better than she how little bravery and strength counted in this country where it was considered no dishonor for a man to shoot his enemy in the back. And while she prayed that he was far away in safety, an unconquerable voice within her importuned for one last meeting, that he might leave her hating her a little less.

Then at last, as though weary of their rioting, the moon hid her face behind the mountain, the stars blinked themselves out and a dark, wild night settled down upon Lost Mountain.

The company began to scatter, going their respective ways in chattering or sleepy drunken groups.

In the mellow, flickering glow of a lamp, around the soiled, liquor-splashed table, some dozen men continued their drinking. Hal had grown sullen, quarrelsome; Pete was in a boisterous, fighting mood. To the latter's boorish overtures, Deselee pleaded that she was "clean broke down", and climbed the ladder to her room above.

Tired though she was sleep would not come. Danger brooded in that ill-natured, drunken gathering below. She

waited, with eyes wide, ears alert, for the storm to break.

Suddenly the thick, low voices were drowned by the sound of crashing glass. Then Pete's loud, insolent voice rang out.

"I'll show him he can't talk to my gal!"

"You'd think he'd a-been scared off by now — but he told Uncle Newte today he was a-goin' to hold a preachin' to-morrow."

This was followed by an ugly oath from Pete, then the voices lowered again.

Deselee rolled from her pile of straw, her ear pressed to an opening in the floor boards. They were making plans for a "white cap" — they would seize, bind the preacher and carry him to "Bear's Cave."

There was a general pushing back of chairs and boxes, a shuffling of feet, then she heard the men talking as they unhitched their horses, next the beating of hoofs, then silence fell upon the cabin.

If before she had saved her man by making him hate her, now she must save him by making her family hate her, by betraying her father, preventing him from taking what, even in this desperate moment, she told herself was his just revenge. The preacher's provocation had been great. It was only fair that her father's revenge should be measured in accordance. And yet — here came the crisis of that life-long struggle between her loathing for the old way and longing for the new. Did she belong with her people and the old — or with her preacher and the new?

She rose, standing for a moment irresolute. Then she began quickly flinging on her clothes, her mind working rapidly upon practical details. It would be too late to reach the cabin first and warn him. She must go to the Bear Cave and hide there until the men had left when she could free him. Perhaps — if he could forgive her — he would take her away with him.

IN her black calico dress and a dark coat she made her way down the creaking ladder, passing the soundly sleeping mother and children. At the table she stopped to grope about for a knife. Then she slipped out into the pitchy night — a night that to her credulous mind held a myriad ghostly terrors. With amazing directness she made for Bear's Cave, arriving there in less than an hour, though to her it had seemed a hideous eternity. Climbing to the top she lay there, panting, shivering, listening with strained ears for the sound of horses' hoofs.

At last the men came.

From her high and protected position at the top of the cave she could see the preacher, bound and gagged, writhing, twisting about until her father and Pete could scarcely carry him. She noticed that her father limped. Gabriel Coates, who had evidently had a hand in the capturing, exclaimed —

"He's the fightin'est preacher I ever see!"

There were two openings to the cave. Deselee moved nearer the edge that she might see which one the men entered. As she dragged her body forward the knife which she had brought to cut his bonds, slipped from her grasp. Reaching frantically to catch it she lost her balance and went tumbling down into the cave. There she lay motionless, vaguely conscious of bobbing lanterns, of astonished, inquiring voices, of the preacher, helpless, a few feet from her.

SHE felt herself swooning. With a tremendous effort she commanded her senses. She must get that knife to him. She felt the cold steel of its blade upon her arm as it lay outside the flickering circle of light. With a swift, deft movement she grasped the knife, groping for the preacher's body, terrified lest the sudden movement of a lantern reveal her in the act. She found his hand, pressed the knife into it, then with a moan, flung herself as far from him as possible. The curious men closed in upon her. Now was the time for swooning!

But no need for acting. The effects of the fall swept her into oblivion. Diverted from the preacher, the men tried to arouse her. One of them by no gentle means.

She knew not how long the darkness enveloped her but presently hated hands upon her neck brought her to consciousness. She could feel Pete's eye burning into her, his breath scorching her cheek.

"So this is whar ye do your courtin'," he snarled, his hands closing tightly upon her throat. "This is what I saved your preacher for! Well, I'll show ye different! Hold the lights up boys, and she'll see something pretty — though it's a shame to spile to-morrow's preachin'."

Suddenly a hand drew Deselee from the loathed embrace. Whose hand it was she knew in an instant for she thrilled to it as to no other. She was pushed hastily against the wall of the cave — but not until Pete's gun was thrust in her hand.

The vile accusations that had followed Pete's first outburst ceased abruptly as the preacher's hands closed upon his throat. But before he could throw him the mountain giant broke from his grasp and flung himself at him, clinching him about the waist. With a swift uppercut Daly broke the hold, but Pete was back at him again, panting, snarling like an infuriated animal. He began eye gouging, biting, clenching in the approved mountain fashion. Again and again the preacher, blood trickling down his face, his eyes smarting to blindness, threw him off.

Gun firmly grasped, eyes strained to catch their every move, Deselee crouched against the wall. More than once when she thought her preacher overpowered the gun was leveled at Pete, her steady hand upon the trigger. But so long as he had a fighting chance, she saved the victory for her man.

Pete lunged heavily toward the preacher and gripping his knees threw him. But William Daly's four years as instructor in wrestling had done more than help earn his way through the seminary. Now, outweighed, up against foul play, he needed all his science. But at last his skill overpowered the other's brute strength. His shoulders to the ground, Daly's knees clenching his torso, Pete cried that he had had enough.

"You dirty scoundrel," the Reverend William Daly cried, "don't you ever speak to her again. You know whose girl she is now? Mine! Do you hear?"

Deselee drooped against the wall with half-closed eyes. She heard Pete cry out for mercy.

"There's goin' to be a preachin' to-morrow, and if you try to break it up I'll give you a real licking," the preacher said, his hold still firm.

"Turn me loose — turn me loose. Ye can have Deselee and all the preachin' ye want," Pete whimpered.

The other men had of course left Pete the small glory of licking the preacher by himself. When they began to doubt his victory old grudges woke up as well as the lust for watching a good fight.

And now Pete Shifflett, he who had the evil powers working always on his side, he who had all his life bullied the whole mountain, lay upon the ground, crying for mercy at the hands of a preacher from "out yonder!" The spell had been broken.

One by one the men turned and left the cave, but not before giving the Reverend Mr. Daly a glance of awed homage and secretly vowing that the preacher must be on the right side if he could break the spell that had protected Pete all these years.

PETE got painfully to his feet. Bruised, bleeding, broken of spirit he skulked out of the cave. He plotted no revenge. His prestige was gone. None knew better than he that his sun had set. As the feeble light of dawn struggled in at the cave's entrance, Hal Marshal, uneasily turning his tattered hat about in his hands, moved toward Mr. Daly.

"Young feller, if you kin lick Pete Shifflett an' take his gal all in one night I reckon you're the preacher for this mountain." He paused, glancing slyly toward Deselee. "An' if you an' her want to git j'ined up I'll give ye the biggest infare this mountain ever saw."

With this final concession Hal shot out of the cave like a bullet from a gun. His humiliation at forgiving an enemy was mitigated only by the fact that that enemy had freed him from the abject slavery in which Pete had so long held by him.

When he had gone the preacher reached out for Deselee. Sweeping her to him he held her close.

"I — I reckon you won't need me to look after you any more," she whispered faintly.

When he spoke it was to say — his hands caressing her face —

"I reckon I will — all the rest of my life."

The Breaking Point

(*Continued from page 36*)

same give and take of neighborhood talk when they met as now. To-day nothing was changed, and everything.

Then, out of a clear sky, he said:

"I may be going away before long, Elizabeth."

He was watching her intently. She had a singular feeling that behind this, as behind everything that afternoon, was something not spoken. Something that related to her. Perhaps it was because of his tone.

"You don't mean — not to stay?"

"No. I want to go back to Wyoming. Where I was born. Only for a few weeks."

And in that "only for a few weeks" there lay some of the unspoken things. That he would miss her and come back quickly to her. That she would miss him, and that subconsciously he knew it. And behind that, too, a promise. He would come back — to her.

"Only for a few weeks," he repeated. "I thought, perhaps, if you wouldn't mind my writing to you, now and then — I write a rotten hand, you know. Most medical men do."

"I should like it very much," she said, rather primly.

She felt suddenly very lonely, as though he had already gone, and slightly resentful, not at him but at the way things happened. And then, too, every one knew that once a westerner always a westerner. The west always called its children. Not that she put it that way. But she had a sort of vision, gained from the moving pictures, of a country of wide spaces and tall mountains, where men wore quaint clothing and the women rode wild horses, and had the dash she knew she lacked. She was stirred by vague jealousy.

"YOU may never come back," she said, very very casually. "After all, you were born there, and we must seem very quiet to you."

"Quiet!" he exclaimed. "You are heavenly restful and comforting. You —" he checked himself and got up. "Then I'm to write, and you are to make out as much of my scrawl as you can and answer. Is that right?"

"I'll write you all the town gossip."

"If you do — !" he threatened her. "You're to write me what you're doing, and all about yourself. Remember, I'll be counting on you."

And, if their voices were light, there was in both of them the sense of a pact made, of a bond that was to hold them, like clasped hands, against their coming separation. It was rather anti-climacteric after that to have him acknowledge that he didn't know exactly when he could get away!

She went with him to the door and stood there, her soft hair blowing, as he got into the car. When he looked back, as he turned the corner, she was still there. He felt very happy and affable and he picked up an elderly village woman with her basket and went considerably out of his way to take her home.

At half-past five that afternoon David had let himself into the house with his latch-key, hung up his overcoat on the old walnut hat-rack, and gone into his office. The strain of the days before had told on him, and he felt weary and not entirely well. He had fallen asleep in his buggy, and had wakened to find old Nettie drawing him slowly down the main street of the town, pursuing an erratic but homeward course, while the people on the pavements watched and smiled.

He went into his office, closed the door, and then, on the old leather couch with its sagging springs, he stretched himself out to finish his nap.

Almost immediately, however, the door-bell rang, and a moment later Minnie opened the door.

"Gentleman to see you, Doctor David."

He got up clumsily and settled his collar. Then he opened the door into his waiting-room.

"Come in," he said resignedly.

A small, dapper man, in precisely the type of clothes David most abominated, wearing light-colored spats, rose from his chair and looked at him with evident surprise.

"I'm afraid I've made a mistake. A Doctor Livingstone left his seat number for calls at the box office of the Annex Theater last night — the 'Happy Valley' Company — but he was a younger man. I — —"

David stiffened, but he surveyed his visitor impassively from under his shaggy white eyebrows.

"I haven't been in a theater for a dozen years, sir."

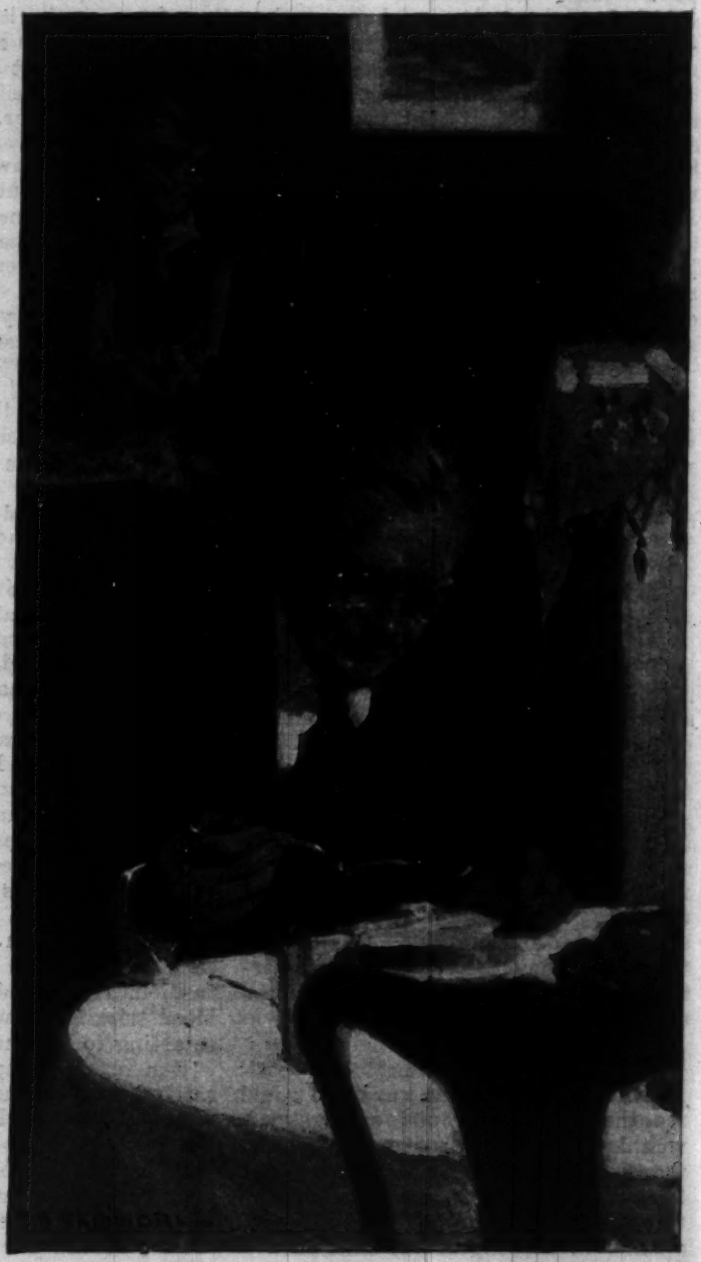
Gregory was convinced that he had made a mistake. Like Louis Bassett, the very unlikeliness of Jud Clark being connected with the domestic atmosphere and quiet respectability of the old house made him feel intrusive and absurd. He was about to apologize and turn away, when he thought of something.

"There are two names on your sign. The other one, was he by any chance at the theater last night?"

"I think I shall have to have a reason for these inquiries," David said slowly.

He was trying to place Gregory, to fit him into the situation, straining back over ten years of security, racking his memory, without result.

"Just what have you come to find out?" he asked, as Gregory turned and looked around the room.



"I am taking Elizabeth Wheeler to see 'The Valley.' whose thoughts were elsewhere. Lucy Crosby,

"The other Doctor Livingstone is your brother?"

"My nephew."

Gregory shot a sharp glance at him, but all he saw was an elderly man, with heavy white hair and fierce shaggy eyebrows, a portly and dignified elderly gentleman, rather resentfully courteous.

"Sorry to trouble you," he said. "I suppose I've made a mistake. I — is your nephew at home?"

"No."

"May I see a picture of him, if you have one?"

David's wild impulse was to smash Gregory to the earth, to annihilate him. His collar felt tight, and he pulled it away from his throat.

"Not unless I know why you want to see it."

"He is tall, rather spare? And he took a young lady to the theater last night?" Gregory persisted.

"He answers that description. What of it?"

"And he is your nephew?"

"My brother's son," David said steadily.

Somehow it began to dawn on him that there was nothing inimical in this strange visitor, that he was anxious, and ill at ease. There was, indeed, something almost beseeching in Gregory's eyes, as though he stood ready to give confidence for confidence. And, more than that, a sort of not unfriendly stubbornness, as though he had come to do something he meant to do.

"Sit down," David said, relaxing somewhat. "Certainly my nephew is making no secret of the fact that he went to the theater last night. If you'll tell me who you are — —"

But Gregory did not sit down. He stood where he was, and continued to eye David intently.

"I don't know just what it conveys to you, Doctor, but I am Beverly Carlysle's brother."

David lowered himself into his chair. His knees were suddenly weak under him. But he was able to control his voice.

"I see," he said. And waited.

"Something happened last night at the theater. It may be important. I'd have to see your nephew, in order to find out if it is. I can't afford to make a mistake."

David's ruddy color had faded. He opened a drawer of his desk and produced a copy of the photograph of Dick in his uniform. "Maybe this will help you."

Gregory studied it carefully, carrying it to the window to do so. When he confronted David again he was certain of himself and his errand for the first time, and his manner had changed.

"Yes," he said significantly. "It does."

He placed the photograph on the desk, and sitting down, drew his chair close to David's. "I'll not use any names, Doctor. I think you know what I'm talking about. I was sure enough last night. I'm certain now."

David nodded. "Go on."

"We'll start like this. God knows I don't want to make any trouble. But I'll put a hypothetical case. Suppose that a man when drunk commits a crime and then disappears; suppose he leaves behind him a bad record and an enormous fortune; suppose then he reforms and becomes a useful citizen, and everything is buried."

Doctor David listened stonily. Gregory lowered his voice.

"Suppose there's a woman mixed up in that situation. Not guiltily, but there's a lot of talk. And suppose she lives it down, for ten years, and then goes back to her profession, in a play that parents take their children to see, and makes good. It isn't hard to suppose that neither of those two people wants the thing revived, is it?"

David cleared his throat.

"You mean, then, that there is danger of such a revival?"

"I THINK there is," Gregory said bitterly. "I recognized this man last night, and called a fellow who knew him in the old days, Saunders, our stage manager. And a newspaper man named Bassett wormed it out of Saunders. You know what that means."

David heard him clearly, but as though from a great distance.

"You can see how it appears to Bassett. If he's found it, it's the big story of a life-time. I thought he'd better be warned."

When David said nothing, but sat holding tight to the arms of his old chair, Gregory reached for his hat and got up.

"The thing for him to do," he said, "is to leave town for a while. This Bassett is a hound-dog on a scent. They all are. He is Bassett of the *Times-Republican*. And he took Jud — he took your nephew's automobile license number."

Still David sat silent, and Gregory moved to the door.

"Get him away to-night, if you can."

"Thank you," David said. His voice was thick. "I appreciate your coming."

He got up dizzily, as Gregory said "Good evening" and went out. The room seemed very dark, and unsteady,

An actress named Beverly Carlysle is starring in it," said Dick, becoming rigid, stared from him to David aghast

and not quite familiar. So this was what had happened, after all the safe years! A man could work and build and pray, but if his house was built on the sand — —

As the outer door closed with a slam David fell to the floor with a crash.

Bassett lounged outside the neat privet hedge which it was Harrison Miller's custom to clip with his own bachelor hands, and waited. And as he waited he tried to imagine what was going on inside, behind the neatly curtained windows of the old brick house.

He was tempted to ring the bell again, pretend to have forgotten something, and perhaps happen in on what might be drama of a rather high order; providing the man was Clark after all, it was fairly sure to be drama. He discarded the idea, however, and began his interested survey of the premises. Whoever conceived this sort of haven for Clark, if it were Clark, had shown considerable shrewdness. The town fairly smelt of respectability; the tree-shaded streets, the children in socks and small crisp-laundered garments, the houses set back, each in its square of shaved lawn, all peaceful, middle class and unexciting. The last town in the world for Judson Clark, the last profession, the last house, this shabby old brick before him.

He smiled, rather grimly, as he reflected that, if Gregory had been right in his identification, he was, beyond those windows just then, very possibly warning Clark against himself. Gregory would know his type, that he never let go. He drew himself up a little.

The house door opened, and Gregory came out, turning toward the station. Bassett caught up with him and put a hand on his arm.

"Well?" he said cheerfully. "It was, wasn't it?"

Gregory stopped dead and stared at him. Then:

"Old dog Tray!" he said sneeringly.

"IF your brain was as good as your nose, Bassett, you'd be a whale of a newspaper man."

"Don't bother about my brain. It's working fine to-day, anyhow. Well, what had he to say for himself?"

Gregory's mind was busy, and he had had a moment to pull himself together.

"We both get off together," he said, more amiably. "That fellow isn't Jud Clark and never was. He's a doctor, and the nephew of the old doctor there. They're in practise together."

"Did you see them both?"

"Yes."

Bassett eyed him. Either Gregory was a good actor, or the whole trail ended there after all. He himself had felt, after his interview with Dick, that the scent was false. And there was this to be said: Gregory had been in the house scarcely ten minutes. Long enough to acknowledge a mistake, but hardly long enough for any dramatic identification. He was keenly disappointed, but he had had long experience of disappointment, and after a moment he only said:

"Well, that's that. He certainly looked like Clark to me."

"I'll say he did."

"Rather surprised him, didn't you?"

"Oh, he was all right," Gregory said. "I didn't tell him anything, of course."

Bassett looked at his watch.

"I was after you, all right," he said, cheerfully. "But if I was barking up the wrong tree, I'm done. I don't have to be hit on the head to make me stop. Come and have a soda-water on me," he finished amiably. "There's no train until seven."

But Gregory refused.

"No, thanks. I'll wander on down to the station and get a paper."

The reporter smiled. Gregory was holding a grudge against him, for a bad night and a bad day.

"All right," he said affably. "I'll see you at the train. I'll walk about a bit.

HE turned and started back up the street again, walking idly. His chagrin was very real. He hated to be fooled, and fooled he had been. Gregory was not the only one who had lost a night's sleep. Then, unexpectedly, he was hailed from the curbstone, and he saw with amazement that it was Dick Livingstone.

"Take you anywhere?" Dick asked. How's the headache?"

"Better, thanks." Bassett stared at him. "No, I'm just walking around until train time. Are you starting out or going home, at this hour?"

"Going home. Well, glad the head's better."

He drove on, leaving the reporter gazing after him. So Gregory had been lying. He hadn't seen this chap at all. Then why — He walked on, turning this new phase of the situation over in his mind. Why this elaborate fiction, if Gregory had merely gone in, waited for ten minutes, and come out again?

It wasn't reasonable. It wasn't logical. Something had happened inside the house to convince Gregory that he was right. He had seen somebody, or something. He hadn't needed to lie. He could have said frankly that he had seen no one. But no, he had built up a fabric carefully calculated to throw Bassett off the scent.

He saw Dick stop in front of the house, get out and enter. And coming to a decision, he followed him and rang the door-bell. For a long time no one answered. Then the maid opened the door, her eyes red with crying and looked at him with hostility.

"Doctor Richard Livingstone?"

"You can't see him."

"It's important."

"Well, you can't see him. Doctor David has just had a stroke. He's in the office now, on the floor."

She closed the door on him, and he turned and went away. It was all clear to him; Gregory had seen, not Clark, but the older man; had told him and gone away. And under the shock the older man had collapsed. That was sad. It was very sad. But it was also extremely convincing.

He sat up late that night again, running over the entries in his note-book. The old story, as he pieced it out, ran like this:

It had been eleven years ago, when, according to the old files, Clark had financed Beverly Carlysle's first starring venture. He had, apparently, started out in the beginning only to give her the publicity she needed. In devising it, however, he had shown a sort of boyish recklessness and ingenuity that had caught the interest of the press, and set newspaper men to chuckling wherever they met.

He had got together a dozen or so of young men like himself, wealthy, idle and reckless with youth, and headed by him, they had made the exploitation of the young star an occupation. The newspapers referred to the star and her constellation as Beverly Carlysle and her Broadway Beauties. It had been unvicious, young, and highly entertaining, and it had cost Judson Clark his membership in his father's conservative old clubs.

For a time it livened the theatrical world with escapades that were harmless enough, if sensational. Then, after a time, newspaper row began to whisper that young Clark was in love with the girl. The Broadway Beauties broke up, after a wild farewell dinner. The audiences ceased to expect a row of a dozen youths, all dressed alike with gardenias in their buttonholes and perhaps red neckties with their evening suits, to rise in their boxes on the star's appearance and solemnly bow. And the star herself lost a little of the anxious look she frequently wore.

The story went, after a while, that Judson Clark had been refused and was taking his refusal badly. Reporters saw him, carelessly dressed outside the stage door, waiting, and the story went that the girl had thrown him over, money and all, for her leading man. One thing was clear, Clark, not a drinker before, took to drinking hard, and after a time, after some unpleasant scenes probably, she refused to see him any more.

WHEN the play closed in June, 1911, she married Howard Lucas, her leading man; his third wife. Lucas had been not a bad chap, a good-looking, rather negligible man, given to all-day Sunday poker, carefully valeted, not very keen mentally, but amiable. They had bought a house on East Fifty-sixth Street, and were looking for a new play with Lucas as co-star, when he unaccountably went to pieces nervously, stopped sleeping, developed a slight twitching of his handsome, rather vacuous face.

Judson Clark had taken his yacht and gone to Europe, and was reported from here and there not too favorably. But when he came back, in early September, he had apparently recovered from his infatuation, was his old, carefully dressed self again, and when interviewed, declared his intention of spending the winter on his Wyoming ranch.

Of course he must have heard of Lucas's breakdown, and equally of course he must have seen them both. What happened at that interview, by what casual attitude he allayed Lucas's

probable jealousy and the girl's own nervousness, Bassett had no way of discovering. It was clear that he convinced them both of his good faith, for the next note in the reporter's book was simply a date, September 12, 1911.

That was the day they had all started west together, traveling in Clark's private car, with Lucas, twitching slightly, smiling and waving farewell from a window.

The big smash did not come until the middle of October.

Bassett sat back and considered. He had a fairly clear idea of the conditions at the ranch. Daily riding, some little reading, and a great deal too much of each other. A sick man, too, unhappy in his exile, chafing against his restrictions, lonely and irritable. The girl, early seeing her mistake, and Clark's jealousy of her husband. The door into their apartment closing the thousand and one unconscious intimacies between man and wife, the breakfast for two going up the stairs, and below that hot-eyed boy, agonized and passionately jealous, yet meeting them and looking after them, their host and a gentleman.

Lucas took to drinking, after a time, to allay his sheer boredom. And Jud Clark drank with him. At the end of three weeks they were both drinking heavily, and were politely quarrelsome. Bassett could fill that also. He could see the girl protesting, watching, increasingly anxious, as she saw that Clark's jealousy was matched by her husband's.

A queer picture, he reflected, the three of them shut away on the great ranch, and every day some new tension, some new strain.

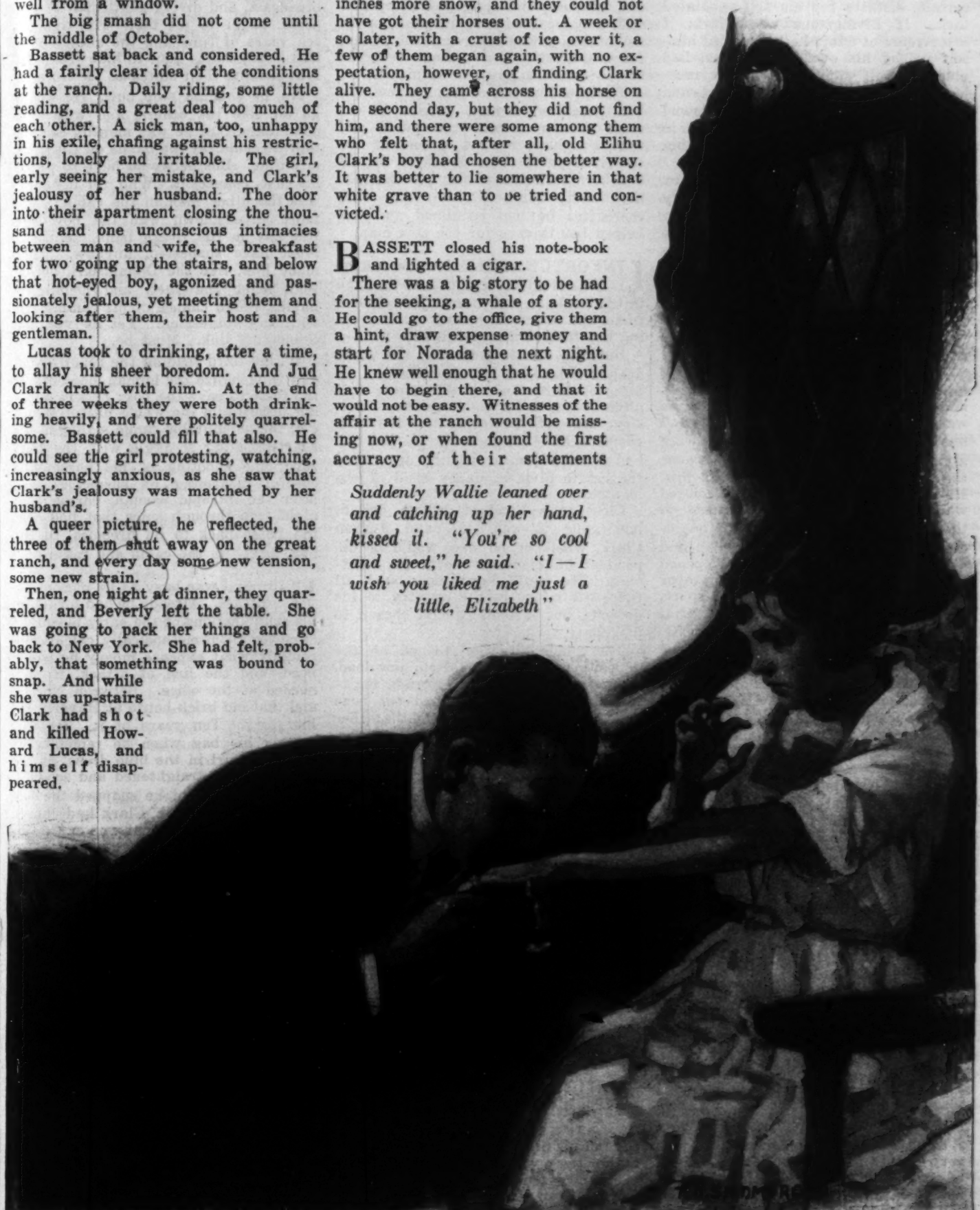
Then, one night at dinner, they quarreled, and Beverly left the table. She was going to pack her things and go back to New York. She had felt, probably, that something was bound to snap. And while she was up-stairs Clark had shot and killed Howard Lucas, and himself disappeared.

He had run, testimony at the inquest revealed, to the corral, and saddled a horse. Although it was only October, it was snowing hard, but in spite of that he had turned his horse toward the mountains. By midnight a posse from Norada had started out, and another up the Dry River Canyon, but the storm turned into a blizzard, and they were obliged to turn back. A few inches more snow, and they could not have got their horses out. A week or so later, with a crust of ice over it, a few of them began again, with no expectation, however, of finding Clark alive. They came across his horse on the second day, but they did not find him, and there were some among them who felt that, after all, old Elihu Clark's boy had chosen the better way. It was better to lie somewhere in that white grave than to be tried and convicted.

BASSETT closed his note-book and lighted a cigar.

There was a big story to be had for the seeking, a whale of a story. He could go to the office, give them a hint, draw expense money and start for Norada the next night. He knew well enough that he would have to begin there, and that it would not be easy. Witnesses of the affair at the ranch would be missing now, or when found the first accuracy of their statements would either be dulled by time or have been added to with the passing years. The ranch itself might have passed into other hands. To reconstruct the events of ten years ago might be impossible, or nearly so. But that was not his problem. He would have to connect Norada with Haverly, Clark with Livingstone. One thing only was

Suddenly Wallie leaned over and catching up her hand, kissed it. "You're so cool and sweet," he said. "I—I wish you liked me just a little, Elizabeth"



simple. If he found Livingstone's story was correct, that he had lived on a ranch near Norada, before the crime, and as Livingstone, then he would acknowledge that two men could look precisely alike and come from the same place, and yet not be the same. If not——

But, after he had turned out his light and got into bed, he began to feel a certain distaste for his self-appointed task. If Livingstone was Clark, if after years of effort he had pulled himself up by his own boot straps, had made himself a man out of the reckless boy he had been, a decent and useful citizen, why pull him down? After all, the world hadn't lost much in Lucas; a sleek, not over-intelligent big animal, that had been Howard Lucas.

He decided to sleep over it, and by morning he found himself not only disinclined to the business, but firmly resolved to let it drop. Things were well enough as they were. The woman in the case was making good. Jud was making good. And nothing would restore Howard Lucas to that small theatrical world of his which had waved him good-bye at the station so long ago.

He shaved and dressed, his resolution still holding. He had indeed almost a conscious glow of virtue, for he was making one of those inglorious and unsung sacrifices which ought to bring a man credit in the next world, because they certainly get him nowhere in this. He was quite affable to the colored waiter who served his breakfasts in the bachelor apartment house, and increased his weekly tip to a dollar and a half. Then he sat down and opened the *Times-Republican*, skimming over it, after his habit, for his own space, and frowning over a bunch of exclamation and interrogation points unwittingly set behind the name of the mayor.

On the second page, however, he stopped, coffee cup in air.

"Is Judson Clark Alive? Wife of former ranch manager makes confession."

A WOMAN named Margaret Donaldson, it appeared, fatally injured by an automobile near the town of Norada, Wyoming, had made a confession on her death-bed. In it she stated that, afraid to die without shriving her soul, she had sent for the sheriff of Dallas County and had made the following confession:

That following the tragedy at the Clark ranch her husband, John Donaldson, since dead, had immediately, following the inquest, where he testified, started out into the mountains in the hope of finding Clark alive, as he knew of a deserted ranger's cabin where Clark sometimes camped when hunting. It was his intention to search for Clark at this cabin and effect his escape. He carried with him food and brandy.

That, owing to the blizzard, he was very nearly frozen, that he was obliged to abandon his horse, shooting it before he did so, and that, close to death himself, he finally reached the cabin and there found Judson Clark, the fugitive, who was very ill.

She further testified that her husband cared for Clark for four days, Clark being delirious at the time, and that on the fifth day on foot he started back for the Clark ranch, having left Clark locked in the cabin. On the following night he took three horses, two saddled, and one packed with food and supplies, and accompanied by herself, they went back to the cabin in the mountains, where she remained to care for Clark, while her husband returned to the ranch to prevent suspicion.

That, looking out of her window, she had perceived a man outside in the snow coming toward the cabin, and that she had thought it one of the searching party. That her first instinct had been to lock him out, but that she had finally admitted him, and that thereafter he had remained and had helped her to care for the sick man.

UNFORTUNATELY for the rest of the narrative, it appeared that the injured woman had here lapsed into a coma, and had subsequently died, carrying her further knowledge with her.

But the article went on, the story opened a field of infinite surmise. In all probability Judson Clark was still alive, living under some assumed identity, free of punishment, outwardly respectable. Three years before he had been adjudged legally dead, and the estate divided, under bond of the legatees.

Close to a hundred million dollars had gone to charities, and Judson Clark, wherever he was, would be dependent on his own efforts for existence. He could have summoned all the legal talent in the country to his defense, but instead he had chosen to disappear.

The whole situation turned on the deposition of Mrs. Donaldson, now dead. The local authorities at Norada maintained that the woman had not been sane for several years. On the other hand, the cabin to which she referred was well known, and no search of it had been made at the time. Clark's horse had been found not ten miles from the town, and the cabin was buried in snow twenty miles farther away. If Clark had made that journey on foot he had accomplished the impossible.

Certain facts, according to the local correspondent, bore out Margaret Donaldson's confession. Inquiry showed that she was supposed to have spent the winter following Judson Clark's crime with relatives in Omaha. She had returned to the ranch the following spring.

A detailed description of Judson Clark and a photograph of him accompanied the story. Bassett reread the article carefully, and swore a little, under his breath. If he had needed confirmation of his suspicions, it lay in his hand. But the situation had changed over night. There would be a search for Clark now, as wide as the knowledge of his disappearance. Local police authorities would turn him up in every city from Maine to the Pacific coast. Even Europe would be on the lookout, and South America.

But it was not the police he feared so much as the press. Not all of the papers, but some of them, would go after that story, and send their best men on it. It offered, not so much a chance of solution, as an opportunity to revive the old dramatic story. He could see, when he closed his eyes, the local photographers climbing to that cabin and later sending its pictures broadcast, and divers gentlemen of the press, eager to pit their wits against ten years of time and the ability of a once conspicuous man to hide from the law, packing their suitcases for Norada.

No, he couldn't stop now. He would go on, like the others, and with this advantage, that he was morally certain that he could lay his hands on Clark at any time. But he would have to prove his case, connect it. Who, for instance, was the other man in the cabin? He must have known who the boy was who lay in the rough bunk, delirious. Must have suspected, anyhow. That made him, like the Donaldsons, accessory after the fact, and criminally liable. Small chance of his coming out with any confession. Yet he was the connecting link. Must be.

On his third reading the reporter began to visualize the human elements of the fight to save the boy; he saw moving before him the whole pitiful struggle; the indomitable range manager, his heart-breaking struggle with the blizzard; the shooting of his horse; the careful disarming of suspicion; and later the intrepid woman, daring that night ride through snow that had sent the posse back to its firesides, to the boy, locked in the cabin and raving.

HIS mind was busy as he packed his suitcase. Already he had forgotten his compunctions of the early morning; he moved about methodically, calculating roughly what expense money he would need, and the line of attack, if any, needed at the office. Between Norada and that old brick house at Haverly lay his story. Ten years of it. He was closing his bag when he remembered the little girl in the blue dress, at the theater. He straightened and scowled.

After a moment he snapped the bag shut. Darn it all, if Clark had chosen to tie up with a girl that was on Clark's conscience, not his.

But he was vaguely uncomfortable.

"It's a queer world, Joe," he observed to the waiter, who had come in for the breakfast dishes.

"Yes, sir. It is *that*," said Joe.

During all the long night Dick sat by David's bedside. Earlier in the evening there had been a consultation; David had suffered a light stroke, but there was no paralysis, and the prognosis was good. For this time, at least, David had escaped, but there must be no other time. He was to be kept quiet and free from worry, his diet was to be carefully regulated, and with care he still had long years before him.

David slept, his breathing heavy and slow. In the morning there would be a nurse, but that night Dick, having sent Lucy to bed, himself kept watch. On the walnut bed lay Doctor David's

portly figure, dimly outlined by the shaded lamp, and on a chair drawn close sat Dick.

He was wide-awake and very anxious, but as time went on and no untoward symptoms appeared, as David's sleep seemed to be more natural, Dick's thoughts wandered. They went to Elizabeth first, and then on and on from that starting-point, through the years ahead. He saw the old house with Elizabeth waiting in it for his return; he saw both their lives, united and flowing on together, with children, with small cares, with the routine of daily living, and behind it all the two of them, hand in hand.

Then his mind turned on himself. How often in the past ten years it had done that. He had sat off, with a sort of professional detachment, and studied his own case. With the entrance into his world of the new science of psychoanalysis, he had made now and then small, not very sincere attempts to penetrate the veil of his own unconscious devising. Not very sincere, for with the increase of his own knowledge of the mind, he had learned that behind such conditions as his lay generally, deeply hidden, the desire to forget. And that behind that there lay, acknowledged or not, fear.

"But to forget what?" he used to say to David, when the first text-books on the new science appeared, and he and David were learning the new terminology, Dick eagerly and David with contemptuous snorts of derision. "To forget what?"

"YOU had plenty to forget," David would say, stolidly. "I think this man's a fool, but at that — you'd had your father's death for one thing. And you'd gone pretty close to the edge of eternity yourself. You'd fought single-handed the worst storm of ten years, you came out of it with double pneumonia, and you lay alone in that cabin about fifty-six hours. Forget! You had plenty to forget."

He had accepted that theory without question, finally. There seemed, indeed, nothing to question. He had gone shooting in the mountains, a month or so after his father's death, and had there been caught and almost died. David, searching for him, had found and cared for him with the aid of a woman from the ranch, and had helped him to co-ordinate such memories as remained to him.

Curiously enough, they all referred to his childhood. There had been David's brother, his father, a rather elderly man, who had taught him to ride. And there had been a tutor, a young man who was afraid of a horse, and who used to take him on long walks. The ranch had seemed enormous, and he remembered being with the elderly man one day on a mountain top, and being told that a good bit of all the land in sight would be his one day. There were other things, too, not so clear. His mother, a shadowy memory of a tall woman who was mostly in bed; horses and dogs; a corral with a high fence and sometimes cattle, sometimes horses, milling around inside it, while men on horseback would single out one and rope it. But he could not remember any names at all.

He had a general impression that there had been plenty of money in those days. He could hardly have told how he felt that. But the ranch had been sold on his father's death and had barely paid the creditors.

He had had, at times since he came east, an occasional desire to go back and see that early home again. Later on, he knew that if he were ever to fill up the gap in his life it would be easier in that environment of once familiar things. But in the first days he had been totally dependent on David, and money was none too plentiful. Later on, as the new life took hold, as he went to medical college and worked at odd clerical jobs in vacations to help pay his way, there had been no chance. Then the war came, and on his return there had been the practise, and his knowledge that David's health was not what it should have been.

"I've hardly spoken a dozen words to him in my life. But remember this, Nina—when I do find the man I want to marry, I shall make up my own mind."

BUT as time went on he was more and more aware that there was in him a peculiar shrinking from going back, almost an apprehension. He knew more of the mind than he had before, and he knew that not physical hardship, but mental stress, caused such lapses as his. But what mental stress, in a boy of twenty-two or so, could be great enough for such a smash?

He was obliged to face this also, and he did it with distaste. He had never found himself lacking in courage. Certainly he would have fought a man who called him a coward. But there was cowardice behind all such conditions as his; a refusal of the mind to face reality. It was weak. Weak. He hated himself for that past failure of his to face reality.

But that night, sitting by David's bed, he faced reality with a vengeance. He was in love, and he wanted the things that love should

bring to a normal man. He felt normal. He felt, strengthened by love, that he could face whatever life had to bring, so long as it also brought Elizabeth.

He had taken his fears to David that Sunday night and David had scoffed at them.

"Don't be a fool," he had said. "Go ahead and take her, if she'll have you. And don't be too long about it. I'm not as young as I used to be."

"What I feel," he had replied, "is this: I don't know, of course, if she cares." David had grunted. "I do know I'm going to try to make her care, if it — if it's in the wood. But I'd like to go back to the ranch again, David, before things go any further."

"Why?"

"I'd like to fill the gap. Attempt it anyhow."

What he was thinking about, as he sat by David's bedside, was David's attitude toward that threatened return of his. For David had opposed it, offering a dozen trivial, almost puerile reasons. Had shown, indeed, a dogged obstinacy and an irritability that were, somehow, oddly like fear. David afraid! David, whose life and heart were open books. David, whose eyes never wavered, nor his courage.

"You let well enough alone, Dick," he had said at the end. "You've got everything you want. And a medical man can't afford to go gadding about. When people want him they want him."

But he had noticed that David had been different since. He had taken to following him with his faded old eyes, had even spoken once of retiring and turning all the work over to him. Was it possible that David did not want him to go back to Norada? But that would imply — —

He bent over and felt the sick man's pulse. It was stronger, not so rapid.

ODDLY enough, that was his first memory of David. He had been lying in a rough bunk in the mountain cabin, and David beside him on a wooden box had been bending forward and feeling his pulse. He had felt very weak and utterly inert, and he knew now that he had been very ill. The cabin had been a small and lonely one, with snow-peaks not far above it, and it had been very cold. During the day a woman kept up the fire. Her name was Maggie, and she moved about the cabin like a thin ghost. At night she slept in a lean-to shed, and David kept the fire going. A man who seemed to know him well — John Donaldson, he learned, was his name — was Maggie's husband, and every so often he came, about dawn, and brought food and supplies.

After a long time, as he grew stronger, Maggie had gone away, and David had fried the bacon and heated the canned tomatoes or the beans. Before she left she had written out a recipe for biscuits, and David would study over it painstakingly, and then produce a panful of burned and blackened lumps, over which he would groan and agonize.

He himself had been totally incurious. He lived a sort of animal life of food and sleep, and later on of small tentative excursions around the room on legs that shook when he walked. The snows came and almost covered the cabin, and David had read a great deal, and talked at intervals. David had tried to fill up the gap in his mind. That was how he learned that David was his father's brother, and that his father had recently died.

GOING over it all now, it had certain elements that were not clear. They had, for instance, never gone back to the ranch at all. With the first clearing of the snow in the spring John Donaldson had appeared again, leading two saddled horses and driving a pack animal and they had started off, leaving him standing in the clearing and staring after them. But they had not followed Donaldson's trail. They had started west, over the mountains, and David did not know the country. Once they were lost for three days.

He looked at the figure on the bed. Only ten years, and yet at that time David had been vigorous, seemed almost young. He had aged in that ten years. On the bed he was an old man, a tired old man at that. On that long ride he had been tireless. He had taken the burden of the nightly camps, and had hacked a trail with his hatchet across snow-fields, while Dick, still weak but furiously protesting, had been compelled to stand and watch.

Now, with the perspective of time behind him, and with the clearly defined issue of David's protest against his return to the west, he again went over the details of that winter and spring. Why had they not taken Donaldson's trail? Or gone back to the ranch? Why, since Donaldson could make it, had not other visitors come? Another doctor, the night he almost died, and David sat under the lamp behind the close-screened windows, and read the very pocket prayer-book that now lay on the stand beside the bed? Why had they burned his clothes, and Donaldson brought a new outfit? Why did Donaldson, for all Dick's requests, never bring a razor, so that when they struck the railroad, miles from anywhere, they were both full bearded?

He brought himself up sharply. He had allowed his imagination to run away with him. He had been depicting a flight, and no one who knew David could imagine him in flight.

Nevertheless, he was conscious of a new uneasiness and anxiety. When David recovered sufficiently, he would go to Norada, as he had told Elizabeth, and there he would find the Donaldsons, and clear up the things that bothered him. After that — —

He thought of Elizabeth, of her sweetness and sanity. He remembered her at the theater the evening before, lost in its fictitious emotions, its counterfeit drama. He had felt moved to comfort her, when he found her on the verge of tears.

"Just remember, they're only acting," he had said.

"Yes. But life does do things like that to people."

"Not often. The theater deals in the dramatic exceptions to life. You and I, plain bread-and-butter people, come to see these things because we get a sort of vicarious thrill out of them."

"Doesn't anything ever happen to the plain bread-and-butter people?"

"A little jam, sometimes. Or perhaps they drop it, butter-side down, on the carpet."

"But that is tragedy, isn't it?"

He had had to acknowledge that it might be. But he had been quite emphatic over the fact that for the most part people didn't drop it.

After a long time he slept in his chair. The spring wind came in through the open window and fluttered the leaves of the old prayer-book on the stand.

The week that followed was an anxious one. David's physical condition slowly improved. The slight thickness was gone from his speech, and he sipped resignedly at the broths Lucy or the nurse brought at regular intervals. Over the entire house there hung all day the odor of stewing chicken or of beef tea in the making, and above the door-bell was a white card which said: "Don't ring. Walk in."

AS it happened, no one in the old house had seen Maggie Donaldson's confession in the newspaper. Lucy was saved that anxiety, at least. Appearing, as it did, the morning after David's stroke, it came in with the morning milk, lay about unnoticed, and passed out again, to start a fire or line a pantry shelf. Harrison Miller, next door, read it over his coffee. Walter Wheeler in the eight-thirty train glanced at it and glanced away. Nina Ward read it in bed. And that was all.

There came to the house a steady procession of inquirers and bearers of small tribute, flowers and jellies mostly, but other things also. A table in David's room held a steadily growing number of bedroom slippers, and Mrs. Morgan had been seen buying soles for still others. David, propped up in his bed, would cheer a little at these votive offerings, and then relapse again into the heavy, troubled silence that worried Dick and frightened Lucy Crosby. Something had happened, she was sure. Something connected with Dick. She watched David when Dick was in the room, and she saw that his eyes followed the younger man with a sort of terror in them.

And, for the first time since he had walked into the house that night so long ago, followed by the tall young man, for whose coming a letter had prepared her, she felt that David had withdrawn himself from her. She went about her daily tasks, a little hurt, and waited for him to choose his own time. But, as the days went on, she saw that, whatever this new thing was, he meant to fight it out alone, and that the fighting it out alone was bad for him. He improved very slowly.

She wondered, sometimes, if it was, after all, because of Dick's growing interest in Elizabeth Wheeler. She knew that he was seeing her daily, although he was too busy now for more than a

"Then Henry Livingstone wasn't married—or at least had no children?" asked Bassett. "No, he wasn't married," the storekeeper glanced at him shrewdly. "And he'd been dead two days before any one knew it"

hasty call. She felt that she could even tell when he had seen her; he would come in, glowing and almost exalted, and as if to make up for the moments stolen from David, would leap up the stairs two at a time and burst into the invalid's room like a cheerful cyclone. Wasn't it possible that David had begun to feel as she did, that the girl was entitled to a clean slate before she pledged herself to Dick? And the slate — poor Dick — could never be cleaned.

Then one day David astonished them. He was propped up in his bed, and he had demanded a cigar, and been very gently but firmly refused. He had been rather sulky about it, and Dick had been attempting to rally him into better humor, when he suddenly interrupted:

"I'VE had time to think things over, Dick," he said. "I haven't been fair to you. You're thrown away here. Besides —" he hesitated. Then: "We might as well face it. The day of general practitioner has gone."

"I don't believe it," Dick said stoutly. "Maybe we are only the sign-posts to point the way to the other fellows, but the world will always need sign-posts."

"What I've been thinking," David pursued his own train of thought, "is this: I want you to go to Johns Hopkins and take up the special work you've been wanting to do. I'll be up and around in a week."

"Call the nurse, Aunt Lucy," said Dick. "He's raving."

"Not at all," David retorted testily. "I've told you. This whole town only comes here now to be told what specialist to go to, and you know it."

"I don't know anything of the sort."

"If you don't, it's because you won't face the facts."

Dick chuckled, and threw an arm over David's shoulder.

"You old hypocrite!" he said. "You're trying to get rid of me, for some reason. Don't tell me you're going to get married!"

But David did not smile. Lucy, watching him from her post by the window, saw his face and felt a spasm of fear. At the most she had feared a mental conflict in David. Now she saw that it might be something infinitely worse, something impending and immediate. She could hardly reply when Dick appealed to her.

"Are you going to let him get rid of me like this, Aunt Lucy?" he demanded. "Sentenced to Johns Hopkins, like Napoleon to St. Helena! Are you with me, or forninst me?"

"I don't know, Dick," she said, with her eyes on David. "If it's for your good — —"

She went out after a time, leaving them at it hammer and tongs. David was vanquished in the end, but Dick, going down to the office later on, was puzzled. Somehow, it was borne in on him that behind David's insistence was a reason, unspoken but urgent, and the only reason that occurred to him as possible was that David did not, after all, want him to marry Elizabeth Wheeler. He put the matter to the test that night, wandering in, as was his custom before going to bed, in dressing-gown and slippers, for a brief chat. The nurse was down-stairs, and Dick moved about the room restlessly. Then he stopped and stood by the bed, looking down.

A few nights ago, David, I asked you if you thought it would be right for me to marry; if my situation justified it, and if to your knowledge there was any other reason why I could not or should not. You said there was not."

"There is no reason, of course. If she'll have you."

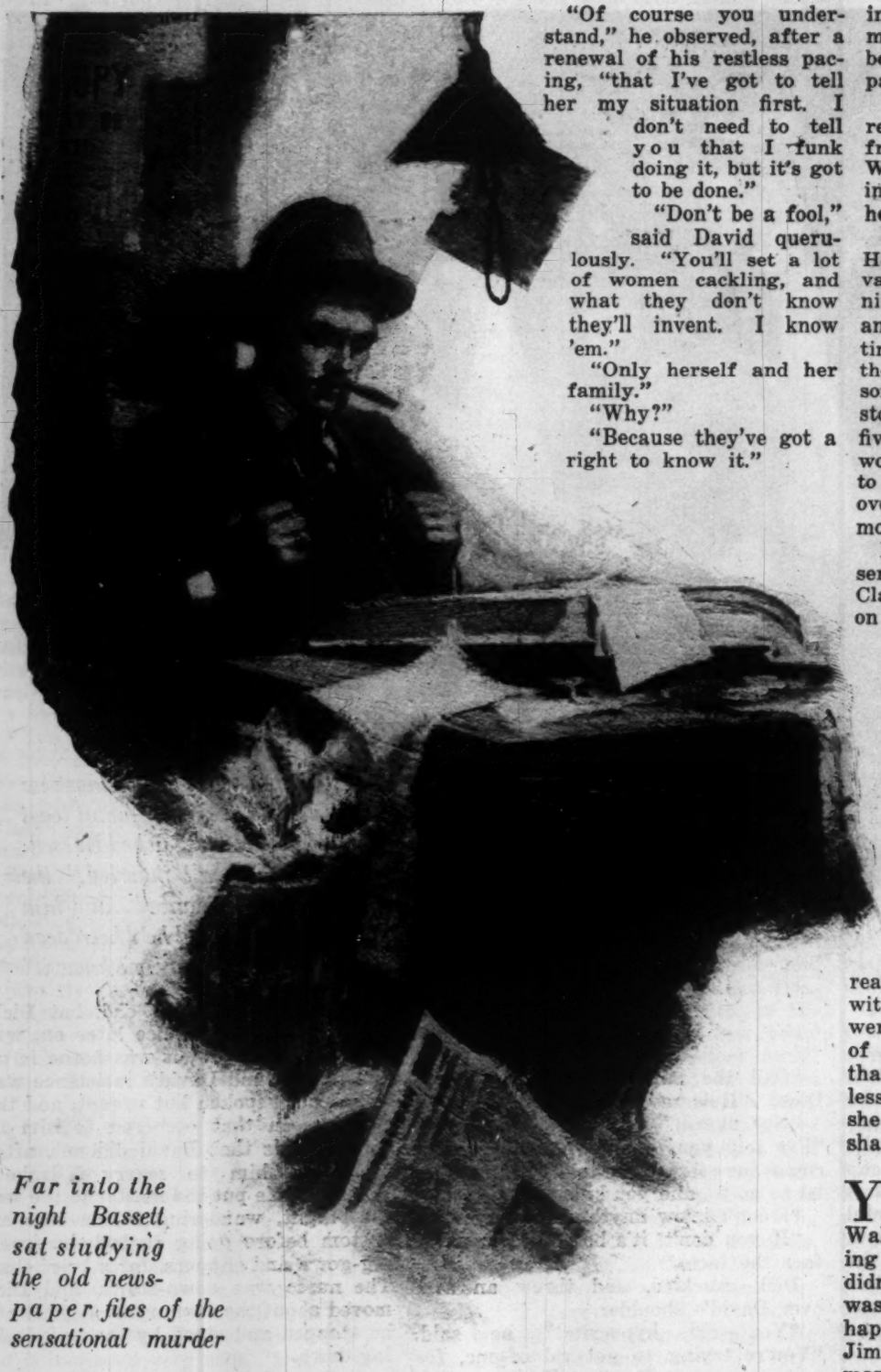
"I don't know that. I know that whether she will or not is a pretty vital matter to me, David."

David nodded silently.

"BUT now you want me to go away. To leave her. You're rather urgent about it. And I feel — well, I begin to think you have a reason for it."

David clenched his hands, under the bedclothing, but his eyes met Dick fairly.

"She's a good girl," he said. "And



Far into the night Bassett sat studying the old newspaper files of the sensational murder

she's entitled to more than you can give her, the way things are."

"That is presupposing that she cares for me. I haven't an idea that she does. That she may, in time — Then, that's the reason for this Johns Hopkins thing, is it?"

"That's the reason," David said stoutly. "She would wait for you. She's that sort. I've known her all her life. She's as steady as a rock. But she's been brought up to have a lot of things. Walter Wheeler is well off. You do as I want you to; pack your things and go to Baltimore. Get Reynolds down here to look after the work until I'm around again."

But Dick evaded the direct issue thus opened, and followed another line of thought.

"Of course you understand," he observed, after a renewal of his restless pacing, "that I've got to tell her my situation first. I don't need to tell you that I funk doing it, but it's got to be done."

"Don't be a fool," said David querulously. "You'll set a lot of women cackling, and what they don't know they'll invent. I know 'em."

"Only herself and her family."

"Why?"

"Because they've got a right to know it."

But when he saw David formulating a further protest, he dropped the subject.

"I'll not do it until we've gone into it together," he promised. "There's plenty of time. You settle down now and get ready for sleep."

When the nurse came in at eleven o'clock she found Dick gone and David very still, with his face to the wall.

It was the end of May before David began to move about his upper room. The trees along the shaded streets had burst into full leaf by that time, and Mike was enjoying that gardener's interval of paradise when flowers grow faster than the weeds beside them. Harrison Miller, having rolled his lawn through all of April, was heard abroad in the early mornings with the lawn mower or, hoe in hand, was to be seen behind his house in his vegetable patch.

Cars rolled through the streets, the rear seats laden with blossoming loot from the country lanes, and the Wheeler dog was again burying bones in the soft, warm ground under the hedge.

Elizabeth Wheeler was very happy. Her look of expectant waiting, once vague, had crystallized now into definite form. She was waiting, timidly and shyly, but with infinite content. In time everything would come. And in the meantime there was to-day, and sometime to-day a shabby car would stop at the door, and there would be five minutes, or ten. And then Dick would have to hurry to work, or back to David. After that, to-day was over, but there would always be to-morrow.

Now and then, at choir practise or at service, she saw Clare Rossiter. But Clare was very cool to her, and never on any account sought her, or spoke to her. She was unhappy about Clare, when she remembered her. It must be so terrible to care for a man who only said, when one spoke of her, "Oh, the tall blonde girl?"

Once or twice, too, she had found Clare's eyes on her, and they were hostile eyes. It was almost as though they said: "I know I told you. But if you ever tell him, I'll kill you."

Yet, somehow Elizabeth found herself not entirely believing that Clare's passion was real. Because, the real thing you hid, with all your might, at least until you were sure it was wanted. After that, of course you could be so proud of it that you might become utterly shameless. She was afraid sometimes that she was the sort who would be utterly shameless.

YET, for all her halcyon hours, there were little things that worried her. Wallie Sayre, for instance, always having to be kept from saying things she didn't want to hear. And Nina. She wasn't sure that Nina was entirely happy. And, of course, there was Jim. Jim was difficult. Sometimes he was a man, and then again he was a boy, and one never knew just which he was going to be. He was too old for discipline and too young to manage himself. He was spending almost all his evenings away from home now.

Elizabeth had waited up for him one night, only a short time before, and beckoning him into her room, had talked to him severely.

"You ought to be ashamed, Jim," she said. "You're simply worrying mother sick."

"Well, why?" he demanded defiantly. "I'm old enough to take care of myself."

"You ought to be taking care of her, too."

He had looked rather crestfallen at that, and before he went out he offered a half-sheepish explanation.

"I'd tell them where I go," he said, "but you'd think a pool-room was on the direct road to hell. Take tonight, now, I can't tell them about it, but it was all right. I met Wallie Sayre at the club, and Leslie, before dinner, and we got a fourth and played bridge. Les telephoned Nina, and we had dinner. I swear we were going on playing, but somebody brought in a chap named Gregory for a cocktail. He turned out to be a brother of Beverly Carlysle, the actress, and he took us around to the theater and gave us a box. Not a thing wrong with it, was there?"

"Where did you go from there?" she persisted, inexorably. "It's half-past one."

"Went around and met her. She's a queen, Elizabeth. But do you know what would happen if I told them? They'd have a fit."

She felt rather helpless, because she knew he was right, from his own standpoint.

"I know. I'm surprised at Les, Jim."

"Oh, Les. He just trailed along. He's all right."

She kissed him and he went out, leaving her to lie awake for a long time. She would have had all her world happy, those days, and all her world good. She didn't want anybody's bread and butter spilled on the carpet.

So the days went on, and the web slowly wove itself into its complicated pattern. Bassett speeding west, and David in his quiet room; Jim Wheeler and Leslie Ward seeking amusement, and finding it in the littered dressing-room of a woman star at a local theater; Clare Rossiter brooding, and the little question being whispered behind hands, figuratively, of course—the village was entirely well bred; Gregory calling round to see Bassett, and turning away with the information that he had gone away for an indefinite time. And Maggie Donaldson lying in the cemetery at the foot of the mountains outside Norada, having shriven her soul to the limit of her strength so that she might face her Maker.

OUT of all of them it was Clare Rossiter who made the first conscious move of the shuttle. Clare, affronted and not a little malicious, but perhaps still dramatizing herself, this time as the friend who feels forced to carry bad tidings. Behind even that, however, was an unconscious desire to see Dick again, and this time so to impress herself on him that never again could he pass her in the street unnoticed.

On the day, then, that David first sat up in bed Clare went to the house and took her place in the waiting-room. She was dressed with extreme care, and she carried a parasol. With it, while she waited, she drilled small, nervous indentations in the old office carpet, and formulated her line of action.

Nevertheless, she found it hard to begin.

"I don't want to keep you, if you're busy," she said, avoiding his eyes. "If you are in a hurry——"

"This is my business," he said patiently. And waited.

"I wonder if you are going to understand me, when I do begin?"

"You sound alarmingly ominous." He smiled at her, and she had a moment of panic. "You don't look like a young lady with anything eating at her damask cheek. Or however it goes."

"Doctor Livingstone," she said suddenly, "people are saying something about you that you ought to know."

He stared at her, amazed and incredulous.

"About me? What can they say? That's absurd."

"I felt you ought to know. Of course I don't believe it. Not for a moment. But you know what this town is."

"I know it's a very good town," he said steadily. "However, let's have it. I dare say it is not very serious."

Elizabeth tried to banish all worldly thoughts on Sunday mornings. She was a small girl, pretty with the beauty of youth in her black cassock and white surplice

She was uneasy enough by this time and rather frightened when she had finished. For he sat, quiet and rather pale, not looking at her at all, but gazing fixedly at an old daguerreotype of David that stood on his desk. One that Lucy had shown him one day and that he had preempted. David at the age of eight, in a small black velvet suit and with very thin legs.

"I thought you ought to know," she justified herself, nervously.

Dick got up.

"Yes," he said. "I ought to know, of course. Thank you."

When she had gone he went back and stood before the picture again. From Clare's first words he had a stricken conviction that the thing was true. That, as Mrs. Cook Morgan's visitor from Wyoming had insisted, Henry Livingstone had never married, never had a son. He stood and gazed at the picture. His world had collapsed about him, but he was steady and very erect.

"David, David!" he thought. "Why did you do it? And what am I? And who?"

But whatever David had done, his motive had been right. Dick would have to start with that. If David had built for him a false identity, it was because there was a reason, then. Something shameful, something he was to be taken away from. Wasn't it probable that David had heard the gossip, and had then collapsed? Wasn't the fear that he himself would hear it behind

David's insistence that he go to Baltimore?

His thoughts flew to Elizabeth. Everything was changed now, as to Elizabeth. He would have to be very certain of that past of his before he could tell her that he loved her, and he had a sense of immediate helplessness. He could not go to David, as things were. To Lucy?

Probably he would have gone to her at once, but the telephone rang. He answered it, got his hat and bag and went out to the car. After all, his work was the first thing; after that, his own concerns.

At half-past six Lucy heard him come in, and go into his office. When he did not immediately reappear and take his flying run up the stairs to David's room, she stood outside the office door and listened. She had a premonition of something wrong, something of the truth, perhaps. Anyhow, she tapped at the door and opened it, to find him sitting very quietly at his desk, with his head in his hands.

"Dick," she exclaimed. "Is anything wrong?"

"I have a headache," he said. He looked at his watch and got up. "I'll take a look at Uncle David, and then we'll have dinner. I didn't know it was so late."

But when she had gone out he did not immediately move. He had been going over again, painfully and carefully, the things that puzzled him, now that he thought about them at all. David and Lucy's reluctance to discuss his father; the long days in the cabin, with David helping him to reconstruct his past; the spring, and that slow progress which now he felt, somehow, had been an escape.

He ate very little dinner, and Lucy's sense of dread increased. When, after the meal, she took refuge in her sitting-room on the lower floor and picked up her knitting, it was with a conviction that it was only a temporary reprieve. She did not know from what.

SHE heard him, some time later, coming down from David's room. But he did not turn into his office. Instead, he came on to her door, stood for a moment in the doorway like a man undecided, then came in. She did not look at him, even when, very gently, he took her knitting from her and laid it on the table.

"Aunt Lucy?"

"Yes, Dick."

"Don't you think we'd better have a talk?"

"What about?" she asked with her heart hammering.

"About me." He stood above her and looked down, still with the tenderness with which he always regarded her, but with resolution in his very attitude. "First of all, I'll tell you something. Then I'll ask you to tell me all you can."

She yearned over him as he told her, for all her terror. His voice, for all its steadiness, was strained.

"I have felt for some time," he finished, "that you and David were keeping something from me. I think, now, that this is what it was. Of course, you realize that I shall have to know."

"Dick! Dick!" was all she could say.

"I WAS about," he went on, with his almost terrible steadiness, "to ask a girl to take my name. I want to know if I have a name to offer her. I have, you see, only two alternatives to believe about myself. Either I am Henry Livingstone's illegitimate son, and in that case I have no right to my name, or to offer it to any one, or I am"— he made a despairing gesture — "or I am some one else, some one who was smuggled out of the mountains and given an identity that makes me a living lie."

Always she had known that this might come sometime, but always, too, she had seen David bearing the brunt of it. He could bear it. It was not of her doing or of her approving. For years the danger of discovery had hung over her like a cloud.

"Do you know which?" he persisted.

"Yes, Dick."

"Would you have the unbelievable cruelty not to tell me?"

She got up, a taut little figure with a dignity born of her fear and her love for him.

"I shall not betray David's confidence," she said. "Long ago I warned him that this time would come. I was never in favor of keeping you in ignorance. But it is David's problem, and I cannot take the responsibility of telling you."

He knew her determination, and her obstinate loyalty. But he was fairly desperate.

"You know that if you don't tell me, I shall go to David."

"If you go now you will kill him."

"It's as bad as that, is it?" he asked grimly. "Then there is something shameful behind it, is there?"

"No, no, Dick. Not that. And I want you always to remember this:

He staggered to a chair, and ran a handkerchief across his shaking lips. He's given it away. They're hound dogs on a scent, Bev. They'll

What David did was out of love for you. He has made many sacrifices for you. First he saved your life, and then he made you what you are. And he has had a great pride in it. Don't destroy his work of years."

Her voice broke and she turned to go out, her chin quivering, but half-way to the door he called to her.

"Aunt Lucy," he said gently.

She heard him behind her, felt his strong arms as he turned her about. He drew her to him and, stooping, kissed her cheek.

"You're right," he said. Always right. I'll not worry him with it. My word of honor. When the time comes he'll tell me, and until it comes, I'll wait. And I love you both. Don't ever forget that."

He kissed her again and let her go.

But long after David had put his prayer-book away that night, and after the nurse had rustled down the stairs to the night supper on the dining-room table, Lucy lay awake and listened to Dick's slow pacing of his bedroom floor.

He was very gentle with David from that time on, and tried to return to his old light-hearted ways. On the day David was to have his first broiled sweetbread he caught the nurse outside, borrowed her cap and apron and carried in the tray himself.

"I hope your food is to your taste, Doctor David," he said, in a high falsetto which set the nurse giggling in the hall. "I may not be much of a nurse, but I *can* cook."

EVEN Lucy was deceived at times. He went his customary round, sent out the monthly bills, opened and answered David's mail, bore the double burden of David's work and his own ungrudgingly, but off guard he was grave and abstracted. He began to look very thin, too, and Lucy often heard him pacing the floor at night. She thought that he seldom, or never, went to the Wheelers'.

And so passed the tenth day of David's illness, with the smile on Elizabeth's face growing a trifle fixed as three days went by without the shabby car rattling to the door; with "The Valley" playing its second and final week before going to New York; and with Leslie Ward unconsciously taking up the shuttle Clare had dropped, and carrying the pattern one degree further toward completion.

Just how Leslie Ward had drifted into his innocuous affair with the star of "The Valley" he was not certain himself. Innocuous it certainly was. Afterward, looking back, he was to wonder sometimes if it had not been precisely for the purpose it served. But that was long months after. Not until the pattern was completed was he to recognize his own work in it.

The truth was that he was not too happy at home. Nina's smart little house on the Ridgely Road had at first kept her busy. She had spent unlimited time with decorators, had studied and rejected innumerable water-color sketches of interiors, had haunted auction rooms and bid recklessly on things she felt at the moment she could not do without, later on to have to wheedle Leslie into straightening her bank balance. Thought, too, and considerable energy had gone into training and outfitting her servants, and still more into inducing them to wear the expensive uniforms she provided.

But what she made, so successfully, was a house rather than a home. There were times, indeed, when Leslie began to feel that it was not even a house, but a small hotel. They almost never dined alone, and when they did Nina would explain that everybody was tied up. Then, when dinner was over, restlessness would seize her, and she would want to run in to the theater, or make a call. If he refused, she nursed a grievance all evening.

And he did not like her friends. It came to the place where, when he knew one of the gay evenings was on, he would stay in town, playing billiards at his club, or occasionally wander into a theater, where he stood or sat at the back of the house and watched the play with cynical, rather unhappy eyes.

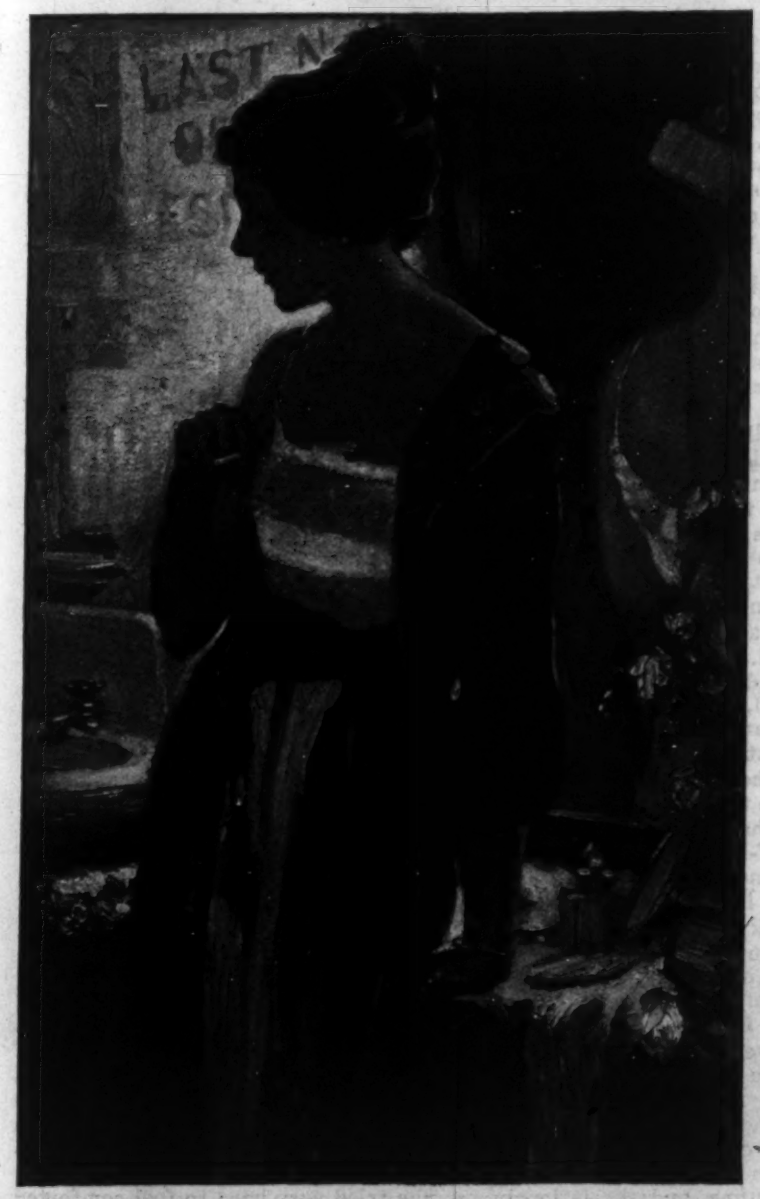
Then came Gregory, and the introduction to Beverly Carlysle, and a life that was new to him. Perhaps the very novelty was what first attracted him, the oddity of feeling that he was on terms of friendship, for it amounted to that with surprising quickness, with a famous woman, whose face smiled out at him from his morning paper or, huge and shockingly colored, from the billboards.

He formed the habit of calling on her in the afternoons at her hotel, and he saw that she liked it. It was often lonely, she explained. He sent her flowers and cigarettes and he found her poised and restful, and sometimes, when she was off guard, with the lines of old suffering in her face.

SHE sat still. She didn't fidget, as Nina did. She listened, too. She was not as beautiful as she seemed on the stage, but she was very good to look at, and he knew from the first that she placed no undue emphasis on his visits. In her world men came and went, brought or sent small tribute, and she was pleased and grateful. No more. The next week, or the week after, and other men in other places would be doing the same thing.

But he wondered about her, sometimes. Did she ever think of Judson Clark and the wreck he had made of her life? What of resentment and hatred lay behind her quiet face, or the voice with its careful intonations, which was so unlike Nina's?

Now and then he saw her brother. He neither liked nor disliked Gregory. He knew that he had been opposed to their playing the second week there, and that a small flutter of agitation, for some reason, always followed his entrance. More than once he had felt distinctly in the way, and had finally been driven away by that conviction.



"Saunders!" he said chokingly. "Saunders, the fool! get the story and blow it wide open!"

Then, one day, he happened on something that puzzled him. He said to Gregory:

"By the way, I saw you in Haverly yesterday afternoon."

"Must have seen somebody else. Haverly? Where's Haverly?"

Leslie Ward had been almost astounded. There had been no mistake about the recognition. But he passed it off with that curious sense of sex loyalty that will actuate a man even toward his enemies.

"Funny," he said. "Chap looked like you. Maybe a little heavier."

Nevertheless, he had a conviction that he had said something better left unsaid, and that Beverly Carlysle's glance at her brother was almost hostile. He had that instantaneous picture of the two of them, the man defiant and somehow frightened, and the woman's eyes anxious and yet slightly contemptuous. Then, in a flash, it was gone.

He had meant to go home that evening, would have, probably, for he was not ignorant of where he was drifting; but when he went back to the office Nina was on the wire with the news that they were to go with a party to a country inn.

"For chicken and waffles, Les," she said. "It will be oceans of fun. And I've promised the cocktails."

"I'm tired," he replied, sulkily. "And why don't you let some of the other fellows come over with the drinks? It seems to me I'm always the goat."

"Oh, if that's the way you feel!" Nina said, and hung up the receiver.

He did not go home. He went to the theater and stood at the back, with his sense of guilt deadened by the knowledge that Nina was having what she would call a heavenly time. After all, it would soon be over. He counted the days. "The Valley" had only four more before it moved on.

He had already played his small part in the drama that involved Dick Livingstone, but he was unaware of it. He went home that night, to find Nina already in bed and very sulky, and went to bed himself in no pleasant frame of mind. But he took a firmer hold of himself that night before he slept. He didn't want a smash, and yet they might be headed that way. He wouldn't see Beverly Carlysle again.

HE lived up to his resolve the next day, bought his flowers as usual, but this time for Nina, and took them with him.

But Nina was not at home. The butler reported that she was dining at the Wheelers', and he thought the man eyed him with restrained commiseration.

"Did she say I am expected there?" he asked.

"She ordered dinner for you here, sir."

Even for Nina that sounded odd. He took his coat and went out again to the car; after a moment's hesitation he went back and got the orchids.

Dick Livingstone's machine was at the curb before the Wheeler house, and in the living-room he found Walter Wheeler, pacing the floor. Mr. Wheeler glanced at him and looked away.

"Anybody sick?" Leslie asked, his feeling of apprehension growing.

"Nina is having hysterics up-stairs," Mr. Wheeler said, gravely, and continued his restless pacing.

"Nina! Hysterics?"

"That's what I said," replied Mr. Wheeler savagely. "Between you, you've made a fine mess of things, haven't you?"

Leslie placed the box of orchids on the table and drew off his gloves. His mind was running over many possibilities.

"You'd better tell me about it, hadn't you?"

"Oh, I will. Don't worry. I've seen this coming for months. I'm not taking her part. God knows I know her, and she has as much idea of making a home as — as — " he looked about — "as that poker has. But that's the worst you can say of her. As to you — —"

"Well?"

MR. WHEELER'S anxiety was greater than his anger. He lowered his voice.

"She got a bill to-day for two or three boxes of flowers sent to some actress." And when Leslie said nothing, "I'm not condoning it, mind you. You'd no business to do it. But," he added fretfully, "why the devil, if you've got to act the fool, don't you have your bills sent to your office?"

"I suppose I don't need to tell you that's all there was to it. Flowers, I mean."

"I'm taking that for granted. But she says she won't go back."

Leslie was aghast and frightened, not at the threat; she would go back, of course. But she would always hold it against him. She cherished small grudges faithfully. And he knew she would never understand, never see her own contribution to his mild defection nor comprehend the actual innocence of those afternoons of tea and talk.

There was no sound from up-stairs. Mr. Wheeler got his hat and went out, leaving him alone. Jim came in whistling, looked in and said: "Hello, Les," and disappeared. He sat in the growing twilight, and cursed himself for a fool. After all, where had he been heading? A man couldn't eat his cake and have it. But he was resentful, too; he stressed rather hard his own innocence, and chose to ignore the less innocent impulses that lay behind it.

After a half-hour or so he heard some one descending and Dick Livingstone appeared in the hall. He called to him, and Dick entered the room. Before he sat down he lighted a cigarette and in the flare of the match Leslie got an impression of fatigue and of something new, of trouble. But his own anxieties obsessed him.

"She told you about it, of course?"

"Yes."

"I was a fool, of course. But it was only a matter of a few flowers, and some afternoon calls. She's a fine woman, Livingstone, and she is lonely. The women have given her a pretty cold deal since the Clark story, I fancy. They copy her clothes and her walk, but they don't ask her into their homes."

"Isn't the trouble more fundamental than that, Ward? I was thinking about it up-stairs. Nina was pretty frank. She says you've had your good time, and want to settle down, and that she is young, and now is her only chance. Later on there may be children, you know. She blames herself, too, but she has a fairly clear idea of how it happened."

"Do you think she'll go back home?"

"She promised she would."

They sat smoking in silence. In the dining-room Annie was laying the table for dinner and a most untragic odor of new garden peas began to steal along the hall. Dick suddenly stirred and threw away his cigarette.

"I was going to talk to you about something else," he said, "but this is hardly the time. I'll get on home. He rose. "She'll be all right. Only I'd advise very tactful handling and — the fullest explanation you can make."

"What is it? I'd be glad to have something to keep my mind occupied. It's eating itself up just now."

"It's a personal matter."

Ward glanced up at him quickly.

"Yes?"

"Have you happened to hear a story that I believe is going around? One that concerns me?"

"Well, I have," Leslie admitted. "I didn't pay much attention. Nobody is taking it very seriously."

"That's not the point," Dick persisted. "I don't mind idle gossip. I don't give a rap about it. It's the statement itself."

"I should say you are the only person who knows anything about it."

Dick made a restless, impatient gesture.

"I WANT to know one thing more," he said. "Nina told you, I suppose. Does — I suppose Elizabeth knows it, too?"

"Yes. She knows it."

Dick turned abruptly and went out of the room, and a moment later Leslie heard the front door slam.

Elizabeth, standing at the head of the stairs, heard it also, and turned away, with a new droop to her usually valiant shoulders. Her world, too, had gone awry, that safe world of protection and cheer and kindliness. First had come Nina, white-lipped and shaken, and Elizabeth had had to face the fact that there was such a thing as treachery and queer hidden things that men did, and that came to light and brought horrible suffering.

And then, although at first she refused to believe it, there was something wrong with Dick. No. Between Dick and herself. Something that made his voice formal and rather hoarse, and separated them by miles even when they stood side by side. She was frightfully hurt, and inclined to search back to their last meeting for something she had said or done.

She tried very hard to feel comforted when Nina and Leslie were reconciled. For reconciled they were. Not immedi-

ately, not until late in the evening, indeed. There had been rather a bad time, for Nina had refused to see Leslie at all, and had preserved a stony silence when he insisted on entering her room. Then for an hour there had been only mostly Leslie's deep masculine tones, and an occasional sharp interjection from Nina, followed at last by sobbing that penetrated through the closet door, and made it necessary for Elizabeth to restrain her mother almost by force from going in.

But soon after that Leslie had gone down-stairs, and they heard him in the pantry and kitchen, moving about and whistling softly. The servants had gone, and the air was filled with the odor of burning bread. Some time later Mrs. Wheeler, waiting uneasily in the upper hall, beheld her son-in-law coming up and carrying proudly a tray on which was toast of incredible blackness and a pot which smelled feebly of tea.

"The next time you're out of a cook just send for me," he said cheerfully.

Mrs. Wheeler, full and overflowing with indignation and the piece of her mind she had meant to deliver, retired, vanquished, to her bedroom.

Late that night when Nina had finally forgiven him and had settled down for sleep, Leslie went down-stairs for a cigar, to find Elizabeth sitting there alone, a book on her knee, and her face wistful.

"Sitting and thinking, or just sitting?" he inquired.

"I was thinking."

"Air-castles, eh? Well, be sure you put the right man into them!" He felt more or less a fool for having said that, for it was extremely likely that Nina's family was feeling some doubt about Nina's choice.

"What I mean is," he added hastily, "don't be a fool and take Wallie Sayre. Take a *man*, while you're about it."

"I would, if I could do the taking."

"THAT'S piffle, Elizabeth." He sat down on the arm of a chair and looked at her. "Look here, what about this story the Rossiter girl and a few others are handing round about Dick Livingstone? You're not worrying about it, are you?"

"I don't believe it's true, and it wouldn't matter to me, anyhow."

"Good for you," he said heartily, and got up. "You'd better go to bed, young lady. It's almost midnight."

But although she rose she made no further move to go.

"What I am worrying about is this, Leslie. He may hear it."

"He has heard it, honey."

He had expected her to look alarmed, but instead she showed relief.

"I'll tell you the truth, Les," she said. "I *was* worrying. I — I'm terribly fond of him. It just came all at once, and I couldn't help it. And I thought he liked me, too, that way." She stopped and looked up at him to see if he understood and he nodded gravely. "Then to-day, when he came to see Nina, he avoided me. He — I was waiting in the hall up-stairs, and he just said a word or two and went on down."

"Poor devil!" Leslie said. "You see, he's in an unpleasant position, to say the least. But here's a thought to go to sleep on. If you ask me, he's keeping out of your way because he cares too much."

Long after a repentant and chastened Leslie had gone to sleep, his arm over Nina's unconscious shoulder, Elizabeth stood wide-eyed on the tiny balcony outside her room. From it in daylight she could see the Livingstone house. Now it was invisible, but an upper window was outlined in the light. Very shyly she kissed her finger-tips to it.

"Good-night, dear," she whispered.

Louis Bassett had left for Norada the day after David's sudden illness, but ten days later found him only as far as Chicago, and laid up in his hotel with a sprained ankle. It was not until the day Nina went back to the little house in the Ridgely Road, having learned the first lesson of married life, that men must not only be captured but also held, that he found himself able to resume his journey.

He had chafed wretchedly under the delay. It was true that nothing in the way of a story had broken yet. The *Tribune* had carried a photograph of the cabin where Clark had, according to the Donaldson woman, spent the winter following the murder, and there were the usual reports that he had been seen recently in spots as diverse as Seattle and New Orleans. But when the following Sunday brought nothing

Leslie formed the habit of calling on her. She was not as beautiful as she seemed on the stage, but she was very good to look at and she placed no undue emphasis on his visits

further, he surmised that the pack, having lost the scent, had been called off.

He confirmed this before starting west by visiting some of the old offices of the leading papers and looking up old friends. The Clark story was dead for the time. They had run a lot of pictures of him, however, and some one might turn him up eventually, but a scent was pretty cold in ten years. The place had changed, too. Oil had been discovered five years ago, and the old settlers had, a good many of them, cashed in and moved away. The town had grown like all oil towns.

Bassett was fairly content. He took the night train out of Chicago, and spent the next day crossing Nebraska, fertile, rich and interesting. On the afternoon of the second day he left the train and took a branch line toward the mountains and Norada, and from that time on he became an urbane, interested, and, generally, cigar-smoking interrogation point.

"Railroad been here long?" he asked the conductor.

"Four years."

"Norada must have been pretty isolated before that."

"Thirty miles in a coach or a Ford car."

"I was reading the other day," said Bassett, "about the Judson Clark case. Have a cigar? Got time to sit down?"

"You a newspaper man?"

"Oil-well supplies," said Bassett glibly. "Well, in this article it seemed some woman or other had made a confession. It sounded fishy to me."

"Well, I'll tell you about that." The conductor sat down and bit the end off his cigar. "I knew the Donaldsons well, and Maggie Donaldson was an honest woman. But I tell you how I explain the thing. Donaldson died, and that left her pretty much alone. The executors of the Clark estate kept her on the ranch, but when the estate was settled three years ago she had to move. That broke her all up. She's always said he wasn't dead. She kept the house just as it was, and my wife says she had his clothes all ready and everything."

"That rather sounds as though the story is true, doesn't it?"

"NOT necessarily. It's my idea she got from hoping to moping, so to speak. She went into town regular for letters for ten years, and the postmaster says she never got any. She was hurt in front of the post-office. The talk around here is that she's been off her head for the last year or two," he volunteered.

"But they found the cabin."

"Sure they did," said the conductor equably. "We all knew it was there. It was an old fire station before they put the new one on Goat Mountain. I spent a month in it myself, once, with a dude who wanted to take pictures of bear. We found a bear, but he charged the camera, and I'd be running yet if I hadn't come to civilization."

When he had gone Bassett fell into deep thought. So Maggie Donaldson had gone to the post-office for ten years. He tried to visualize those faithful, wearisome journeys through spring mud and winter snow, always futile and always hopeful. He did not for a moment believe that she had "gone off her head." She had been faithful to the end, as some women were, and in the end, too, as had others, she had died of her faith.

And again he wondered at the curious ability of some men to secure loyalty. They might go through life, tearing down ideas and destroying illusions, only to find that some faithful hand had rebuilt them for itself.

He was somewhat daunted at the size and bustling activity of Norada. Its streets were paved and well lighted, there was a park and a public library, and the clerk at the Commercial Hotel asked him if he wished a private bath! In one way it helped him, however. In the old Norada a newcomer might have been subject to a friendly but inquisitive interest. In this grown-up and self-centered community a man might come and go unnoticed.

HOWEVER, he found a real difficulty at the start. The pack, as he cynically thought of them, would have started at the Clark ranch and the cabin. He would get to them, of course, but he meant to start on the outside of the circle and work in.

"Been here long?" he asked the clerk at the desk, after a leisurely meal.

The clerk grinned.

"I came here two years ago. I never saw Jud Clark. To get to the Clark place take the north road out of the town and keep straight about eight miles. The road's good now. You fellows have worn it smooth."

"Must have written that down and learned it off," Bassett said admiringly. "What the devil's the Clark place? And why should I go there? Unless," he added, "they serve a decent meal."

"Sorry." The clerk looked at him sharply, was satisfied, and picked up a pen. "You'll hear the story if you stay around here any time. Anything I can do for you?"

But if the clerk had been there only two years he was not useful.

"Yes. Fire the cook," Bassett said, and moved away.

The next day, however he had a bit of luck. His elderly chambermaid had lived in the mountains behind the town for years.

"Ever hear of any Livingstones in these parts?" he asked.

She glanced at him. "Why, yes. There used to be a Livingstone ranch at Dry River," she said, pausing with her carpet-sweeper. "I only know the name. It wasn't much of a place, I think. Although you can't tell these days. I sold sixty acres eight years ago for two thousand dollars, and the folks that bought it are getting a thousand a day out of it."

She sighed. She had touched the hem of fortune's garment and passed on; for some opportunity knocked but faintly, and for others it burst open the door and forced its way in.

"I'd be a millionaire now if I'd held on," she said somberly.

That day Bassett engaged a car by the day, he to drive it himself and return it in good condition, the garage to furnish tires.

"I'd just like to say one thing," the owner said, as he tried the gears. "I don't know where you're going, and it's not exactly my business. Here in the oil country, where they're cutting each other's throats for new leases, we let a man alone. But if you've any idea of taking that car by the back road to the old fire station where Jud Clark's supposed to have spent the winter, I'll just say this: we've had two stuck up there for a week, and the only way I see to get them back is a cyclone."

"I'm going to Dry River," Bassett said shortly.

"Dry River's right, if you're looking for oil. Go easy on the brakes, old man. We need 'em in our business."

Dry River was a small settlement away from the railroad. It consisted of two intersecting, unpaved streets, a dozen or so houses, a closed and empty saloon and two general stores. He chose one at random and found that the old Livingstone place had been sold ten years ago, on the death of its owner, Henry Livingstone.

"His brother from the East inherited," said the storekeeper. "He came and sold out, lock, stock and barrel. Not that there was much. A few cattle and horses, and the stuff in the ranch house, which wasn't valuable. There were a lot of books and the brother gave them for a library, but we haven't any building. The railroad isn't built this far yet, and unless we get oil here it won't be."

"The brother inherited, eh? Do you know the brother's name?"

"David, I think. He was a doctor back East somewhere."

"Then this Henry Livingstone wasn't married? Or at least had no children?"

"HE wasn't married. He was a sort of hermit. He'd been dead two days before any one knew it. My wife went out when they found him and got him ready for the funeral. He was buried before the brother got here." He glanced at Bassett shrewdly. "The place has been prospected for oil, and there's a dry hole on the next ranch. I tell my wife nature's like the railroad. It quit before it got this far."

Bassett's last scruple had fled. The story was there, ready for the gathering. So ready, indeed, that he was almost suspicious of his luck.

And that conviction, that things were coming too easy, persisted through his interview with the storekeeper's wife, in the small house behind the store. She was a talkative woman, eager to discuss the one drama in a drab life, and she showed no curiosity as to the reason for his question.

"Henry Livingstone!" she said. "Well, I should say so. I went out right away when we got the word he was dead, and there I stayed until it was all over. I guess I know as much about him as any one around here does, for I had to go over his papers to find out who his people were."

The papers, it seemed, had not been very interesting, canceled checks and receipted bills, and a large bundle of

letters, all of them from a brother named David and a sister who signed herself Lucy. There had been a sealed one, too, addressed to David Livingstone, with instructions that it was not to be opened until after his death.

She had had her husband telegraph to "David", and he had come out just as quickly as he could, but he was too late for the funeral.

"Do you happen to remember when that was?"

"Let me see. Henry Livingstone died about a month before the murder at the Clark ranch. We date most everything around here from the time that happened."

"How long did 'David' stay?" Bassett had tried to keep his tone carefully conversational, but he saw that it was not necessary. She was glad of a chance to talk.

"Well, I'd say about three or four weeks. He hadn't seen his brother for years, and I guess there was no love lost. He sold everything as quick as he could, and went back east." She paused and glanced at the clock. "The mister will be in soon for dinner. I'd be glad to have you stay and have a meal with us."

The reporter thanked her and declined.

"It's an interesting story," he said. "I didn't tell your husband, for I wasn't sure I was on the right trail. But the David and Lucy business eliminates this man. There's a piece of property waiting in the east for a Henry Livingstone who came to this state in the '80's, or for his heirs. You can say positively that this Henry Livingstone was not married?"

"NO. He didn't like women. Never had one on the place. Two ranch hands that are still at the Wassons', and himself, that was all. The Wassons are the folks who bought the ranch."

No housekeeper, then, and no son born out of wedlock, so far as any evidence went. All that glib lying in the doctor's office, all that apparent openness and frankness gone by the board. The man in the cabin, reported by Maggie Donaldson, had been David Livingstone. Somehow, some way, he had got Judson Clark out of the country and spirited him east. Not that that mattered just yet. The essential fact was there, that David Livingstone had been in this part of the country at the time Maggie Donaldson had been nursing Judson Clark in the mountains.

There was to be no gap, then, no ten years to fill in. It all fitted together so closely that a knife blade could not find the joint, even to David's inheriting the ranch and Henry Livingstone's lack of living issue.

He prepared to go.

"You say this David went east, when he had sold out the place. Do you by any chance remember where he lived?"

"Some town in eastern Pennsylvania. I've forgotten the name."

"I've got to be sure I'm wrong, and then go ahead," he said, as he got his hat. "I'll see those men at the ranch, and then be on my way. How far is it?"

It was about ten miles, along a bad road, which kept him too much occupied for any connected thought. But his sense of exultation persisted. He had found Judson Clark.

Dick's decision to cut himself off from Elizabeth was born of his certainty that he could not see her and keep his head. He was absolutely determined to keep his head, until he knew what he had to offer her. But he was very unhappy. He worked sturdily all day, and slept at night out of sheer fatigue, only to rouse in the early morning to a conviction of something wrong before he was fully awake. Then would come the uncertainty and pain of full consciousness, and he would lie with his arms under his head, gazing unblinkingly at the ceiling and preparing to face another day.

Long after midnight Elizabeth stood on her balcony. She shyly kissed her finger-tips to a lighted window in the Livingstone house. "Good night, dear," she whispered

THERE was no prospect of early relief, although David had not again referred to his going away. David was very feeble. The look of him sometimes sent an almost physical pain through Dick's heart. But there were times when he roused to something like his old spirit, shouted for tobacco, frowned over his diet tray, and fought Harrison Miller when he came in to play cribbage, in much his old tumultuous manner.

Then, one afternoon late in May, when for four days he had not seen Elizabeth, suddenly he found the decision as to their relations taken out of his hands, and by Elizabeth herself.

He opened the door one afternoon, to find her sitting alone in the waiting room, clearly very frightened, and almost inarticulate. He could not speak at all, at first, and when he did his voice, to his dismay, was distinctly husky.

"Is — anything wrong?" he heard himself fairly croaking.

She got up then and stood looking at him, very timidly.

"That's what I want to know, Dick."

Suddenly he found himself violently angry. Not at her, of course. At everything.

"Wrong?" he said, in a savage voice.

"Yes. Everything is wrong."

She quite shrank from him. His face was very red.

"What have I done, Dick?"

As suddenly as he had been angry, he was abject and ashamed. Startled, too.

"You?" he said. "What have *you* done? You're the only thing that's right in a wrong world. You——"

He checked himself, put down his bag — he had just come in — and closed the door into the hall. Then he stood, at a safe distance from her, and folded his arms in order to be sure that he would not catch her to him and hold her there.

"Elizabeth," he said gravely. "I've been a fool and a coward. I stayed away because I've been in trouble. I'm still in trouble, for that matter. It hasn't anything to do with you. Not directly, anyhow."

"Don't you think it's possible that I know what it is?"

"You do know."

Every impulse in her cried out to try and comfort him. For just a moment she saw him, not as a man at all. but as a big boy, anxious and hurt. She was so afraid of the impulse that she became a trifle prim and academic.

"There is always gossip," she said, "and the only thing one can do is to forget it at once. You ought to be too big for that sort of thing."

"But — suppose it is true?"

"What difference would it make?"

HE made a quick movement toward her.

"There may be more than that. I don't know. Elizabeth," he said, his eyes on hers. "I have always thought — and I can't go to David now."

He was moved to go on. To tell her of his lost years, of that strange trick by which his mind had shut off those hidden years. But he could not. He had a perfectly human fear of being abnormal in her eyes, precisely but greatly magnified the same instinct which had made him inspect his new tie in daylight for fear it was too brilliant. But greater than that was his new fear that something not happy or right lay behind him under lock and key to his memory.

"I want you to know this, Dick," she said. "That nothing, no gossip or anything, can make any difference to me. And I've been terribly hurt. We've been such friends. You — I've been lying awake at night, worrying."

That went to his heart first, and then to his head. This might be all, all he was ever to have. This hour, and this precious and tender child, so brave in her declaration, so simple and direct; all his world in that imitation mahogany chair.

"You're all I've got — the one real thing in a world that's going to smash. I think I love you more than God."

The same mood, of accepting what he had without question, and of refusing to look ahead, actuated him for the next few days. He was incredibly happy.

He went about his work with his customary care and thoroughness, for long practise had made it possible for him to go on as though nothing had happened, to listen to querulous complaints and long lists of symptoms, and to write without error those scrawled prescriptions which were, so hopefully, to cure. Not that Dick himself believed greatly in those empirical doses, but he considered that the expectation of relief was half the battle. But that was the mind of him, which went about clothed in flesh, of course, and did its daily and nightly work, and put up a very fair imitation of Doctor Richard Livingstone. But hidden away was a heart that behaved in a highly unprofessional manner, and sang and dreamed, and jumped at the sight of a certain small figure on the street, and generally played hob with systole and diastole, and the vagus and accelerator nerves. Which are all any doctor really knows about the heart, until he falls in love.

He even began to wonder if he had read into the situation something that was not there, and in this his consciousness of David's essential rectitude helped him. David could not do a wrong thing, or an unworthy one. He wished he were more like David.

David, propped up in bed, would relapse into troubled silence that worried Dick and frightened Lucy Crosby

THE new humility extended to his love for Elizabeth. Sometimes, in his room or shaving before the bathroom mirror, he wondered what she could see in him to care about. He shaved twice a day now, and his face was so sore that he had to put cream on it at night, to his secret humiliation. When he was dressed in the morning he found himself once or twice taking a final survey of the *ensemble*, and at those times he wished very earnestly that he had some outstanding quality of appearance that she might admire.

He refused to think. He was content for a time simply to feel, to be supremely happy, to live each day as it came and not to look ahead. And the old house seemed to brighten with him. Never had Lucy's window-boxes been so bright, or Minnie's bread so light; the sun poured into David's sickroom and turned the nurse so dazzling white in her uniform that David declared he was suffering from snow-blindness.

And David himself was improving rapidly. With the passage of each day he felt more secure. The reporter from the *Times-Republican* — if he were really on Dick's trail he would have come to see him, would have told him the story. No. That bridge was safely crossed. And Dick was happy. David, lying in his bed, would listen and smile faintly, when he came whistling into

the house or leaped up the stairs two at a time; when he sang in his shower, or tormented the nurse with high-spirited nonsense. The boy was very happy. He would marry Elizabeth Wheeler, and things would go on — the fulness of life, young voices in the house — his thoughts wandered on.

On Decoration Day they got him out of bed, making a great ceremony of it, and when he was settled by the window in his big chair with a blanket over his knees, Dick came in with a great box. Unwrapping it disclosed a mass of paper and a small box, and within that still another.

"What fol-de-rol is all this?" David demanded fiercely, with a childish look of expectation in his eyes. "Give me that box. Some more slippers, probably!"

He worked eagerly, and at last he came to the small core of the mass. It was a cigar!

It was somewhat later, when the peace of good tobacco had relaxed him into a sort of benignant drowsiness, and when Dick had started for his late afternoon calls, that Lucy came into the room.

"Elizabeth Wheeler's down-stairs," she said. "I told her you wanted to see her. She's brought some chicken jelly, too."

She gathered up the tissue paper that surrounded him, and gave the room a critical survey. She often felt that the nurse was not as tidy as she might be. Then she went over to him and put a hand on his shoulder.

"I don't want to worry you, David. Not now. But if he's going to marry her — —"

"Well, why shouldn't he?" he demanded truculently. "A good woman would be one more anchor to windward."

She found that she could not go on. David was always incomprehensible to her when it came to Dick. Had been incomprehensible from the first. But she could not proceed without telling him that the village knew something, and what that something was; that already she felt a change in the local attitude toward Dick. He was, for one thing, not quite so busy as he had been.

She went out of the room, and sent Elizabeth to David.

IN her love for Dick Elizabeth now included everything that pertained to him, his shabby coats, his rattling car, and his people. She had an inarticulate desire for their endorsement, to be liked by them and wanted by them. Not that there could be any words, because both she and Dick were content just then with love, and were holding it very secret between them.

"Well, well!" said David. "And here we are reversed and I'm the patient and you're the doctor! And good medicine you are, my dear."

He looked her over with approval, and with speculation, too. She was a small and fragile vessel on which to embark all the hopes that, out of his own celibate and unfulfilled life, he had dreamed for Dick. She was even more than that. If Lucy was right, from now on she was a part of that experiment in a human soul which he had begun with only a professional interest and which had ended by becoming a vital part of his own life.

She was a little shy with him, he saw; a bit fluttered and nervous, and extraordinarily happy. She began by being rather prim, too, although she got away from that very quickly. Soon they were on their old terms, and she told him the small news of the village. But he rather suspected her of listening for Dick's car all the while. When she got up to go and held out her hand he kept it, between both of his.

"I HAVEN'T been studying symptoms for all these years for nothing, my dear," he said. "And it seems to me somebody is very happy."

"I am, Doctor David."

He patted her hand.

"Mind you," he said, "I don't know anything and I'm not asking any questions. But if the Board of Trade, or the Chief of Police, had come to me and said, 'Who is the best wife for — well, for a young man who is an important part of this community,' I'd have said in reply, 'Gentlemen, there is a Miss Elizabeth Wheeler who — —'"

Suddenly she bent down and kissed him.

"Oh, do you think so?" she asked, breathlessly. "I love him so much, Doctor David. And I feel so unworthy."

"So you are," he said. "So's he. So are all of us, when it comes to a great love, child. That is, we are never quite what the other fellow thinks we are. It's when we don't allow for what the scientist folk call a margin of error, that we come our croppers. I wonder —" he watched her closely, "if you young people ever allow for a margin of error?"

"I only know this," she said steadily. "I can't imagine ever caring any less. I've never thought about myself very much, but I do know that. You see, I think I've cared for a long time."

When she had gone he sat for a long time, staring ahead of him and thinking. Yes. She would stick. She had loyalty, loyalty and patience and a rare humility. It was up to Dick then. And again he faced the possibility of an opening door into the past, of crowding memories, of confusion and despair and even actual danger. And out of that, what?

Habit. That was all he had to depend on. The brain was a thing of habits, like the body; right could be a habit, and so could evil. As a man thought, so he was. For all of his childhood, and for the last ten years, Dick's mental habits had been right; his environment had been love, his teaching responsibility. Even if the door opened, then, there was only the evil thinking of two or three reckless years to combat, and the door might never open. Happiness, Lauler had said, would keep it closed, and Dick was happy.

When, at five o'clock, the nurse came in with a thermometer, he was asleep in his chair, his mouth slightly open, and snoring valiantly. Hearing Dick in the lower hall, she went to the head of the stairs, her finger to her lips.

Dick nodded and went into the office. The afternoon mail was lying there, and he began mechanically to open it. His thoughts were elsewhere.

Now that he had taken the step he had so firmly determined not to take, certain things, such as Clare Rossiter's story, David's uneasiness, his own doubts, no longer involved himself alone, nor even Elizabeth and himself. They had become of vital importance to her family.

One thing was clear, then. Before he asked for her he would have to tell Walter Wheeler the situation in which he found himself, and having laid all his cards on the table, propose that, before any definite engagement, Mr. Wheeler go with him to Norada.

That was the only fair thing to do, and it was wise, too. He felt that he knew himself, and that he was not the sort to have committed any furtive act. Probably the thing David was hiding was only his illegitimacy. That was bad enough, but it was not through any fault of his. Of course, David might speak.

He pondered that, with an open and unread letter in his hand. Even if David talked, it would still be necessary for his own peace of mind to go back. He was certain.

He began to read the letter.

"Dear Doctor: I have tried to see you, but understand you are laid up. Burn this as soon as you've read it. Louis Bassett has started for Norada, and I advise your getting the person we discussed out of town as soon as possible. Bassett is up to mischief. I'm not signing this fully, for obvious reasons. G."

THE Sayre house stood on the hill behind the town, a long, rather low white house on Italian lines. In summer, until the family exodus to the Maine coast, the brilliant canopy which extended out over the terrace indicated, as Harrison Miller put it, that the family was "in residence." Originally designed as a summer house, Mrs. Sayre now used it the year round. There was nothing there, as there was in the town house, to remind her of the bitter days before her widowhood.

She was a short, heavy woman, of fine taste in her house and of no taste whatever in her clothing.

"I never know," said Harrison Miller, "when I look up at the Sayre place, whether I'm seeing Ann Sayre or an awning."

She was not a shrewd woman, nor a clever one, but she was kindly in the main, tolerant and maternal. She liked young people, gave gay little parties to which she wore her outlandish clothes of all colors and all cuts, lavished gifts on the girls she liked, and was anxious to see Wallie married to a good, steady girl and settled down. Between her son and herself was a steady but undemonstrative affection. She viewed him through eyes that had lost their

illusion about all men years ago, and she had no delusions about him. She had no idea that she knew all that he did with his time, and no desire to penetrate the veil of his private life.

"He spends a great deal of money," she said one day to her lawyer. "I suppose in the usual ways. But he is not quite like his father. He has real affections, which his father hadn't. If he marries the right girl she can make him do almost anything."

She had her first inkling that he was interested in Elizabeth Wheeler one day when the head gardener reported that Mr. Wallace had ordered certain roses cut and sent to the Wheeler house. She was angry at first, for the roses were being saved for a dinner party. Then she considered.

"Very well, Phelps," she said. "Do it. And I'll select a plant also, to go to Mrs. Wheeler."

After all, why not the Wheeler girl? She had been carefully reared, if the Wheeler house was rather awful in spots, and she was a gentle little thing; rather lovely, too, especially in church. And certainly Wallie had been seeing a great deal of her.

She went to the greenhouses, and from there up-stairs, and into the rooms that she had planned for Wallie and his bride, when the time came. She was more content than she had been for a long time. She was a lonely woman, isolated by her very grandeur from the neighborliness she craved; when she wanted society she had to ask for it, by invitation. Standing inside the door of the boudoir, her thoughts already at work on draperies and furniture, she had a vague dream of new young life stirring in the big house, of no more lonely evenings, of the bustle and activity of a family again.

She wanted Wallie to settle down. She was tired of paying his bills at his clubs and at various hotels, tired and weary of the days he lay in bed all morning while his valet concocted various things to enable him to pull himself together. He had been four years sowing his wild oats, and now at twenty-five she felt he should be through with them.

The south room could be the nursery.

ON Decoration Day she did her dutiful best by the community, sent flowers to the cemetery and even stood through a chilly hour there while services were read and taps sounded over the graves of those who had died in the great war. She felt very grateful that Wallie had come back safely, and if only now he would marry and settle down all would be well.

She made a resolution, there in the small churchyard, to enlist Nina as an ally. She had placed Nina very skilfully, in her mind. Nina, with her ambitions, would be quick to see the advantage of such a marriage to herself. Otherwise, the middle-classness of Elizabeth's family did not matter. They were eminently respectable, and the Sayres had family enough for all.

Rather under pressure, Wallie lunched with her at the country club, but she found him evasive and not particularly happy.

"You're twenty-five, you know," she said, toward the end of a discussion. "By thirty you'll be too set in your habits, too hard to please."

"I'm not going to marry for the sake of getting married, mother."

"Of course not. But you have a good bit of money. You'll have much more when I'm gone. And money carries responsibility with it."

He glanced at her, looked away, rapped a fork on the table cloth.

"It takes two to make a marriage, mother."

He closed up after that, but she had learned what she wanted.

AT three o'clock that afternoon the Sayre limousine stopped in front of Nina's house, and Mrs. Sayre, in brilliant pink and a purple hat, got out. Leslie, lounging in a window, made the announcement.

"Here's the Queen of Sheba," he said. "I'll go up-stairs and have a headache, if you don't mind."

He kissed Nina and departed hastily. He was feeling extremely gentle toward Nina those days, and rather too virtuous. He considered that his conscience had brought him back and not a very bad fright, which was the fact, and he fairly glowed with righteousness.

It was the great lady's first call, and Nina was considerably uplifted. It was for such moments as this that one trained servants and put Irish lace on their aprons, and had decorators who stood with their heads a little awry and devised backgrounds for one's personality.

"What a delightful room!" said Mrs. Sayre. "And *how* do you keep a maid as trim as that?"

"I must have service," Nina replied. "The butler's marching in a parade or something. How nice of you to come and see our little place. It's a bandbox, of course."

Mrs. Sayre sat down, a gross disharmony in the room, but a solid and not unkindly woman for all that.

"My dear," she said. "I am not paying a call. Or not only that. I came to talk to you about something. About Wallace and your sister."

Nina was gratified and not a little triumphant.

"I see," she said. "Do you mean that they are fond of each other?"

"Wallace is. Of course this talk is between ourselves, but — I'm going to be frank, Nina. I want Wallie to marry, and I want him to marry soon. You and I know that the life of an unattached man about town is full of temptations. I want him to settle down. I'm lonely, too, but that's not so important."

Nina hesitated.

"I don't know about Elizabeth. She's fond of Wallie, as who isn't? But lately — —"

"Yes?"

"Well, for the last few days I have been wondering. She doesn't talk, you know. But she has been seeing something of Dick Livingstone."

"Doctor Livingstone! She'd be throwing herself away."

"Yes, but she's like that. I mean, she isn't ambitious. We've always expected her to throw herself away; in the family, I mean."

A half-hour later Leslie, up-stairs, leaned over the railing to see if there were any indications of departure. The door was open, and Mrs. Sayre evidently about to take her leave. She was saying:

"It's very close to my heart, Nina dear, and I know you will be tactful. I haven't stressed the material advantages, but you might point them out to her."

A few moments later Leslie went down-stairs. Nina was sitting alone, thinking, with a not entirely pleasant look of calculation on her face.

"Well?" he said. "What were you two plotting?"

"Plotting? Nothing, of course."

He looked down at her. "Now see here, old girl," he said. "You keep your hands off Elizabeth's affairs. If I know anything, she's making a damn good choice, and don't you forget it."

DICK stood with the telegram in his hand, staring at it. Who was Bassett? Who was "G"? What had the departure of whoever Bassett might be for Norada to do with David? And who was the person who was to be got out of town?

He did not go up-stairs. Instead he took the letter into his office, closed the door, and sitting down at his desk turned his reading lamp on it, as though that physical act might bring some mental light.

It was distinctly a warning, and a warning that referred to himself. Had not David already attempted to get him out of town? And Bassett was "up to something", evidently something menacing to himself that was to culminate at Norada; something that "G" knew and felt David should know.

Months later he wondered what would have happened had he taken that letter up to David, as was his first impulse? Suppose Bassett had been left to work out the situation alone? How far would he have got with it? Not all the way, that was certain. He would have been obliged, eventually, to come up against David, and David would have fought him to a standstill.

For a little while, then, the shuttle was in Dick's own hand. For he went up to David's room, and with his hand on the letter in his pocket, carried on behind his casual talk the debate that was so vital. But David had a headache and a slightly faster pulse, and that part of the pattern was never woven.

The association between anxiety and David's illness had always been apparent in Dick's mind, but now he began to surmise a concrete shock, a person, a telegram, a telephone call. And after dinner that night he went back to the kitchen.

"Minnie," he inquired, "you remember the afternoon Doctor David was taken sick. Did he receive a telegram that afternoon?"

"Not that I know of. He often answers the bell himself."

"Do you recall whether he had any visitor, just before you heard him fall?"

"He had a patient, yes. A man."

"Who was it?"

"I don't know. He was a stranger to me."

"Do you remember what he looked like?"

Minnie reflected.

"He was a smallish man, maybe thirty-five or so," she said. "I think he had gaiters over his shoes, or maybe light tops. He was a nice-appearing person."

"How soon after that did you hear Doctor David fall?" Dick asked.

"Right away. First the door slammed, and then he dropped."

Poor old David! Dick had not the slightest doubt now that David had received some unfortunate news, and that up there in his bedroom ever since, alone and helpless, he had been struggling with some secret dread he could not share with any one. Not even with Lucy, he imagined.

Nevertheless, he made a try with Lucy that evening.

"Aunt Lucy," he said, "do you know of anything that could have caused David's collapse?"

"What sort of thing?" she asked guardedly.

"A letter, we'll say, or a visitor."

When he saw that she was only puzzled and thinking back, he had found his answer.

"Never mind," he said. "I was feeling about for some cause. That's all."

HE was satisfied that Lucy knew no more than he did of David's visitor, and that David had kept his own counsel ever since. But the sense of impending disaster that had come with the letter did not leave him. He went through his evening office hours almost mechanically, with a part of his mind busy on the puzzle. How did it affect the course of action he had marked out? Wasn't it even more necessary than ever now to go to Walter Wheeler and tell him how things stood?

He hated mystery. He liked to walk in the middle of the road in the sunlight. But even stronger than that was a growing feeling that he needed a sane and normal judgment on his situation; a fresh viewpoint, and some unprejudiced advice.

HE saw David before he left, and he was very gentle with him. In view of this new development he saw David from a different angle, facing and dreading something imminent, and it came to him with a shock that he might have to clear things up to save David. The burden, whatever it was, was breaking him.

He had telephoned, and Walter Wheeler thought he knew what was coming, and he had well in mind what he was going to say. He had thought it over, pacing the floor alone, with the dog at his heels. He would say:

"I like and respect you, Livingstone. If you're worrying about what these damned gossips say, let's call it a day and forget it. I know a man when I see one, and if it's all right with Elizabeth it's all right with me."

Things, however, did not turn out just that way. Dick came in, grave and clearly preoccupied, and the first thing he said was:

"I have a story to tell you, Mr. Wheeler. After you've heard it, and given me your opinion on it, I'll come to a matter that — well, that I can't talk about now."

"If it's the silly talk that I daresay you've heard — —"

"NO. That's a part of it. That alone I'd stand ready to face, but there is something else. Something I haven't told Elizabeth, and that I'll have to tell you."

Walter Wheeler drew himself up rather stiffly. Leslie's defection was still in his mind.

"Don't tell me you're tangled up with another woman."

"No. At least I think not. I don't know."

It is doubtful if Walter Wheeler grasped much of the technicalities that followed. Dick talked and he listened, nodding now and then, and endeavoring very hard to get the gist of the matter. There was at least a foundation of mutual liking and respect to go on, and there was no doubt of their earnestness. Now and then Wheeler stopped him with a question, and Dick would break in on his narrative to reply. Thus, once:

"You've said nothing to Eliza-

Maggie Donaldson had finally admitted the man who had come to the cabin in the storm and he had helped her care for the sick boy

beth at all? About the walling off, as you call it?"

"No. At first I was simply ashamed of it. I didn't want her to get the idea that I wasn't normal."

"I see. That was at first."

"Yes. Now, as I tell you, I begin to think — I've told you that this walling off is an unconscious desire to forget something too painful to remember. It's practically always that. I can't go to her with just that, can I? I've got to know first what it is."

"I'd begun to think there was an understanding between you."

Dick faced him squarely.

"There is. I didn't intend it. In fact, I'd told her I was going to Norada. I didn't mean to speak to her until I'd cleared things up. But it happened anyhow, I suppose the way those things always happen."

The talk lasted well over an hour, and it left Walter Wheeler depressed and uneasy. He agreed to go back with Dick to Norada as soon as Dick could leave David, but from the moment Dick gave him the letter to read he felt that a situation was developing which threatened the peace of at least two households.

"It looks queer, doesn't it?"

"Yes. It does."

"You don't recognize the name Bassett?"

"No. I've tried, of course."

The result of some indecision was finally that Elizabeth should not be told anything until they were ready to tell it all. And in the end a certain resentment that she had become involved in an unhappy situation died in Walter Wheeler before Dick's white face and sunken eyes.

AT ten o'clock the house-door opened and closed, and Walter Wheeler got up and went out into the hall.

"Go on up-stairs, Margaret," he said to his wife. "I've got a visitor." He did not look at Elizabeth. "You settle down and be comfortable," he added, "and I'll be up before long. Where's Jim?"

"I don't know. He didn't go to Nina's."

"He started with you, didn't he?"

"Yes. But he left us at the corner."

They exchanged glances. Jim had been worrying them lately. Strange how a man could go along for years, his only worries those of business, his track a single one through comfortable fields where one reaped only what he sowed. And then his family grew up, and involved him without warning in new perplexities and new troubles. Nina first, then Jim, and now this strange story which so inevitably involved Elizabeth.

He put his arm around his wife and held her to him.

"Don't worry about Jim, mother," he said. "He's all right fundamentally. He's going through the bad time between being a boy and being a man. He's a good boy."

He watched her moving up the stairs, his eyes tender and solicitous. To him she was just "mother." He had never thought of another woman in all their twenty-four years together.

Elizabeth waited near him, her eyes on his face.

"Is it Dick?" she asked in a low tone.

"Yes."

"You don't mind, daddy, do you?"

"I only want you to be happy," he said rather huskily. "You know that, don't you?"

She nodded, and turned up her face to be kissed. He knew that she had no doubts whatever, that this interview was to seal her to Dick Livingstone for ever and ever. She fairly radiated happiness and confidence. He left her standing there and, going back to the living room, closed the door.

LOUIS BASSETT, when he started to the old Livingstone ranch, now the Wasson place, was carefully turning over in his mind David's participation in the escape of Judson Clark. Certain phases of it were quite clear, provided one accepted the fact that, following a heavy snowfall, an easterner and a tenderfoot had gone into the mountains alone, under conditions which had caused the posse after Judson Clark to turn back and give him up for dead.

Had Donaldson sent him there, knowing he was a medical man? If he had, would Maggie Donaldson not have told it in her confession? She had said "a man outside that she had at first thought was a member of the searching party." Evidently, then, Donaldson had not prepared her to expect medical assistance.

Take the other angle. Say David Livingstone had not been sent for. He knew nothing of the cabin or its occupants until he stumbled on them. He had sold the ranch, distributed his brother's books, and apparently the townspeople at Dry River believed that he had gone back home. Then what had taken him, clearly alone and having doubtless given the impression of a departure for the east, into the mountains? To hunt? To hunt what, that he went about it secretly and alone?

Bassett was inclined to the Donaldson theory, finally. John Donaldson would have been wanting a doctor, and not wanting one from Norada. He might have heard of this eastern medical man at Dry River, have gone to him with his story, even taken him part of the way. The situation was one that would have a certain appeal. It was possible, anyhow.

But instead of clarifying the situation, Bassett's visit at the Wasson place brought forward new elements which fitted neither of the hypotheses in his mind.

To Wasson himself, whom he met on horseback on the road into the place, he gave the same explanation he had given to the storekeeper's wife. Wasson was a tall man in chaps and a Stetson, and he was courteously interested.

"Bill and Jake are still here," he said. "They're probably in for dinner now, and I'll see you get a chance to talk to them. I took them over with the ranch. Property, you say? Well, I hope it's better land than he had here."

He turned his horse and rode beside the car to the house.

"Comes a little late to do Henry Livingstone much good," he said. "He's been lying in the Dry River graveyard for about ten years. Not much mourned, either. He was about as close-mouthed and uncompanionable as they make them."

The description Wasson had applied to Henry Livingstone the reporter himself applied to the two ranch hands later on, during their interview. It could hardly have been called an interview at all, indeed, and after a time Bassett realized that behind their taciturnity was suspicion. They were watching him, undoubtedly; he rather thought, when he looked away that once or twice they exchanged glances. He was certain, too, that Wasson himself was puzzled.

"Speak up, Jake," he said once irritably. "This gentleman has come a long way. It's a matter of some property."

"What sort of property?" Jake demanded. Jake was the spokesman of the two.

"That's not important," Bassett observed, easily. "What we want to know is if Henry Livingstone had any family."

"He had a brother."

"No one else?"

"No."

"Then it's up to me to trail the brother," Bassett observed. "Either of you remember where he lived?"

"Somewhere in the east."

Bassett laughed.

"That's a trifle vague," he commented good humoredly. "How about the mail? Didn't you boys ever mail any letters for him?"

He was certain again that they exchanged glances, but they continued to present an unbroken front of ignorance. Wasson was divided between irritation and amusement.

"What'd I tell you?" he remarked. "Like master like man. I've been here ten years, and I've never got a word about the Livingstones out of either of them."

"I'm a patient man," Bassett grinned. "I suppose you'll admit that one of you drove David Livingstone to the train, and that you had a fair idea then of where he was going?"

HE looked directly at Jake, but Jake's face was a stolid mask. He made no reply whatever.

From that moment on Bassett was certain that David had not been driven away from the ranch at all. What he did not know, and was in no way to find out, was whether the two ranch hands knew that he had gone into the mountains, or why. He surmised back of their taciturnity a small mystery of their own, and perhaps a fear. Possibly David's going was as much a puzzle to them as to him. Possibly, during the hours together on the range, or during the winter snows, for ten years they had wrangled and argued over a disappearance as mysterious in its way as Judson Clark's.

He gave up at last, having learned divers unimportant facts: that the recluse had led a lonely life; that he

had never tried to make the place more than carry itself; that he was a student, and that he had no other peculiarities.

"Did he ever say anything that would lead you to believe that he had any family, outside of his brother and sister? That is, any direct heir?" Bassett asked.

"He never talked about himself," said Jake. "If that's all, Mr. Wasson, I've got a steer bogged down in the north pasture and I'll be going."

On the Wasson's invitation he remained to lunch, and when the ranch owner excused himself and rode away after the meal, he sat for some time on the veranda, with Mrs. Wasson sewing, and his own eyes fixed speculatively on the mountain range, close, bleak and mysterious.

"Strange things," he commented. "Here's a man, a book-lover and student, who comes out here, not to make a living and be a useful member of the community, but to bury himself alive."

"A great many come out here to get away from something, Mr. Bassett."

"Yes, to start again. But this man never started again. He apparently just quit."

Mrs. Wasson put down her sewing and looked at him thoughtfully.

"Did the boys tell you anything about the young man who visited Henry Livingstone now and then?"

"No. They were not very communicative."

"I SUPPOSE they wouldn't tell. Yet I don't see, unless — —" She stopped, lost in some field of speculation where he could not follow her. "You know, we haven't much excitement here, and when this boy was first seen around the place — he was here mostly in the summer — we decided that he was a relative. I don't know why we considered him mysterious, unless it was because he was hardly ever seen. I don't even know that that was deliberate. For that matter, Mr. Livingstone wasn't much more than a name to us."

Bassett shifted uneasily in his chair, and frowned slightly. His apprehension that things were going too smoothly had been justified, then. He felt angry, almost outraged.

"How old do you suppose this boy was?" he asked.

"He was here at different times. When Mr. Livingstone died I suppose he was in his twenties. The thing that makes it seem odd to me is that the men didn't mention him to you."

"I didn't ask about him, of course."

She went on with her sewing, apparently intending to drop the matter; but the reporter felt that now and then she was subjecting him to a sharp scrutiny, and that, in some shrewd woman-fashion, she was trying to place him.

"You said it was a matter of some property?"

"Yes."

"But it's rather late, isn't it? Ten years."

"That's what makes it difficult."

There was another silence, during which she evidently made her decision.

"I have never said this before, except to Mr. Wasson. But I believe he was here when Henry Livingstone died."

"Great Scott!" Bassett exclaimed, startled at her tone. "You don't think Livingstone was murdered!"

"No. He died of heart failure. There was an autopsy. But he had a bad cut on his head. Of course he may have fallen — Bill and Jake were away. They'd driven some cattle out on the range. It was two days before he was found. It would have been longer, if Mr. Wasson hadn't ridden out to talk to him about buying. He found him dead in his bed, but there was blood on the floor in the next room. I washed it up myself."

"OF course," she added, when Bassett made no comment, "I may be all wrong. He might have fallen in the next room and dragged himself to bed. But he was very neatly covered up."

"It's your idea, then, that this boy put him into the bed?"

"I don't know. He wasn't seen about the place. He's never been here since. But the posse found a horse with the Livingstone brand, saddled, dead in Dry River Canyon, when it was looking for Judson Clark. Of course, that was a month later. The men here, Bill and Jake, claimed it had wandered off, but I've often wondered."

After a time Bassett got up and took his leave. He was confused and irritated. Here, whether creditably or not, was Dick Livingstone accounted for. There was a story there, probably, but not the story he was after. This unknown had been at the ranch when Henry Livingstone died, had perhaps been indirectly responsible for his death. He had, witness the horse, fled after the thing happened. Later on, then, David Livingstone had taken him into his family. That was all.

Except for that identification of Gregory's, and for the photograph of Judson Clark. For a moment he wondered if the two, Jud Clark and the unknown, could be the same. But Dry River would have known Clark.

But the two stories tied together somewhere. Must tie together. He wasn't through. Not by a blamed sight.

He almost ditched the car on his way back to Norada, so deeply was he engrossed in thought.

On the seventh of June David and Lucy went to the seashore, went by the order of various professional gentlemen who had differed violently during the course of David's illness, but who now suddenly agreed with an almost startling unanimity. Which unanimity was the result of careful coaching by Dick.

He saw in David's absence his only possible chance to go back to Norada without worry to the sick man, and he felt, too, that a change, getting away from the surcharged atmosphere of the old house, would be good for both David and Lucy.

For days before they started Lucy went about in a frenzy of nervous energy, writing out for Minnie menus for a month ahead, counting and recounting David's collars and handkerchiefs, cleaning and pressing his neckties. In the harness room in the stable Mike polished boots until his arms ached, and at the last moment, with trunks already bulging, came three gift dressing-gowns for David, none of which he would leave behind.

"I declare," Lucy protested to Dick, "I don't know what's come over him. Every present he's had since he was sick he's taking along. You'd think he was going to be shut up on a desert island."

But Dick thought he understood. In David's life his friends had had to take the place of wife and children; he clung to them now, in his age and weakness, and Dick knew that he had a sense of deserting them, of abandoning them after many faithful years.

So he carried with him the calendars and slippers, the dressing-gowns and bed-socks which were the tangible evidence of their friendliness and Lucy's despair.

Watching him, Dick was certain that nothing further had come to menace his recovery. He had carefully inspected the mail, but no suspicious letter had come, and as the days went on, David's peace seemed finally re-established. He made no more references to Johns Hopkins, slept like a child, and railed almost pettishly at his restricted diet.

"When we get away from Dick, Lucy," he would say, "we'll have beef again, and roast pork and sausage."

Lucy would smile absently and shake her head.

"You'll stick to your diet," she would say. "David, it's the strangest thing about your winter underwear. I'm sure you had five suits, and now there are only three."

Or it was socks she missed, or night clothing. And David, inwardly chuckling, would wonder with her, knowing all the time that they had clothed some needy body.

ON the night before the departure David went out for his first short walk alone, and brought Elizabeth back with him.

"I found a rose walking up the street, Lucy," he bellowed up the stairs, "and I brought it home for the dinner table."

Lucy came down, flushed from her final effort over the trunks, but gently hospitable.

"It's fish night, Elizabeth," she said. "You know Minnie's a Catholic, so we always have fish on Friday. I hope you eat it."

She put her hand on Elizabeth's arm and gently patted it. And thus was Elizabeth taken into the old brick house as one of its own.

Elizabeth was very happy those days, although things had seemed rather odd at home since the night of Dick's visit, and although Dick himself puzzled her at times. He came every day, sometimes twice indeed, and she knew that

her family was recognizing a tacit engagement.

But for all that it was settled, it seemed strangely unsettled, too. By some tacit agreement even Nina had not been told, or Jim. She did not resent that, although it bewildered her. Her own inclination was to shout it from the house-tops. Her father had simply said: "I've told your mother, honey, and we'd better let it go at that, for a while. There's no hurry. And I don't want to lose you yet."

But there were other things. Dick himself varied. He was always gentle and very, very tender, but there were times when he seemed to hold himself away from her, would seem aloof and remote, but all the time watching her, almost fiercely. But after that, as though he had tried an experiment in separation and failed with it, he would catch her to him savagely and hold her there. She tried, very meekly, to meet his mood; was submissive to his passion, and acquiescent to those intervals when he withdrew himself and sat or stood near her, not touching her but watching her intently.

She thought men in love were very queer and quite incomprehensible. Because he varied in other ways, too. He was boyish and gay sometimes, and again silent and almost brooding. She thought at those times that perhaps he was tired, what with David's work and his own, and sometimes she wondered if he was still worrying about that silly story. But once or twice, after he had gone, she went up-stairs and looked carefully into her mirror. Perhaps she had not looked her best that day. Girl-like, she set great value on looks in love. She wanted frightfully to be beautiful to him. She wished she could look like Beverly Carlysle, for instance.

Two days before David and Lucy's departure he brought her her engagement ring, a square diamond set in platinum. He kissed it first, and then her finger, and slipped it into place. It became a rite, done as he did it, and she had a sense of something done that could never be undone. When she looked up at him he was very pale.

"Forsaking all others, so long as we both shall live," he said, unsteadily.

"So long as we both shall live," she repeated.

HOWEVER, she had to take it off later, for Mrs. Wheeler, it developed, had very pronounced ideas of engagement rings. They were put on the day the notices were sent to the newspapers, and not before. So Elizabeth wore her ring around her neck on a white ribbon inside her camisole, until such time as her father would consent to announce that he was about to lose her.

Thus Elizabeth found her engagement full of unexpected turns and twists, and nothing precisely as she had expected. But she accepted things as they came, being of the type around which the dramas of life are enacted, while remaining totally undramatic herself. She lived her quiet days, worried about Jim on occasion, hemmed table napkins for her linen chest, and slept at night with her ring on her finger and a sense of being wrapped in protecting love that was no longer limited to the white Wheeler house, but now extended two blocks away and around the corner to a shabby old brick building in a more or less shabby yard.

They were very gay in the old brick house that night before the departure, very noisy over the fish and David's broiled lamp chop. Dick demanded a bottle of Lucy's homemade wine, and even David got a little of it. They toasted the seashore, and the departed nurse, and David quoted Robert Burns at some length and in a horrible Scotch accent. Then Dick had a trick by which one read the date on one of three pennies while he was not looking, and he could tell without failing which one it was. It was most mysterious. And after dinner he took her into his laboratory, and while she squinted one eye and looked into the finder of his microscope, he kissed the white nape of her neck.

WHEN they left the laboratory there were people in the waiting room, but he held her in his arms in the office for a moment or two, very quietly, and because the door was thin they made a sort of game of it, and pretended she was a patient.

"How did you sleep last night?" he said in a highly professional and very distinct voice. Then he kissed her.

"Very badly, doctor," she said, also very clearly, and whispered, "I lay awake and thought about you, dear."

"I'd better give you this sleeping powder." Oh, frightfully professional, but the powder turned out to be another kiss. It was a wonderful game.

When she slipped out into the hall she had to stop and smooth her hair before she went to Mrs. Crosby's sitting-room.

It was Jim Wheeler's turn to take up the shuttle. A girl, met in some casual fashion, his own youth and the urge of it, perhaps the unconscious indulgence of an only boy—and Jim wove his bit and passed on.

There had been contention in the Wheeler family during all the spring. Looking out from his quiet windows, Walter Wheeler saw the young world going by a-wheel, and going fast. Much that legitimately belonged to it, and much that did not, in the laxness of the old code, he laid to the automobile. And doggedly he refused to buy one.

"We can always get a taxicab," was his imperturbable answer to Jim. "I pay pretty good-sized taxi bills without counting the cost. I know you pretty well, too, Jim. Better than you know yourself, and if you had a car, you'd do well not to break your neck in it."

Now and then Jim got a car, however. Sometimes he rented one, sometimes he cajoled Nina into lending him hers.

"A fellow looks like a fool without one," he would say to her. "Girls expect to be taken out."

And Nina, always reached by that argument of how things looked, now and then reluctantly acquiesced. But a night or two after David and Lucy had started for the seashore, Nina came in like a whirlwind, and routed the family peace immediately.

"Father!" she said. "You just must speak to Jim. He's taken our car twice at night without asking for it, and the last night he broke a spring. Les is simply crazy."

"Taken your car!" Mrs. Wheeler exclaimed.

"Yes. I hate telling on him, but I spoke to him after the first time, and he's done it again."

Mrs. Wheeler glanced at her husband, who was staring at Nina.

"Don't worry," he said grimly. "He'll not do it again."

"If we only had a car of our own —" Mrs. Wheeler protested feebly.

"You know what I think about that, mother. I'm not going to have him joy-riding over the country, breaking his neck and getting into trouble. I've seen him driving Wallace Sayre's car, and he drives like a fool or a madman."

It was an old dispute and a bitter one. Mr. Wheeler got up, whistled for the dog, and went out. His wife turned on Nina.

"I *wish* you wouldn't bring these things to your father, Nina," she said. "He's been very nervous lately, and he isn't always fair to Jim."

"Well, it's time Jim is fair to Leslie," Nina said, with family frankness. "I'll tell you something, mother. Jim has a girl somewhere, in town probably. He takes her driving. I found a glove in the car. And he must be crazy about her, or he'd never do what he's done."

"Do you know who it is?"

"No. Somebody's he's ashamed of, probably, or he wouldn't be so clandestine about it."

"Nina!"

"WELL, it looks like it. Jim's a man, mother. He's not a little boy. He'll go through his shady period, like the rest."

That night it was Mrs. Wheeler's turn to lie awake. Again and again she went over Nina's words, and her troubled mind found a basis in fact for them. Jim had been getting money from her, to supplement his small salary; he had been going out a great deal at night, and returning very late; once or twice, in the morning, he had looked ill and his eyes had been bloodshot, as though he had been drinking.

Anxiety gripped her. There were so many temptations for young men, so many who waited to waylay them. A girl. Not a good girl, perhaps.

She raised herself on her elbow and looked at her sleeping husband. Men were like that; they begot children and then forgot them. They never looked ahead or worried. They were taken up with business, and always they forgot that once they too had been young and liable to temptation.

She got up, somewhat later, and tiptoed to the door of Jim's room. Inside she could hear his heavy, regular breathing. Her boy. Her only son.

She went back and crawled carefully into the bed.

There was an acrimonious argument between Jim and his father the next morning, and Jim slammed out of the house, leaving chaos behind him. It was then that Elizabeth learned that her father was going away. He said:

"Maybe I'm wrong, mother. I don't know. Perhaps, when I come back, I'll look around for a car. I don't want him driven to doing underhand things."

"Are you going away?" Elizabeth asked, surprised.

It appeared that he was. More than that, that he was going with Dick. They had decided it somewhere, yesterday. Dick was to have told her that day.

That was the first time that she began to find something out of the usual in her engagement, and she was greatly mystified. Yet as Dick told her, it was simple enough. Her father needed a rest, and besides, it was right that he should know all about Dick's life before he came to Haverly.

"He's going to make me a present of something very valuable, you know."

"But it looks as though he didn't trust you!"

"He's being very polite about it, but, of course, in his eyes I'm a common thief, stealing—"

But she would not let him go on.

She adjusted herself to that, for she was learning a great deal about accepting things she did not understand, but afterward, when Dick had gone, she fell to worrying about Dick himself. Certainly he did not look well; he looked as though he did not get enough sleep.

PERHAPS she was nervous, for she was almost irritable to Nina that afternoon. Nina had wandered in to borrow a hat, and having come to borrow, remained to pry.

"Look here, Elizabeth, I want to talk to you. Are you going to live in this — this hole all your life?"

"Hole nothing," Elizabeth said, hotly. "Really, Nina, I do think you might be more careful of what you say."

"Oh, it's a dear old hole," Nina said negligently. "But hole it is, nevertheless. Why in the world mother doesn't *manage* her servants — but no matter about that now. Elizabeth, there's a lot of talk about you and Dick Livingstone, and it makes me furious. When I think that you can have Wallie Sayre by lifting your finger —"

"And that I don't intend to lift my finger," Elizabeth interrupted.

"Then you're a fool. And it is Dick Livingstone!"

"It is, Nina."

Nina's ambitious soul was harrowed.

"That stodgy old house," she said, "and two old people! A general housework girl, and you cooking on her Thursdays out! I wish you joy of it."

"I wonder," Elizabeth said calmly, "whether it ever occurs to you that I may put love above houses and servants? Or that my life is my own, to live exactly as I please? Because that is what I intend to do."

Nina rose angrily.

"Thanks," she said, sarcastically. "I wish you joy of it." And went out, slamming the door noisily behind her.

Then, with only a day or so remaining before Dick's departure, and Jim's hand already reaching for the shuttle, Elizabeth found herself the object of certain unmistakable advances from Mrs. Sayre herself, and that at a rose luncheon at the house on the hill.

The talk about Dick and Elizabeth had been slow in reaching the house on the hill. When it came, *via* a little group on the terrace, after the luncheon, Mrs. Sayre was upset and angry, and inclined to blame Wallie. Everything that he wanted had come to him, all his life, and he did not know how to go after things. He had sat by, and let this shabby-genteel doctor, years older than the girl, walk away with her.

Not that she gave up entirely. She knew the town, and its tendency toward over-statement. And so she made a desperate attempt, that afternoon, to tempt Elizabeth. She took her through the green-houses, and then through the upper floors of the house. She showed her pictures of their boat at Miami, and of the house at Marblehead. Elizabeth was politely interested and completely unresponsive.

"WHEN you think," Mrs. Sayre said at last, "that Wallie will have to assume a great many burdens one of these days, you can understand how anxious I am to have him marry the right sort of girl."

She thought Elizabeth flushed slightly.

"But of course he will."

Mrs. Sayre tried a new direction.

"He will have all I have, my dear, and it is a great responsibility. Used properly, money can be an agent of great good. Wallie's wife can be a power, if she so chooses. She can look after the poor. I have a long list of pensioners, but I am too old to add personal service."

"That would be wonderful," Elizabeth said gravely. For a moment she wished Dick were rich. There was so much to be done with money, and how well he would know how to do it. She was thoughtful on the way down-stairs, and Mrs. Sayre felt some small satisfaction — things might come right after all. Now if Wallie would only do his part — with just the proper persistence —

It was that night that Jim Wheeler brought the tragedy on the Wheeler household that was to lie heavy on it for many a day.

(The next instalment of Mary Roberts Rinehart's serial, "The Breaking Point", will appear in the April McClure's.)

The Lad of Flanders

By Jessie B. Rittenhouse

How shall the lad of Flanders,
For many a year ahead,
Go lightly turning his furrow
And think not of the dead?

How shall the lad of Flanders,
Who sows the waiting field,
Cease ever to think of those other lads
Who make the harvest yield?

The Petulant Madelon

(*Continued from page 57*)

they believed the matter of immediate title was a detail. Because of this habit, they were usually equal to any demand.

They were now. In an hour, Carey evolved a sort of harness with a long strap for tying, made out of leather gun-slings supposed to be moldering on various battlefields. One of the confining bands of the harness went around Madelon's body behind the forelegs. The other encompassed her neck, and there were three strong connecting straps holding the loops together. Madelon suffered herself to be fitted with harness, supposing it but part of a new game. The end of the long strap was tied to the front pole of Yankow's fly. Having accomplished this, Bill patted the long snout of his pet and walked away.

Things eventuated. Madelon, squealing in an ecstasy of disappointment, started to follow her well-loved master. The strap brought her up short; in fact, she sat down rather violently in the puddle which had not entirely dried up. She grunted thoughtfully and inquiringly twice, backed up against the pole and then broke into a run with the enthusiasm and driving-power of a heavy halfback hitting the line. When the strain came to the leather, there was considerable squeaking, but it held. Something else had to give. It was the pole, jerked neatly from its moorings at the bottom.

Down came the heavy fly with a rush. The stovepipes from the kitchen ranges came with it. Yankow was thrown on one of the ovens, but scrambled off with celerity and considerable profanity. Dirty George, who was engaged in stirring the huge kettle of beans for the noonday meal, yelled like a foghorn. The ridgepole, dropping across his right shoulder, had forced his arm, full-length, into the steaming mess. Madelon, without a backward glance at the havoc, trotted after her master.

ORDER was restored with some difficulty. There were few casualties. Yankow's face was covered with soot from the falling pipe and George's good right arm had been superheated over its entire surface from the finger-tips up. It was a fiery red and smarted considerably, but was not actually scalded.

"How'd you do it, George?" queried the captain, when every one had agreed that the tying-up thing, where Madelon was concerned, was not a success.

"Run it into the beans when that ridgepole hit me," explained George.

"Oh."

Bill looked at George's left arm. It was normal, which meant decidedly dirty.

"Oh," he said, again. And then: "Yankow, what we got for dinner."

"Beans."

"Ho-hum. Seems to me I don't care much for beans to-day. Anything else?"

"Nope."

An idea struck Bill and he brightened under its impact.

"Guess I'll go down to the machine-gun company. Capt. Hazzard's been inviting me for weeks."

In a short time he was back again in the company kitchen.

"What's the matter, Cap?" queried Yankow.

"They had stewed tomatoes. I haven't cared for tomatoes since we lived on them for ten days in the Argonne."

HE stood around for a few minutes. The messline, every man with his cup and tin dishes, began forming. Another idea came his way: The inn!

The inn was across the cobbled square which opened just below D Company's kitchen. A shell had come squarely through the roof of the public-room and buried its nose in the stone floor. Fortunately it was a dud so the building was not destroyed. But Francois, the proprietor, had been too busy, or too poor, to repair the roof. The rains of heaven wept in through the hole and filled the depression where the dud had landed. But tables could be, and were, set about it and one dined in comparative comfort, providing, of course, that the wind did not change and cascade a young cloudburst upon the diner's devoted head. All in all, it was "not too bad", as the British say, and Bill hastened across the cobbles, mouth watering anticipatorily. For Madame Julienne was a good cook.

He returned in an hour, full to repletion. Yankow and Ed had finished eating their own dinner and were enjoying a smoke. Madelon was scratching her back gently against the pole she had once pulled down.

"Have a good dinner, Cap?" inquired the cook, chattily.

"Fine."

"What did you have?"

"Beans."

Yankow grinned like a wolf.

"I could have told you that."

"How did you know?"

"Because I traded a platter of ours to France-oise for three bottles of veen rooge."

Bills hands unconsciously sought his stomach.

"Where's the wine?" he demanded.

"We drank it."

"All of it?"

"Well, we gave Madelon some."

Lo, the rains ceased; the sun shone warmly; the grass was a brilliant green; birds sang. Aged peasants with broken tools tilled little plots of ground or replaced patiently, stone on stone, the ruins of their homes. Regiments marched down or rolled down to Brest and took ship for home. Presently came the time of the 869th. With song and jest they filed up the steep gangplank. The ship wallowed slowly from the dock and headed out to sea. The Great Adventure was all but over.

Madelon went along, of course. A pen was prepared for her, some decks down in an out-of-the-way corner. Not that she stayed there. She wandered over the ship at will. She loved to nose about the main deck and to stand, forelegs on the rail in an attitude absurdly human, and squeal at the racing, foam-tipped waves. Seasickness gripped the doughboys the first three days, but Madelon was not affected.

But one untoward incident marked her conduct during the ten days crossing. Bill, who was enjoying the morning sunshine forward on deck, noticed Col. Blake approaching, some fragments of paper in his hand. The colonel's stride showed that there was trouble in the wind. Bill detached himself from the group as he met his chief's eye and went to meet him.

"Davis!"

"Yes, sir."

"That infernal pig!" He paused to shake the fragments accusingly. "Do you know what she's done?"

"No, sir."

"She's eaten the muster-rolls of K Company."

"I never knew her to do that before, sir," replied Bill, troubled. "Maybe she — ah — liked the — the flavor, sir."

IT was a risky shot but it reached the bullseye. In spite of himself the colonel's mouth twitched. The thundercloud lifted from his brow. For Zimmerman, the captain of K Company, was by way of being a ladies' man and stank of perfume like a soda fountain on a wet night. Everything he touched was redolent.

"That's all right, Davis, but you can't put that wild beast over on me any longer! We might as well end it before we dock. You get rid of her."

"Very well, sir. Headquarters company of the 872d will take her off my hands. They sent a committee to me last night to ask for her. They'll pay a hundred dollars."

"The 872d — that gang of tramps? Bah!" Col. Blake registered extreme disgust. "You needn't sell her this time. But you keep her out of my sight! If she gets into any more trouble I'll throw you both overboard."

Bill went back light-heartedly to the group he had just left. Within himself he fervently thanked one Major Bennett, who had regaled them with a story of the rivalry that had always existed between Col. Blake and Col. Van Nuys, of the 872d.

Within a few days of landing the regiment left for Camp Grant for muster-out, since most of its men came

from the Middle West. The preliminaries were swiftly completed. On a fine June day Bill Davis found himself a free agent, for snugly buttoned in his pocket was a folded paper on which were the magic words . . . is Hereby DISCHARGED from the Service of the United States . . . He was free to do as he pleased, to go where he would, without let or hindrance of more or less fussy gentlemen who ruled by the accident of rank. In sheer spirit of celebration he decided to give Chicago a thrill.

Decision was followed by action. Late that same afternoon Bill, in his best uniform, with his Sam Browne belt snugly adjusted and his overseas cap tilted hard a-starboard, began his parade of Michigan Avenue at Twelfth Street, near the Illinois Central station, bound down. It was still two hours to train time. At his heels was Madelon, sniffing, squealing, and grunting as she absorbed the sights of a great city.

Late in the afternoon of a fine June day the sidewalks on Michigan Avenue are crowded. The exclusive shops that front the handsome thoroughfare are pouring their streams into the leisurely throng. Fine ladies with their escorts are walking a few blocks to waiting motors. Men about town and patrons of the great hotels are standing or strolling, admiring and ogling. Saucy little shopgirls, three abreast, arms linked, giving the lie by their vivacity and high spirits to the columns of sob stories written about them, swirl smartly along in the vivid multitude. Here and there a grimy foreign workman, dinner-pail in hand, trudges past, unmindful, lifting his face eagerly to the caress of the lake breeze. The smooth asphalt of the roadway is alive with motor-cars, nose to tail, bound up and bound down, stopping, crawling or flashing at the white-gloved commands of the lordly traffic officers who stand on their cement mounds at the street intersections.

BILL chose the left-hand side, on which are the stores, because there the crowd was thickest. The crowd did not annoy him; he was not jostled. Madelon trumpeted their approach above the hum and roar. The crowd parted smoothly and hastily for their royal progress. They walked in an oasis several feet across. When Madelon flashed her knowing little eyes and her formidable tusks to the right, the space suddenly grew wider to the right. When she essayed a step or two to the left, the walk was cleared instantly to the show windows. As for Bill, he looked neither to the right nor the left. In compliance with Infantry Drill Regulations, he marched straight to the front, head erect, chin slightly drawn in, chest raised, arms swinging naturally at the sides.

Men ejaculated. Some roared with laughter. Others, meeting the pair unexpectedly, stepped into the gutter, nor asked apology. Women were more demonstrative, although it is not true as the morning papers stated, that some climbed telephone poles. But it is true that one young woman somehow reached the top — the slender and slippery top — of a fire-hydrant, and had to be assisted down. Another threw her arms about the neck of a supposed perfect stranger when Madelon grunted at her, only to discover to her embarrassment that the stranger was her divorced husband. In short, there was no indifference, no evidence of boredom, on the part of those who witnessed the strange parade.

AT the Congress Street intersection came an interruption. A goutish-looking gentleman, with a drooping gray mustache, a monocle, a gray tie, gray clothing and gray socks the exact shade of his mustache, was marching slowly with a dissatisfied-looking woman some years his junior. Upon a leash was a large, dissatisfied-looking dog, whose mutty appearance probably denoted great cost and aristocratic breeding. This animal made the mistake of bristling and snapping at Madelon.

The mascot accepted the challenge. She screeched like the furies and charged. The dog justified his mongrel looks, for he broke away from his keeper and leaped into the roadway. He must have been a city dog, knowing full well his natural guardians, for he rushed straight for the little island upon which stood Traffic Officer Brogan, waving peremptorily to mild millionaires and supercilious chauffeurs. After him charged Madelon, and after Madelon charged Bill, thoroughly shaken from his pose of superb unconsciousness.

It was really but an insignificant skirmish. The dog rounded Officer Brogan and headed again for the sidewalk. He was almost quick enough, but not quite. Madelon's eager front teeth just grazed his flying hind leg, but broke the skin and brought blood.

"Madelon!" roared Bill.

The pig stopped, climbed on to the island beside the officer, and after one swift glance at his face, rubbed her back against him in friendly fashion. Bill stepped up on the island, too, while the lines of motor-cars shuttled by and a great and gaping-mouthed crowd gathered on the walks. Brogan pointed a white-clad forefinger downward.

"What th' blazes is that?"

"That's a pig — a wild pig," grinned Bill. "I killed her mother in Germany and had to take her to raise. She was mascot of my company."

"You were in th' Arr-gonne?" asked the officer, interestedly, as the Michigan Avenue motors scooted along and those on Congress Street honked like lost souls for the opportunity to join the tide.

"Maybe you met my son, then — Leftenant George Aloysius Brogan?"

"What!" shouted Bill. "Brogan, of the 875th?"

"Th' same la-ad," nodded his father, a beautiful smile on his red face.

Bill hammered the bulging chest of the policeman in his excitement.

"You don't mean to say you're the father of Brogan, Bearcat Brogan, the fellow that captured that flock of Germans with nothing but his bare fists? The guy that got the Legion of Honor and the D. S. M. and the D. S. C. and a Belgian Cross? Old Bearcat Brogan's dad! Why, say, I've played poker with him many a time!"

They were shaking hands like long-lost relatives. The policeman's disengaged hand rested caressingly on Bill's shoulder. Madelon scratched her back peacefully on the officer's leg. The crowd cheered delightedly; the dammed-up motors cursed them, all three. It was a fine scene, rudely interrupted.

"Offisah!"

The gray gentleman, adjusting his monocle, and with a certain finality, tweaked Brogan's sleeve. He had threaded the maze to reach them. The large dog he had left prudently with the dissatisfied-looking woman.

"Offisah, I want this — ah — person arrested. His blasted swine injured my dog, you know."

Brogan's eye, all soft with joy and affection and jollity, hardened like blue ice. His massive jaw closed with a snap that bit a laugh in two. He removed his left hand from Bill's shoulder and placed five rigid finger-tips against the newcomer's chest.

"Sa-ay, where do yuh get that stuff?" he demanded, harshly. "Who you callin' 'person'? He's an officer of the United States Army and a frind of mine. I don't care if his pig et your dog! Don't bother me!"

"Offisah, I insist —"

"Sa-ay, what did you do to win th' war? Made speeches, I dunno, and advised th' honest worrkin' man to buy Liberty Bonds. Well, there's nuthin' doin' on this arrest stuff, and you're blockin' the traffic."

THE rigid finger-tips advanced briskly and suddenly. The importunate one staggered two or three steps, recovered his slipping equilibrium and returned hastily to the walk. The crowd cheered again. With a final handshake, Bill took up his stroll. Madelon gave Brogan a grunt of farewell and followed.

In a month, Bill Davis began to regard his experiences in France as a dream. In two months, it was almost as though he had never been away from Missoukee.

But the war had made some difference, of course. On his return he had gone into Holdsworth's garage as foreman and worked steadily, instead of chasing the fishing and hunting seasons around the state, as was his wont. For Bill had a tiny income, before the war quite sufficient for his modest needs.

There was a reason, of course — a reason in petticoats — Geraldine Quinlan Carroll, daughter of John Quinlan, Missoukee's leading citizen, as well as the most prominent farmer in the vicinity. Geraldine was more or less of a problem to Missoukee. She had married wild Jack Carroll of Motor City. He had, within a year, gone over an embankment to his death. The woman who was with him in the car was not his wife.

The young widow had come back to Missoukee, which didn't know what to do with her, just as she didn't know what to do with Missoukee. It was said that she smoked an occasional cigarette; it was whispered that she drank an occasional cocktail. She was tall and slender and brilliant-eyed, a thoroughbred in every line of her, slightly embittered, considerably disillusioned.

Bill had known her all his life. They had gone to school together. He was in love with her when Jack Carroll, after a whirlwind courtship, had stampeded and carried her off. He was in love with her when she came back, widowed, outwardly defiant of Missoukee and its smug opinions and its avid-eyed stares, but inwardly shrinking from the surreptitious nods and clacking of tongues. Bill really deserved better of her than the treatment he received. He did not air any opinions or stare, and his tongue did not clack. He met her precisely as though she had been away for a week's visit, his habitual, rather whimsical smile on his lips, friendliness and something more in his direct eyes.

She must have been grateful but she did not show it. Her manner toward Bill was the traditional Missoukee manner, slightly humorous, slightly contemptuous, wholly tolerant. For Bill had toiled not, nor spun. A rod and a gun and the out-of-doors were sufficient unto the day. That was before the war.

BUT service in France had taught Bill the futility of drifting and the necessity of real money if one would marry. He was inspired when it came to handling machinery, especially motor cars, and Holdsworth was delighted to get him. Bill found life good and a job such as he had desirable, but some of the savor was missing. Geraldine — still the "Jerry" of their boy-and-girl days — had left shortly after himself, to do Red Cross work. She hadn't returned.

Madelon created a sensation in Missoukee. Bill soon discovered that he could not keep the pig in town, any more than he could a two-humped camel. Madelon was fond of self-expression and her style was somewhat cramped in the city. So Bill persuaded John Quinlan to board her at his farm. Not that it took much persuasion; from the first Quinlan had taken a fancy to the pig. He would scratch her back vigorously while Madelon, with a grunt that was almost a coo, would close her eyes luxuriously and lean against anything handy while the massage was going on. Quinlan ranked high with her — second to Bill.

"Ain't she the knowin' devil?" Quinlan would ask the world, and the admiring world agreed that she was.

Quinlan didn't look like the father of the slim, trim Jerry. He was fat and emphatically of the soil, often with tobacco stains about his lips. When prosperity had come to him in large measure, after he had been made president of the First and Farmers' National Bank and they had moved to town, Mrs. Quinlan tried to persuade him to wear a coat. She tried and failed. From April to late October he went habitually in his shirt-sleeves. But she did see to it that the shirts were white. She committed and condemned him to those old-style, stiff-bosomed shirts that were the dress-up garments of every moderately prosperous man twenty years ago, before the soft shirts of striped material came into vogue.

AND he was wealthy. Undoubtedly he would have described himself as a farmer, for he still operated the rich, black half-section four miles from town. His stock was always sleek and fat. His acres always produced more than even the most skilful of his neighbors could coax from theirs. Nevertheless, he was a financier. He had a fund of common sense and an expert knowledge of the condition and ability of every borrower in the county. The bank never loaned any considerable sum without his approval.

He heartily approved of Madelon, but he disapproved of her master. He disapproved of Bill Davis as he would of a twenty-acre-field of bottomland capable of raising bumper crops, but lying fallow. His attitude had hardened into a consistent, nagging impatience, a good-humored querulousness with Bill. It had not changed when Bill returned and really went to work. For Davis took work inconsequentially and frivolously, still with his smile and his drawl. He should have been serious, weighted down with the responsibilities of his place, but he wasn't. And Quinlan had arrived at the age when attitudes become deep-rooted, unreasoning habits. He kept on disapproving of Bill because he had always done so.

Madelon's introduction to the Quinlan barnyard had nearly been fatal to various and sundry of the animals which inhabited it. It was a big yard, and the community center for all the stock. Horses, cows, a couple of teams of sturdy mules, pigs and chickens dwelt together in amity.

The day the pig met the motley assemblage for the first time was a late June Sunday. Quinlan and Bill drove out in the former's car. How to get the pig to the farm was a question which Bill solved easily. He opened the tonneau door and called. Madelon leaped nimbly in, and when the door was closed, she hooked her forelegs over it and hung on much as a baby would hang on. Her impudent head projected over the side, and she screamed her delight on the journey along the rolling highway to the farm.

On reaching it, Quinlan opened the barnyard gate and led her in. Then he retreated, closing the gates after him, and waited for developments. They weren't long in coming. All the Quinlan animals made common cause against the stranger. Madelon stood in the center of the enclosure, sniffing and grunting, while the beasts offered their meed of suspicion and hostility. The other hogs jostled and rooted her; the cattle swung threatening horns; and the mules and horses charged friskily in her direction, evidently expecting to stampede the great pig.

The stampede arrived as suddenly as a tornado, but not along the anticipated lines. Madelon charged a fat, supercilious hog and ripped her shoulder, squealing like a virago the while. She bit one of the horses. Tom, the oldest and wisest of the mules, took deadly aim and landed both hoofs somewhere along Madelon's ridgy back. The force of the double jolt rolled her over, but she was up and at it again, quite uninjured. The fight became a riot, then a chase, with all the other animals leading the procession and Madelon in pursuit.

"Madelon!" commanded Bill.

The pig stopped, squealed defiantly, and trotted to the gate. Her late adversaries cowered in far corners.

"Ain't she the devil?" chortled the delighted Quinlan. "Say, as a scrapper I'd back her against a tiger."

"But I suppose this ends her stay here," said Bill. "She's cut up three — no, four — of this outfit pretty badly."

"Ends nothing," retorted Quinlan. "She stays here as long as she wants to. I'll build her a separate runway. Say, Sime," to his tenant, who had been attracted by the commotion, "telephone the veterinarian to come out. I've got a job for him."

There was no more trouble at the farm. Quinlan built the runway for Madelon, who was left severely alone by all and sundry of the animals. He drove out several times a week, so that Madelon might ride downtown, a dissipation which she dearly loved. Bill had taught Madelon to heed the gang-whistle which he had learned when a boy. When, from the door of the garage he espied the Quinlan automobile approaching from afar and gave the shrill call, the response was immediate. The great brute, screaming joyously, would leap over the door and race to Bill, about whom she capered with every manifestation of delight.

GERALDINE CARROLL came back at last from overseas. She was a little pale, a little thin, and with something in her eyes that had not been there when she went away. The abyss of sorrow and suffering into which she had been thrust had submerged her own trouble. Almost directly after reaching Missoukee, she went to Holdsworth's garage to see Bill. He grinned and colored with pleasure as she came over the wet, oily floor to where he was working.

"Hello, Jerry!" he called. "Gosh, it's good to see you. No, I can't shake hands, I'm all oil."

"Think I'm afraid of a little oil?" she scoffed, and took both his hands in her strong slender ones. "I'm awful glad you're back, Bill, and at work, you worthless devil!"

"Uh-huh," agreed Bill, amiably. "I think that's the principal reason you came down here — to see me work."

"Maybe so," she conceded, smiling. "And I'm crazy to see that pig. I've

been laughing ever since I heard of her. That was so like you, you know."

"Sure! Kind to the orphans. Madelon's getting to be a big girl, now. She's worth meeting. Shall I — suppose I come up to-night and — and tell you about her," he finished, stammering.

She smiled with cool amusement, tempered with a little malice.

"That's all right with me," she assured him, "if you'll promise not to bite Reggie Furwell. He dropped in from Motor City this afternoon."

"Oh—Reggie," said Bill, rather flatly.

Reggie had been cashier of the First and Farmers' National Bank when war was declared. He got away to a flying start and left the draft board gnashing its teeth, for he had secured a civilian position with the Aviation Section of the Signal Corps at Washington. A commission followed as a tribute to Reggie's sound business training. Snugly and safely in Washington, or traveling around the country letting or investigating contracts for airplane parts and supplies, he had been advanced swiftly to first lieutenant, to captain, to major.

The canny Reggie did the things which selfish folks wished in secret their own sons had done. And in his bullet-proof position he had made good. He had been wise, safe and sane. Bill Davis and his kind, who had rushed into fighting units before they were urged, were foolish and Quixotic — or so it seemed to some. Missoukee seemed to regard Bill Davis now as it always had regarded him, while Reggie, somehow, was a hero. This, of course, did not set well with Bill. Besides, the cocky young major with his little smudge of a mustache and his medal for marksmanship, won on the Congress Heights range near Washington, was in love with Jerry.

"From now on," Bill summed up, watching the departing Jerry, "I'll be falling over this Reggie-bird every time I approach Quinlans'!"

IN due time, Reggie met Madelon. And from that moment, Madelon's unpopularity with Reggie was marked. Still in uniform and on duty, he spent much of his time in the Motor City war plants, putting in evenings and Sundays at Missoukee, conveniently close. With Caswell, former bank examiner, he had accepted a place in a new Chicago bank, just organized. Remaining in the service was a decided advantage to him in his new connection, he explained complacently, for it brought him in touch with big men who would prove valuable in the future. Thus he killed two or more birds with one stone, and with a smug accuracy of aim that made Bill's fingers ache to clutch him by the throat and shake him until his spurs rattled.

In Missoukee he was Jerry's official cavalier. He danced with her and rode with her and made visits of inspection to the farm with her and her father, while Bill sweated in Holdsworth's garage and wondered why he had ever been foolish enough to become ambitious.

Reggie was only rudimentarily clever in love. He spoke of Bill with a careless and contemptuous patronage, and hated Bill and his belongings rather obviously. Perhaps both Quinlan and his daughter were restive under his attitude. If they were, they could say little, for he simply voiced what Missoukee in general persisted in thinking of Bill. But Reggie's hatred for the petulant Madelon came near costing him dearly.

THE three of them drove out to the farm to see the new runway when it was finished. It was a long, narrow strip of territory, surrounded by a high wire fence. At the rear, a leanto shelter had been erected for the pig. At the front was a substantial gate. The enclosure was capable of keeping a deer in bounds, and barely held Madelon. But her readiness to fight at any moment made it necessary that she should be confined. It would not do to have her wandering the country roads at will, challenging all comers. When she was with Bill or Quinlan or Jerry, who also stood high in her regard, she could be controlled. Without the supervision of one of them, she was as dangerous as TNT.

"She's a lot of trouble to you, isn't she?" suggested Reggie, perhaps maliciously, when they had looked over the new yard and tested its appurtenances.

They were strolling back to the gate. Madelon, in thoughtful mood, was resting her chin on the heavy bars and gazing at the free world.

"No trouble at all," returned Quinlan, stoutly. "If I had four or five like her, I'd sell the house downtown and come back to the place. It'd be some fun farming, then."

The pig did not move at their approach. Reggie raised his ever-present riding-crop, and struck her sharply across the back.

"Get over, you brute!" he commanded.

Madelon swung on him. With a quickness incredible in an animal of her size, she snatched the riding-crop in her wicked teeth, bit it in two, and crunched the fragments in fury. That occupied but a moment and she turned to Reggie.

He had not waited. Though handicapped with boots and spurs, he was climbing nimbly over the gate. Madelon's screech and leap hastened him unduly and he fell, though on the safe side of the gate. Perhaps the Quinlans were fed up on Reggie and his airs and were glad to see his dignity humbled. At any rate they laughed heartily at the mishap.

His face was flushed as he picked himself up, scuffed his hands together and brushed off his uniform.

"That beast had better not bite me," he panted.

"What would you do, Maje — bite her back?" queried Quinlan, roaring anew at his own joke.

Reggie went away that evening. Perhaps the episode hastened his departure. At any rate, he went, leaving the field free to Bill, who took prompt advantage of his opportunity to call. Although there were moods when Jerry persisted in regarding Bill's job and his labors as good jokes, there were other times when she revealed that they were not at all jokes to her. This night, as they sat before a grate fire in the library, for the late September air was chill, she said abruptly:

"Bill, why don't you buy that garage? It's a young gold mine."

"I know it; and it's for sale. Holdsworth's crazy to get started for California before the snow flies. He's willing to let go any minute."

"Well, why don't you?"

"There are four thousand good reasons," smiled Bill, "and each one's a dollar. I could scrape up about two thousand, and he wants six."

"I thought it was something like that," nodded the girl. "See here, Bill, why don't you let me loan you that money? I have stacks of it that I don't need, lying idle in the bank. You might as well have that much. You could pay it back whenever you wanted to, you know."

"You're a good kid, Jerry," he said, gratefully, "and I won't forget what you say. I may take you up on it some day, if your father's willing."

A few weeks went by, with nothing much happening — just the ordinary routine of life. And then several things occurred at once. It was mid-October and later when Holdsworth announced the garage must be sold within two weeks; Jerry went to see Mrs. Hopkins; Reggie, who had been away since Madelon chased him over the gate, came back with a large and ugly bulldog; and Bill decided to buy the garage and ask Jerry to marry him.

MRS. HOPKINS was the mother of a soldier who had died a week previously as the result of his wound. Jerry had called because she had felt that the little house would be lonely without him. She went there, whether she knew it or not, undoubtedly patronizing Bill Davis in her secret heart for being a good-natured, worthless sort of chap without much gumption. Probably without realizing it, she had adopted her father's attitude toward Bill. No doubt she compared him in her mind to Reggie, with Reggie getting all the best of the comparison.

A keen observer who knew her would have noted that she came away thoughtful and rather shaken from preconceived notions and freed from old moorings. She drove alone to the farm and called on Madelon.

The great pig came scurrying to the front of the runway, squealing her pleasure at the visit. Jerry opened the gate and went in, neglecting to shut it. It swung wide behind her. She talked to Madelon and the squeals gave way to grunts of satisfaction. She produced an apple which the pig ate daintily.

Reggie drove up to the farm a few minutes later in his uncle's battered flivver. The local rifle club was having a shoot that afternoon and Reggie had brought his new Springfield, with which

he had won Washington honors, to participate. He found Jerry sitting on the running-board of her father's car, scratching Madelon's forehead gently. The pig was sitting up lazily. Her little eyes were closed and she was the picture of sleepy content.

"Hello, Jerry," greeted the doughty young major. "Thought I'd run out and say howdy before I went to the shoot."

"Hello, Reggie. Will you please tell me what you have in the tonneau?"

"That's my new bulldog," he returned proudly.

Over the back door projected a massive and ugly head, the heavy-jowled face imprinted with a look of permament ill-humor. The jaws had the strength of a bear-trap.

"I'll let him out so you can get acquainted," went on Reggie, turning to unfasten the tonneau door.

"Please don't!" she returned hastily. "Madelon doesn't like strange dogs. I'm afraid they'd fight."

"I should worry," was the airy response. "Duke can take care of himself. If that brute wants to pick a fuss, why, let her suffer!"

"You thought of Madelon when you bought that dog, didn't you?" queried the girl spiritedly, and with heightened color.

He met her eye defiantly.

"Maybe I did and maybe I didn't. Anyway, he's coming out."

"You think you're putting something over," retorted the girl. "But don't say I didn't warn you. If you like your dog, better keep him in the car."

HIS answer, beside an obstinate tightening of the lips, was to swing open the tonneau door. The bulldog, blinking arrogantly, surveyed the scene before him. Eyes fixed on the pig, he jumped out. Madelon, whose back was turned, heard the thud and turned about. She rose, and the bristles along her back rose also. The bulldog advanced slowly. Madelon grunted a berserk welcome. If the dog was spoiling for trouble, he had brought his wares to the right market. Watching each other, they maneuvered and circled out of the confined space between the cars.

"When Duke gets his hold, it's goodbye, Mr. Pig," exulted Reggie, no longer concealing his purpose in buying the dog.

"If he gets hold, you mean," countered Jerry, getting into the car that she might see better. "Watch closely, Major. I think it'll be good. And you would have it, you know!"

Had Madelon fought according to the Queensbury rules of dogdom, there would have been nothing to do but bury her, in time. Duke observed those rules which had been, in his case, uniformly successful. He knew no others. They had the advantage of being few and simple: Catch your adversary by the throat, and hang on until that adversary dies.

But Madelon had a new set of rules for each fight. The dog sprang, openmouthed, and she sprang to meet him. She seemed to realize that she could not win this bout by biting. So she bunted instead. Her bony head crashed into Duke's face with the enthusiasm of a battering-ram, turning him over neatly end for end. He rose, somewhat jarred. Before he could set himself, the swiftly-moving pig struck him broadside. This time he rolled over several times. He was barely on his feet before she struck him again. He essayed to bite. He missed the throat, and the gnashing teeth were turned helplessly off the hard, slippery surface of her shoulder.

The miss brought him squarely under her sharp hoofs and that was the beginning of a very unpretty end for Duke. Jerry, shuddering, had covered her eyes and turned away long before the dog's lingering but gamely-silent finish.

WHEN it was over Madelon, scarcely marred, walked slowly into her runway. A day's work was a day's work, and she had completed one.

Reggie was furiously angry. His face was pale and his hands trembled as he took up his rifle and stepped from his car. Jerry confronted him as he strode toward Madelon's enclosure. His intent was plain, and she seized the gun and tried to wrest it away from him.

"I'll kill that brute!" he declared savagely.

"Why?" demanded Jerry, fiercely, clinging to the rifle which, despite his strength, he could not free from her grip.

"He—he killed my dog!"

"Why did you bring your dog here?"

"That pig attacked me."

During the dialogue Reggie's anger had cooled and he had grown ashamed of the struggle. He relinquished his hold of the gun, which Jerry replaced in his car.

"Oh, of course, if you don't want me to kill her—" But his resentment rose again.

"Bill Davis is always doing fool stunts like bringing home wild pigs from France!" he growled.

"He doesn't do fool stunts!" returned Jerry, all aflame. "Oh, I know the town says so and dad says so and now you say so. But it must stop, I tell you! I suppose it was a fool stunt to go to France when he could have had a safe job in Washington, wasn't it? And it was foolish to take care of his company and worry over them and slave for them as though they were his own kin, wasn't it? And it was foolish to crawl out on to a field plowed every second by German shells and bring in Johnnie Hopkins, whose leg was shattered, wasn't it? And yet, he stopped the flow of blood and saved Johnnie so he could come home and die in his mother's arms. She told me all about it. She thinks, and hundreds of other mothers think, that Bill Davis is the finest man in the world. They pray for him every night!

"Because Bill wouldn't toil and slave and scheme to make a lot of money, and because he has time to smile when he speaks, you think he's a fool! Well, if there hadn't been a lot of 'fools' just like him in the United States, we'd probably be a German colony now!"

The defense of Bill was at the moment less momentous and significant to the mortified Reggie than the aspersions which he supposed had been cast upon himself.

"I suppose that shot was meant for me?" he asked stiffly, when she paused.

"What shot?"

"That he could — could have gone to Washington."

"I wasn't thinking of you at all," replied Jerry, briefly.

"The board's in session now," said Benny Tender, assistant cashier of the First and Farmers' National Bank. "You can go right in, Bill."

It was about the moment that Jerry was making an impassioned defense of him out at her father's farm. Bill had removed the all-enveloping dungaree suit and washed the grease from his hands. But he still wore a brown army shirt and as the day was not cold, he was coatless. He nodded his thanks to Benny and passed down the long hall to the rear.

The directors were not busy men except on Saturday, and they met frequently on short notice to pass on loans. The seven were in their places about the broad oak table now. The air was blue with cigar smoke. At the head of the table with his back to the double windows sat John Quinlan, presiding. He was coatless; his white shirt was creaking and immaculate.

"Sit down, Bill," he invited. "Come to find out about that loan?"

Bill, busily manipulating the makin's, nodded.

"Well, we've talked it over pretty thorough, and we think we can't let you have four thousand dollars."

"What's the big idea?"

"You're asking us to loan two-thirds the value of the garage. We don't often loan over forty per cent."

"The real value of that garage, the tools and the business is something over eight thousand dollars, John. It's a big bargain at six thousand. Holdsworth's crazy to get away to the west or he wouldn't sell at any such figure. But that isn't the real question."

"What is?"

"THE real question," returned Bill, still smiling amiably, "is whether or not I'm a joke. I don't think I am. If you'd loan me this money it would prove you don't, either. If you won't — well, I'll have to demonstrate, I guess."

"What do you mean, Bill?" queried Byron Terry, the hardware man.

"Just this: That I'll go over to the Booneville bank and get the money. If I do, I'll have to keep my account there."

John Quinlan looked at him keenly for an appreciable time, almost as though seeing Davis for the first time. The others were silent and serious. They liked Bill.

"Come, come," said Quinlan, at last, with bluff good nature. "We can't let you do that. Bill, the only reason we

can't loan you so much as a bank is that a lot of other people who have as good security as you would want the same accommodation. We'd be forced to turn them down, and that makes hard feeling. It'd be establishing a dangerous precedent."

He stopped for a moment, as if considering, and then went on:

"We can't do it as a bank, but there's nothing to prevent my loaning you four thousand dollars as an individual. Byron, pass over that pad of checks, will you?"

"You needn't pass 'em on my account," drawled Bill. "I'm not accepting private loans to-day."

The board looked aghast and Quinlan looked angry. This was almost sacrilegious — to refuse the proffered largess of the wealthiest and most influential man in town!

"My money ain't good?" queried Quinlan, with a frown.

"No. I'd still be a joke if I left without being able to connect with this bank in regular fashion for real money. The fact that you'd take a chance out of friendship's sake, John, doesn't change the proposition. This bank is either with me or against me. I don't want the president of it with me in the back yard and against me on the front porch. If you turn me down, you turn me down. I'll take my pig off your hands, too."

When Quinlan spoke again, the tone of good-humored nagging which he had always used in conversation with Bill was missing. He knew when he was beaten, and he had been beaten now by a calm, rock-hard Bill Davis that he didn't know existed. He grinned as he turned to the board and said:

"Boys, we can't make Bill the trouble of runnin' over to Boonetown every afternoon to deposit his money. I'll entertain a motion that the bank loans him four thousand dollars on the garage."

"I make it," said Byron Terry. "A loan that looks good to John Quinlan ought to look good to this bank!"

"You see, it's this way, Bill," said Quinlan, when the papers had been duly drawn, "I could get along without speakin' to you, if necessary, but I'm darned if I can spare that pig!"

When Bill's step sounded on the Quinlan porch that evening, Jerry must have sensed something portentous, for she fled to the library, her hands clasped to her breast, and her cheeks glowing. She hid on the great overstuffed davenport before the fire. But when Bill found her, after a chat with the rest of the family in the living-room, she was quite composed and casual. That there was an added sparkle in her eyes and new color in her face he could not know, for the lights were not kindled and the brief autumn dusk had drawn in. As she turned at his greetings, she kept the davenport between them.

"Jerry," he said, with his whimsical smile, though his eager hands were trembling a little, "I wonder if you would consider a proposal of marriage from a rising young garage proprietor with nothing to recommend him but a large debt, his nerve, and the peerless Madelon?"

"The debt and the — the proprietor are some inducements," returned Jerry. "Perhaps, unaccompanied they wouldn't be enough. But with Madelon in the bargain I think I'd have to marry him — if he asked me."

It was hours later, when they were on the same side of the davenport and very close together that Geraldine said suddenly:

"You know, Bill, we'll have to live on the farm. They won't let us keep Madelon in town."

"Oh, well," replied Bill, generously, "that's all right with me. A man ought to be willing to make some sacrifices for the benefit of his family!"

To Pnom-Penh by the Jungle Trail

(*Continued from page 75*)

namite *tirailleurs* in uniforms of faded khaki, their great round hats of woven straw tipped with brass spikes like those on German helmets; slender Chinese women, tripping by on tiny, thick-soled shoes, in pajama-like coats and trousers of clinging, sleazy silk; naked *pousse-pousse* coolies, streaming with sweat, graceful as the bronzes in a museum; friars of the religious orders in shovel-hats and sandals and linen robes; sailors of the fleet and from the merchant vessels in the harbor, swaggering along with the roll of the sea in their gait; Armenian peddlers with piles of rugs and embroideries slung across their shoulders; Arabs, Malays, Cambodians, Chinese, world without end, Amen.

There are too many people in front of the *cafés* and too few in the offices and shops. There is too much drinking and too little work. It is not a wholesome atmosphere. The manager of a great American corporation doing business in Saigon told me that many of the city's European population are confirmed users of opium. And, judging from their unhealthy pallor and lack-luster eyes, I can well believe it. But what else could you expect in a country where the drug is sold to any one who has the money to pay for it.

In 1916 there was an attempted jail delivery of political prisoners in Saigon, but the plot was discovered before it could be put into execution, the ring-leaders arrested, and thirty-eight of them condemned to death and executed. But the authorities in Paris evidently disapproved of the proceeding, for the governor of the colony and the commander of the military forces were promptly recalled in disgrace. The terrible object-lesson doubtless had the desired effect, but I should not like to see our own brown wards, the Filipinos, look at Americans with the murderous hate with which the Annamites regard the French.

IN Africa, by moderation and tolerance and justice, France has built up a mighty colonial empire whose inhabitants are as loyal and contented as though they had been born under the Tricolor. But in far-off Indo-China French administration seems, even to as staunch a friend of France as myself, to be very far from an unqualified success.

During the ten days that I spent in Saigon I stayed at the Hotel Continental. I shall remember it as the place where they charged a dollar and a half for a highball and fifty cents for a lemonade. It was insufferably hot. I know now what is implied by the punishment, as practised in certain of our prisons, of sending a recalcitrant prisoner to the sweat-box. Battalions of ferocious mosquitoes launched their assaults against my unprotected person. In the next room a tenor, a member of the itinerant grand opera company that was singing at the *Theatre Municipal*, apparently much the worse for drink, squabbled unceasingly with his woman companion. One afternoon their voices became so threatening that I was tempted to intervene.

"Take that, you dog!" or words to that effect, I heard the woman shriek in French.

"She's done it now!" I thought, about to throw myself against the door.

But I paused, arrested by the sound of the tenor's voice speaking in normal tones. They were merely rehearsing the murder scene for that evening's performance of "La Tosca"!

The next morning I set sail from Saigon for China. Leaving the mouth of the river in our wake, we rounded the mighty promontory of Cape St. Jacques and headed for the open sea. The palm-fringed shore line of Cochin-China dropped away; the blue mountains of Annam turned pale and ghostly in the evening mists. A sun-scorched, pestilential land. . . . I was glad to leave it. But already I am longing to return. I want once more to sit at a *café* table under the awnings of the *Rue Catinat*, a tall glass, with ice tinkling in it, set before me. I want to see the *pousse-pousse* coolies slipping silently by in the gathering twilight. I want to stroll again beneath the tamarinds beside the Mekong, to smell the odors of the hot lands, to hear again the tinkly temple bells. For

"When you've heard the East a-callin'
You won't never heed naught else."

[*In the April* McCLURE'S *Mr. Powell takes our readers to Borneo — "The Land of the Wild Man."*]

A Cinema Picture

(*Continued from page 69*)

grounds made an abrupt turn where they skirted the main road.

He was half way through the copse when he stopped. Now, Bones was a great believer in miracles, but they had to be very spectacular miracles. The fact that, standing in the middle of the woodland path were two middle-aged gentlemen in top-hats and frock-coats, seemed to Bones to be a mere slice of luck. It was, in fact, a miracle of the first class. He crept silently back, raced down the slope to where the little party stood.

"Camera!" he hissed. "Bring it along, dear old thing. Don't make a noise! Ham, old boy, will you help? You other persons, stay where you are."

Hamilton shouldered the camera, and on the way up the slope Bones revealed his fell intention.

"There is no need to tell these silly old jossers what we're doing," he said. "You see what I mean, Ham, old boy? We'll just take a picture of them as they come along. Nobody will be any the wiser, and all we'll have to do will be to put a little note in —" all the time he was fixing the camera on the tripod, focusing the lens on a tree by the path. (It was amazing how quickly Bones mastered the technique of any new hobby he took up.)

From where Hamilton crouched in the bushes he could see the two men plainly. His heart quaked, realizing that one at least was possibly the owner of the property on which he was trespassing; and he had all an Englishman's horror of trespass. They were talking together, these respectable gentlemen, when Bones began to turn the handle. They had to pass through a patch of sunlight, and it was upon this that Bones concentrated. Once one of them looked around as the sound of clicking came to him, but at that moment Bones decided he had taken enough and stopped.

"This," said he, as they gained the by-road where they had made their unauthorized entry into the park, "is a good day's work."

THEIR car was on the main road, and, to Hamilton's surprise, he found the two staid gentlemen regarding it when the party came up. They were regarding it from a high bank behind the wall — a bank which commanded a view of the road. One of them observed the camera and said something in a low tone to the other; then the speaker walked down the bank, opened a little wicket door in the wall and came out.

He was a most polite man and tactful.

"Have you been taking pictures?" he asked.

"Dear old fellow," said Bones, "I will not deceive you — we have."

There was a silence.

"In the — park, by any chance?" asked the gentleman, carelessly.

Bones flinched. He felt rather guilty, if the truth be told.

"The fact is . . ." he began.

The elderly man listened to the story of "The Bad Girl's Legacy", its genesis, its remarkable literary qualities, and its photographic value. He seemed to know a great deal about cinematographs, and asked several questions.

"So you have an expert who sees the pieces as they are produced?" he asked. "Who is that?"

"Mr. Tim Lewis," said Bones, "he's one of the —"

"Lewis?" said the other quickly, "is that Lewis the stockbroker? And does he see every piece you take?"

BONES was getting weary of answering questions.

"Respected sir and park proprietor," he said, "if we have trespassed, I apologize. If we did any harm innocently and without knowing that we transgressed the jolly old conventions; if we, as I say, took a picture of you and your fellow park proprietor without a thank-you-very-much, I am sorry."

"You took me and my friend?" asked the elderly man quickly.

"I am telling you, respected sir and cross-examiner, that I took you, being in a deuce of a hole for a lawyer."

"I see," said the elderly man. "Will you do me a favor? Will you let me see your copy of that picture before you show it to Mr. Lewis — as the respected park proprietor," he smiled, "you owe me that."

"Certainly, my dear old friend and fellow sufferer," said Bones. "Bless my life and heart and soul, certainly!"

He gave the address of the little Wardour Street studio where the film would be developed and printed, and fixed the morrow for an exhibition.

"I should very much like to see it to-night, if it is no trouble to you."

"We will certainly do our best, sir," Hamilton felt it was necessary to interfere at this point.

"Of course any extra expense you are put to as the result of facilitating the printing, or whatever you do to these films," said the elderly man, "I shall be glad to pay."

He was waiting for Bones and Hamilton at nine o'clock that night in the dingy little private theatre which Bones, with great difficulty, had secured for his use. The printing of the picture had been accelerated, and, though the print was slightly speckled, it was a good one.

The elderly man sat in a chair and watched it reeled off, and when the lights in the little theatre went up he turned to Bones with a smile —

"I'm interested in cinema companies," he said, "and I rather fancy that I should like to include your property in an amalgamation I am making. I could assist you to fix a price," he said to the astonished Bones, "if you would tell me frankly, as I think you will, just what this business has cost you from first to last."

"My dear old amalgamator," said Bones, reproachfully, "is that business? I ask you."

"It may be good business," said the other.

"Well," said Bones, "business, dear old thing, is my weakness. Buying and selling is my passion and hobby. From first to last, after paying jolly old Brickdust, this thing is going to cost me more than three thousand pounds — say three thousand five hundred."

The elderly man nodded.

"Let's make a quick deal," he said. "I'll give you six thousand pounds for the whole concern with the pictures as you have taken them, negatives, positives, cameras, etc. Is it a bargain?"

Bones held out his hand . . .

They dined together, a jubilant Bones and a more jubilant Hamilton, at a little restaurant in Soho.

"My dear old Ham," said Bones, "it only shows you how things happen. This would have been a grand week for me, if those beastly oil shares of mine had gone up — I'm holding 'em for a rise." He took up a newspaper he had bought in the restaurant. "I see that Jorris and Walters — they're the two oil men — deny that they've ever met or that they're going to amalgamate. But can you believe these people?" he asked. "My dear old thing, the mendacity of these wretched financiers —"

"HAVE you ever seen them?" asked Hamilton to whom the names of Jorris and Walters were as well known as to any other man who read his daily newspaper.

"Seen them?" said Bones. "My dear old fellow, I've met them time and time again. Two of the jolliest old birds in the world. Well, here's luck."

At that particular moment Mr. Walters and Mr. Jorris were sitting together in the library of a house in Berkeley Square, the blinds being lowered and the curtains being drawn, and Mr. Walters was saying:

"We'll have to make this thing public on Wednesday. My dear fellow, I nearly fainted when I heard that that impossible young person had photographed us together. When do you go back to Paris?"

"I think I had better stay here," said Mr. Jorris. "Did the young man bleed you?"

"Only for six thousand," said the pleasant Mr. Walters. "I hope the young beggar's a Bear in oil," he added viciously.

But Bones, as we know, was a Bull.

The Ivory Poacher

(*Continued from page 39*)

has ceased and the Spirit of the Heavenly Fires hath departed from our land, let no man leave his hut."

He saw the big fools start for their huts. Rage — the ungovernable rage of despair — swept him; he flung before him, hitting out with both fists, wild blows easily dodged. And then he heard a great lillilooing. A gay throng was pouring from the mock trial, dancing round the Resident. He had to give over his fist fight, lest he draw attention to himself, and on the instant his carriers had mingled with the happy throng. Then, too late, he saw he had been in no danger of observation from the Resident, who had all his work cut out, fighting off boldly inquisitive mammies, indelicately interested in the "magic" of buttons and gold lace. He saw the officer's face in profile, noted a fever flush there, and took heart from it.

"L. L., Mister Major is in for a dose of fever. There won't be no immediate nosing into our business," he murmured, and fell again to cogitation. He might yet bribe good-augury from the wizard.

Suddenly his pupils contracted on something in a field of standing millet; — on an ancient pith helmet, bobbing cautiously on the level of the grain. His eyes grew suddenly wild; next moment he was tottering into the grain, bawling:

"Tiny! Come out! What is it? Oh, Tiny, come out!" But when the negro pushed through the grain, one fearful eye bulged on the soldiers by the Resident's tent, Roach's fears anticipated the trouble. Abdullah, the rascal down in the wady, was indeed trying to steal a march on him and run off with the ivory. "But the slaves!" he croaked. "He can't never get them slaves over the river! He can't get gourds!"

The giant answered simply, "You kin do mos' anyt'ing with hippo thongs, marsa."

HOPE and Despair — ten-acres-of-home-sweet-home in Iowa, U. S. A., or a foreign jail! Fate had ping-ponged him back and forth until now he sank spirit-weary to the sands, and cared nothing if all N'Sara witnessed his distress, though for that matter N'Sara was diving head first into its huts, for the siesta that was both custom and religion. Overhead the clouds had shut out the sky in one inky-black pall, as funereal as his despair. Far over the plains the world was lost in torrential rains; a thousand thousand creeks were pouring yellow, frothing floods into the Benue.

"I ain't got no more snap to me, L. L.," he moaned, falling into the old dreary one-sided conversation. "We got to think, and I *can't* think. There's telephones and trains and sea breezes over there, and the Portuguese at M'Brimi showed me a picture of men in flying machines, though I 'lows it came outen a story book . . . there's a woman singing over her biscuit dough, which is white — as white as her hands. I ain't seen a white woman for — — Oh, Lordy, I can't count. But we *got* to think." He looked up into the homely phiz of his Man Friday, as if seeking inspiration in its phlegmatic surface, but all he got was doglike loyalty.

He heard a hiccoughing from the direction of the Resident's tent, but it roused no sympathy. "He's got as nice a dose of fever as comes to green 'uns. But he has fizz and blankets and quinine and soldiers. Lordy, with them soldiers I'd be King of Negroland; with six of 'em I'd put Abdullah on the run. I'd like to borrer six, just for an hour or so. Six soldiers, and I'd do up Abdullah and his slaves right. Eh — — what!"

HE jerked back his head, his cunning busy again. He got to his feet, by which time a full-bodied idea had developed itself; his voice was almost blithe again.

He told Tiny of his success in getting carriers from the King, and the defeat the wizard had brought upon him. "Tiny," he cried, new hope pulsing in his voice, "Mister Major ain't goin' to be nosin' in our business, he's down with fever, and me and L. L.'s going to pay a sick call. There ain't nothing like a good strong dose of fever when you're a long way from home for remembering white is white, even if you are a high-muckamuck-ums with a swell uniform. You hop along to his nibs the wizard and" — his hands fumbled his rags, producing a broken-bladed clasp-knife, which he thrust into Tiny's whale-flapper paw — "give this to him for good dope. Then dig up the headman and tell him we don't want assagais; tell him we're going to get Abdullah with soldiers, then hustle the carriers on the short trail for the Benue. I'll be along right after you. Scat!" He swung over to the tent, confiding in Little Liza: "We've got a hummer scheme. We're going to be real respectful and sympathetic of Mister Major's feelings."

Brushing aside the rifle which the sentry crossed before him, he bent under the flap, doffing his shako this time to the stricken officer, who showed a hectic face above sweating blankets, and greeted the poacher with a puerility that revealed fever's demoralization.

"Not gone yet?"

Roach, taking instant assurance, replied easily:

"I said I wasn't running, didn't I?"

"Y-e-s." The dubious monosyllable cost the major a hiccoughing fit; when he recovered he had traveled a long way toward the hoped-for blood-kinship spirit. "But, look here . . . I've been thinking . . . see here; it's mighty rotten business dragging a white man under nigger guard across country."

"It ain't more rotten for you than me, Resident," flashed Roach, and followed up the conciliatory opening with sympathetic inquiry: "Your first dose?"

"It was that beastly trial," the major socially responded, and permitted Roach a peep into the exceptional duties of His Britannic Majesty's representative; "The king invited me to sit in justice on a milk thief, and I had to humor him, ye know."

"Sure; you got to play the game," flattered Roach, and talked on, as if time was of no moment and Abdullah a thousand miles from his thoughts; "But if it's your first dose you'll be all right in a couple of days. Lordy, I'm rotten with fever — six brands of it; legs mass of running sores, and nothing but nigger medicine. Ever try nigger cure? Up in the Montoil country they bed you down in hot cow dung and burn you out with red-pepper mashes, after stopping up all the air holes, all but one little one for the devil to escape by, after they've driven him outen you with a racket of tom-toms and hand-rattles."

The Resident eyed him with languid interest, drawling, "Do you really believe in that rot?"

"What? — the devil-driving? Well I've seen curious things, and been long enough round Negroland not to believe one way or t'other, except that there's sense under their nonsense, if so's you'll dig down far enough. All I know is they cured me of a bad dose of marsh fever."

"THOUGHT the Montoil was closed country?"

"It *is*, to sassy government johnnies with soldiers, but open palms to a trader what gives as good as he takes," said the poacher, without offense, and inoffensively the Resident took it.

"They tell tall stories of you in the Oil Rivers. Is that thing in your shirt the monkey mascot the blacks yarn of?"

"Mascot nothing! I ain't superstitious that way. Every white ought to tote a monk. Little Liza tastes my chop first, and if she turns it down, *that's* good enough for me."

"That's an awf'ly clever idea, really."

"Don't go tossing me bookays; give the credit to the Sultan of Kusseri, as has too many ambitious relatives making friends with his cook."

The Resident took a great interest in Little Liza — chattered wiski-wiski at her — wanted to buy her. The poacher gaped — gulped:

"S-e-ll her! S-e-ll L. L.!!"

"You're fond of her?"

"F-o-n-d!" Caressingly he took the tiny velvet paws in his hands, and through simian reminiscences pursued

the *entente cordiale*. "Tiny — my nigger — foraged her from the Yam Yams for a string of colored beads. But she put her fingers in my beard and cuddled up so human that I couldn't let her go into the pot. Lordy, a rope of black pearls wouldn't buy her now."

The poacher's susceptibilities evidently boosted him in the Resident's regard. "However came a man of your caliber to take to outlawry?" he complimentarily questioned.

"I'm from the States, of course, but it was the Boer War set me going. I slipped up into Canada to enlist. When it was over I just couldn't go back to the boiler works, after shooting men over a thousand square miles." He shoved forward his maimed left hand, explaining, "A fragment of a Boer shell did that."

"War *is* unsettling," the Resident feelingly agreed.

The poacher sighed without artifice. Talking in this heart-to-heart way after so many hunted years — for the moment he lost sight of his "hummer scheme" for checkmating the treacherous Abdullah; he spoke with genuine feeling.

"Lordy, I couldn't go back to sledge-hammering — just had to have elbow room and the open sky and a gamble instead of a sure-thing pay envelope. That was before sun and fever — Oh, L-o-r-d, I'd turn down the Sultan of Bornu's job for ten acres of loam and a bit cottage, where I'd take my meals offen a table and china." His sunken eyes grew intensely wistful, his words solemn with homesickness. "I'm hearing a woman singing, and chickens cackling — hearin 'em all the time. To my mind it's alwa s Monday over there, with white washing on the lines, and spread over grass that's *green!*" His right hand balled into a fist; the hot blood flooded his face; his voice grew suddenly raucous. "Niggers, sun, fever, trouble — —" He broke off, suddenly jarred back to his difficulties by a vivid sheet of lightning, followed by reverberating thunder; he limbered up his "hummer scheme" for checkmating the treacherous Abdullah.

"OH my life, I forget! Whilst we're yapping here, there's a bunch of Fulani running slaves down the Benue."

"What!" The Resident jerked upright from the hips, but fell back hiccoughing, then moaning. "And I'm on my back." Then a natural suspicion of the source of the information forced question. "But why do you tell me this? But I see," astutely, "one good turn deserves another, eh?"

Roach grabbed that for what it was worth. "You got it, major," easily. "It wouldn't never do for the High Commissioner to learn that them slaves were run through right under your nose. But you're too sick to go after 'em; and it's a white man's job," suggestively.

"Y-e-s. But there is no one . . . Oh!" The exclamation marked illumination that made him search the poacher's eyes, and in spite of the heroic struggle Roach put up for a sympathetic countenance, the result was dubious. "You know, Roach, you have the reputation of being a great rogue."

"But no man ever said I went back on my word," eagerly. "I give you my word, major, I'll send in them slaves and slavers," he throbbed, and went on quickly with his cut-and-dried hummer scheme. "There's a direct trail from here to the Benue that cuts the slavers' route by three hours. With the loan of six soldiers and your horse — —" he jerked forward his jaws, his voice vehemently persuasive; "Major, don't you see you *got* to trust me?"

"And so you would leave Africa, for good?" drawled the Resident.

Roach saw the point. His reply pinged like an oath.

"I CAN'T reach port quick enough, and the ship can't come soon enough to take me from niggers and sun and fever. Look at these legs." He bent and clawed his trouser leg, hauling it up over his sores, which the Resident had no stomach for, but pitched his tenor to his non-com. beyond the tent — in the sweetest words the poacher had heard in many, many years:

"Issou! Oh, Issou! Have my horse saddled, then take six men and go with Blood-in-the-Face, to bring in certain slavers and slaves." To Roach he said, "You see I *am* trusting you. It isn't very regular, but — — Oh, deuce take it, it's the devil or the deep sea. You'd better take a couple of bottles of champagne, and a bottle of quinine — the flat bottle on the small table . . . I shall expect the slavers by midnight, then? And you — —? You'll make for the Kameruns?"

With iron will checking a terrible impulse to haste Roach slipped a bottle of wine into his hip pocket, took the bottle of quinine, and backed toward the flap, but stopped there, conscience-troubled. A warm feeling of friendship and a sense of obligation would not let him leave without a warning as to the mock trial; he feared for its probable effect yet on the *entente cordiale;* he went as far as he dared.

"I wouldn't trouble none about that thief trial, if I were you, major. Let the niggers worry it out among themselves."

But the officer answered fatuously: "Oh, but my official position compels me to regard these things. This is my first visit to N'Sara, and one must create a good impression, y' know."

Roach swallowed that seriously, sweating the while, but he could see no way for further warning; there was too much danger of revealing his nefarious part in the Resident's tortures; he had to fall back on a mental reservation to send back a message from the Benue. With a "S'long, major", he backed through the flap.

Prying the wires of a bottle of champagne with a bayonet he popped the cork, gulped the wine, then got stiffly into the saddle of the waiting horse, gave the word to the Housa sergeant.

He was actually off with the Resident's soldiers to capture his own slaves and slavers — and recapture his unsuspected illicit ivory!

Big, warm globules of rain struck through his shirt. He shifted Little Liza under the protection of his left arm, and rode buoyantly on to ten acres of loam and a bit cottage in home-sweet-home — a modest Elysium substantiated by six soldiers, two-score lustily chanting carriers and a pulsing tom-tom. Not even a clay-yellow, madcap Benue could bar him from it. He stood in his stirrups when he sighted the wild waters, and searched the near bank, and his heart laughed to see the human group there. Checking the carriers, whilst the soldiers fanned out and sneaked through the grass on their victims, he spied out Abdullah's activity; his men were cutting reeds, and tossing them to the slaves, who bound them tightly into unbuoyant rafts.

He heard a shot — several in rapid sequence; then he saw the little brown soldiers rush; he spurred forward, down the slippery river clay, and grinned wickedly at Abdullah and his men, already trussed like chickens. He was too busy with the work in hand to care a rap for the oaths they spat. Setting the carriers to fastening buoyant gourds to the unbuoyant reed rafts and piling thereon his illegal and precious ivory, he turned to the prideful sergeant and eased his conscience.

"TELL your officer I keep my promise; I send the slaves and slavers. Tell him not to worry over that thief trial; tell him it was only a play we put up to keep him from nosing out my ivory. He will say, 'What ivory?' You will answer, 'The ivory carried by the slaves whom the Marragai of M'Brimi tricked onto Blood-in-the-Face.' Savvy?" But he had to repeat the message three times. He then added a generous thought for his dusky co-conspirator in the Resident's humiliation. "Tell your officer not to hold no grudge against old King Koekali, who's just a grown kid and don't mean no harm." He started for the river, but stopped on a very important reminder. "Tell your officer I'll keep that story of a Resident sitting in judgment on that old cow fable under my hat. Savvy?"

The Housa repeated solemnly and verbatim, "You will keep that story of a Resident sitting in judgment on that old cow fable under your hat."

"You got the words pat, if you ain't got the sense, which is perhaps just as well. Scat! Take that horse from my sight and my temptation — quick!"

He knocked the neck of the second champagne bottle, gulped the wine, then walked into the river, nested Little Liza in the ivory of the leading raft, and headed the column on a zig-zag course dictated by the shallows where pampas plumes tossed white-horse manes on the cresting flood; on he went to the rain-blanked far bank, sometimes threshing bottom, oftener swimming, but bawling cheerily all the time to the amphibious blacks, for he was on the last leg of that journey to where white washing is spread on grass that is *green*, and a white woman sings old songs.

A Witch As Was a Witch

(*Continued from page 21*)

the Bells had retired for the night the awful noises broke out clamorously in every part of the house. Sitting up in bed Johnson repeatedly called out: "In the name of the Lord, who are you and what do you want?" At each time of asking there would be silence, but immediately he had put the question the tumults were resumed. Mind you, I do not say that these things ever actually occurred; but I do say that to their dying days the two Johnsons, first of all the outside witnesses to be called in, most certainly believed they occurred.

Furthermore, it is equally certain that Johnson thereafter was firmly convinced that the disturbances were not to be explained away on any natural hypothesis. He urged upon the Bells that men and women of good repute and sound judgment, in the vicinity, be invited to join in a fuller investigation. This was done.

Apparently an effort was made to keep the affair a secret excepting from those selected to take part in the inquiry. They were to observe, to listen, to watch the various members of the household, with a view to ascertaining whether any of them practised ventriloquism or other trickery, and at the same time were to treat the whole as a thing too serious for common discussion. But to maintain secrecy in a case like this was as utterly impossible a task as trying to bottle up a cyclone in a cider jug. Immediately tales of the things that were happening beneath the roof of the Bells spread through the whole countryside, growing, as such tales inevitably do, the farther they spread.

Soon, every night visitors, invited or uninvited, were coming to the Bell home. The presence of larger audiences, according to William Bell, had the effect of causing the disturbances to increase in scope and variety rather than to diminish. Mainly now the malice of the unseen invader was directed against Betsy Bell. Here I beg leave to quote a few sentences from William Bell's chronicle:

"IT was suggested that sister should spend the nights with some of the neighbors to get rid of the trouble, and all were very kind to invite her. She went to different places, James Johnson's, John Johnson's, Jesse Bell's, and Bennet Porter's, but it made no difference, the trouble following her with the same severity, disturbing the family where she went as it did at home, nor were we in any wise relieved. This gave rise to a suspicion in the minds of some persons that the mystery was some device or stratagem originated by sister, from the fact that it appeared wherever she went, and this clue was followed to a logical demonstration of the mistake, satisfying all who entered into the investigation. After Mr. James Johnson expressed his opinion that there was an intelligent cause behind the manifestations, other persons commenced speaking to the witch, as it was then called, importuning it to talk and tell them what it wanted. When spoken to, it was observed that the noise would cease for a time, and then appear still more demonstrative. By this time the mystery had gained wide notoriety, and people came from every direction. Neighbors persevered in their efforts to induce the witch to talk, calling on it to rap on the wall, smack its mouth, etc., and in this way the phenomenon was developed, proving to be an intelligent character.

"When asked a question in a way that it could be answered by numbers, for instance, 'How many persons present?' 'How many horses in the barn?' or 'How many miles to a certain place?' the answers would come in raps, like a man knocking on the wall, the bureau or the bedpost with his fist, or by so many scratches on the wall like the noise of a nail or claws, and the answers were invariably correct. In addition to the demonstrations already described it took to slapping people on the face, especially those who resisted the action of pulling the covers from the bed, and those who came as detectives to expose the trick. The blows were heard distinctly, like the open palm of a heavy hand, while the sting was keenly felt, and it did not neglect to pull my hair and make my brother Joel squall as often."

AFTER the passage of some weeks it is set forth that when called upon to make answer and reveal its wishes the disturber now made whistling sounds which presently changed into weak and faltering whispers, mumbling what at first was indistinct and meaningless, but what presently became articulate and understandable speech. With practise the voice developed strength and coherence. The first connected sentence uttered by it in reply to the question: "Who are you and what do you want?" was: "I am a spirit. I was once very happy, but I have been disturbed." From this time on through approximately a period of two years and a half it is declared by William Bell — and his declaration is supported by others — that the voice spoke on scores of occasions and on countless subjects, indulging in prophecies, revelations, threats, promises, blasphemies, oaths and foul language.

With time the malice of the invisible visitor grew. It is recorded that once it proclaimed itself as the spirit of an Indian who had been buried in the woods near-by and whose grave had been disturbed. Again, on a different night, it declared it was a disembodied wraith seeking for buried treasure. Yet again, it proclaimed itself to be the familiar spirit of a certain Mrs. Kate Batts, an eccentric old woman, who lived not many miles away from the Bell home. Thereafter it was commonly called Kate, very greatly to the displeasure of the slandered Mrs. Batts, and it answered to that name.

To enumerate all the vagaries, all the freakish performances, all the nightmarish achievements attributed to the witch during the ensuing thirty months would make a good-sized volume. Reducing the record to paragraphs, we get this sequence of alleged demonstrations:

THE witch coined names for the particular objects of its favor and of its disfavor. It called John Bell, whom it hated, "Old Jack." His wife, for whom it seemed to have affection, was always referred to as "Old Luce", and James Johnson was "Old Sugar Mouth."

It evidenced a thorough acquaintance with biblical subjects and with church rituals, singing snatches of hymns and quoting liberally and accurately from the Testament.

It betrayed secret transgressions on the part of strangers who came to witness the manifestations. It indulged in predictions of coming events, and the events themselves, transpiring subsequently, are alleged to have justified the accuracy of the prophecies. It was especially loquacious on Sunday nights. Here, again, I interpolate a passage from William Bell's story: "Every Sabbath service that occurred within the bounds was reported at night, the text, hymn, etc., and the preacher also criticized, and everything of peculiar note was described. The company was treated one night to a repetition of one of Rev. James Gunn's best sermons, preached in the vicinity, the witch personating Mr. Gunn, quoting his text and prayer, and preaching so much like Mr. Gunn that it appeared the minister himself was present. A number of persons were present who attended the meeting that day and recognized the declamation as the same sermon. Shortly after this, Rev. James Gunn preached on Sunday at Bethel Methodist Church, six miles southeast, and Rev. Sugg Fort filled his appointment at Drake's Pond Baptist Church, seven miles northwest, thirteen miles apart, both preaching at the same hour, 11 o'clock. It so happened that both ministers came to visit our family that evening, finding quite a crowd of people gathered in, as was the case every day during the excitement. Directly after supper the witch commenced talking as usual, directing the conversation to Brother Gunn, discussing some points in his sermon that day. Mr. Gunn asked the witch how it knew what he had preached about. The answer was: 'I was present and heard you.' This statement being questioned, the vociferator began, quoted the text and repeated the sermon verbatim, and the

closing prayer, all of which the preacher said was correct. Some one suggested that Brother Fort had the advantage of the witch this time; that having attended Brother Gunn's service it could tell nothing about Brother Fort's discourse at Drake's Pond. 'Yes, I can,' was the prompt reply. 'How do you know?' was the inquiry. 'I was there and heard him.' Then, simulating Brother Fort's style, it proceeded to quote his text and repeat his sermon, greatly delighting the company. There was no one present who had heard either sermon, but both ministers admitted that their sermons had been accurately reproduced, and no one could doubt the fact, or were more greatly surprised than themselves."

Its hatred for John Bell and for his daughter Betsy showed constantly enhancing vehemence. It displayed a pronounced opposition to the attentions paid to Betsy Bell by an estimable youth. At one time the couple were said to be engaged. The engagement was eventually broken off, and for this the friends of the two young people gave as a reason the plaguing interference of the witch. Likewise the girl suffered from fainting spells and fits of coma. As she had always been healthy and robust and free from any hysterical or morbid tendencies her family promptly attributed these attacks to the supernatural persecution. John Bell, for his part, complained of a sudden stiffening of his tongue, and a feeling as though a stick had been set like a bit, crosswise in his mouth. As this affliction developed, his tongue actually did swell to an extent which, his son affirmed, visibly distended his jaws, so that for hours on a stretch he neither could speak nor swallow food. Coupled with this he developed muscular contortions of the face, which steadily grew more violent. It may or may not have been a significant circumstance that as his sufferings increased, those of his daughter correspondingly decreased.

"THE next development,"—once more I am quoting from William Bell's narrative—"was the introduction of four characters assuming different names, purporting to be a witch family, each one acting a part, making night hideous in their high carnival, using the most offensive language and uttering vile threats. Up to this time the strange visitor had spoken in the same soft delicate voice except when personating some individual. Now there were four distinct voices. Black Dog assumed to be the head of the family, and spoke in a harsh feminine tone. The voices of Mathematics and Crypocryphy were different, but both of a more delicate feminine tone. Jerusalem spoke like a boy. These exhibitions were opened like a drunken carousal and became perfect pandemoniums, frightful to the extreme, from which there was no escape. Father would most gladly have abandoned home and everything and fled with his family to some far away scene to have escaped this intolerable persecution, but there was no hope, no escape. The awful thing had sworn vengeance, and for what cause it never named, nor could any one ever surmise. Nevertheless, when the question of moving was discussed, it declared it would follow 'Old Jack' to the remotest part of the earth, and father believed it. The family was frightened into consternation, apprehending that a terrible crisis was rapidly approaching. Many of our neighbors were frightened away, fearing they would become involved in a tragical termination. Others, however, drew nearer, and never forsook us in the most trying ordeal. James Johnson and his two sons, John and Calvin, the Gunn families, the Forts, Gooch, William Porter, Frank Miles, Jerry Batts, Major Bartlett, Squire Byrns, and Major Pickering were faithful and unremitting in their sympathy and attentions and consolations, making many sacrifices for our comfort, and not a night passed that four or more were not present to engage the witch in conversation and relieve father of the necessary atention to strangers.

"These demoniac councils were introduced by the singing of songs of every character, followed by much quarreling and the employment of obscene language and blasphemous oaths, making noise like a lot of drunken men fighting. At this stage of the proceedings Black Dog would appear as peacemaker, denouncing the others with vehemence and scurrility, uttering bitter curses and threats of murder unless the belligerents should desist and behave themselves, and sometimes would thrash Jerusalem.

"THESE carousals were ended only by the command of Black Dog, professedly sending the family away on different errands of deviltry, one or two remaining to keep up the usual disturbance in different rooms at the same time. On one occasion all four appeared almost beastly drunk, talking in a maudlin sentimental strain, fuming the house with the scent of whiskey. Black Dog said they got the whiskey at John Gardner's still-house, which was some four miles distant. At other times the unity appeared more civil and would treat our company to some delightful singing, a regular concert of rich feminine voices modulated to the sweetest cadence and intonation and singing any hymn called for with solemnity and wonderful effect. The carousals did not continue long, much to the gratification of the family and friends, and our serious apprehensions were relieved. These concerts were agreeable closing exercises of this series of meetings, and after they were suspended the four demons never, apparently met again."

For negroes the witch showed a strong aversion. It unmercifully whipped Harry, the black house-boy, when he was tardy one morning in kindling the bedroom fires. With stinging blows it harried Phyllis, a twelve-year-old negro girl, who by all accounts was lazy, up and down stairs. It spat in the face of Anky, another young negress, until her face was covered with a white spume. The validity of these performances did not rest entirely upon the statements of the alleged victims. If we are to believe the handed down testimony of the neighbors, there were others present when Harry was paddled by an invisible lash, when Phyllis came tumbling down the steps flinching and screaming with pain, and when Anky fled from the spitting plague. At least once the witch is stated to have clasped hands with one of the volunteer investigators. Here is what William Bell has to say under this head:

"THE Johnson brothers, John and Calvin, perhaps had more intercourse with the witch than any other two men who visited our place during the excitement. That is, they talked more with the invisible, entered more earnestly into the investigation by cultivating friendly and intimate relations. They were both very honorable men, of high standing in the community, but were very dissimilar in character. Calvin was a plain unassuming man of strict integrity, free from deception, faithful in everything he pretended, and would not swerve from truth or break a promise knowingly and wilfully.

"John was more dexterous, of a shrewd investigating turn of mind, guided by policy, and would make use of all legitimate means at hand to gain a point or accomplish a purpose, and he cultivated the witch more than any one else for the purpose of facilitating his investigations. Kate was very fond of gab, and John Johnson made use of every opportunity to engage the mage in conversation hoping to draw out something that would give a clue to the mystery, but it appears that all his wits were baffled and that the seer was all the while aware of his purpose.

"The question arose as to the character of the blows received by so many persons on the cheek after retiring. The sound was like a slap of an open hand, and every one testified that it left a sting like that of a hand, even to the prints of the fingers being felt. Calvin Johnson conceived the idea of asking the witch to shake hands.

"After much persuasion Kate agreed to comply with the request, on one condition, that Calvin would first promise not to try to grasp or hold the hand that would be laid in his. This he agreed to, and then holding out his hand, in an instant he felt the pressure of the invisible. Mr. Johnsor testified that he felt it very sensibly, and that the touch was soft and delicate like the hand of a lady, and no one ever doubted his statement. John Johnson begged Kate to shake hands with him, persisting that he was as good a friend as his brother, but the witch refused, telling John: 'No, you only want a chance to catch me.' John vowed that he would not attempt anything of the kind. Kate still refused, replying: 'I know you, Jack Johnson; you are a grand rascal, trying to find me out, and I won't trust you.' Two or three other persons claimed to have shaken hands with the witch, which I don't know about, though many testified to the force of the hand as felt on the cheek."

Kate recognized total strangers at the moment of their entering the house, calling them by name and referring to private passages in their lives, disclosures which frequently left them excessively embarrassed. It played pranks upon so-called witch doctors and self-styled detectives who arrived with the avowed intention of solving the riddle, and who invariably departed in a hurry, nonplused and discomfited. When no less a personage than General Andrew Jackson rode overland from Nashville with an extensive cavalcade to spend the night at the haunted homestead, Kate, in the presence of a large company, is said to have pulled the nose of a member of the party who came armed with charms against witchcraft and professing to have a wide knowledge of things occult. We are told that General Jackson, hammering his knees with glee at this, cried out: "By the Eternal, this beats fighting the British!" and that subsequently he exchanged words with the voice.

We are asked to believe—and beyond peradventure many reasonably intelligent people back in 1818 and 1819 did indeed believe—that children returning homeward from school in the vicinity fled from clods and sticks flung at them out of wayside thickets in which no living creature could be found; that beggars and suspicious characters were driven along the highroad by threats of violence from an invisible pursuer; that by broad daylight travelers heard unearthly music and saw unearthly lights playing about a spring; that shoes, tightly laced on, were jerked from their wearers' feet; that one Bennet Porter saw small trees bending in his wood-lot when there was no wind to stir them, and on being told by his wife and by Betsy that they plainly beheld strange figures riding, witch-fashion, upon the tops of the saplings, fired his rifle as they directed him to fire; he being unable to see what the other two claimed to see, and that on that same night at the Bell house one of the unearthly quartette already described lamented that a bullet had broken its arm; that another neighbor, a bachelor, and pictured as an individual of strict veracity, solemnly affirmed that on a cold night the witch came to his cabin and crawled into bed with him, and that clutching up the intruder in a counterpane he tried to cast it into a fire but was compelled by a sudden and most nauseating odor to drop his burden and run into the open air for relief, returning shortly thereafter to find the coverlet lying on the floor and the atmosphere greatly cleared.

THESE tales spawn questions: Did contagious hysteria so beset a whole countryside that ordinarily veracious persons spent their days in fabricating incredible fables only to have their fiction accepted as fact and, in time, themselves come to believe in it? Did communicable hallucinations cause hundreds and perhaps thousands of otherwise rational creatures to think they heard and saw things which our intelligence tells us could neither be seen nor heard? In comparatively modern times did a prevalent morbidity, an infectious mania, springing from unfathomable sources, warp the sober judgments and delude the faculties and the senses of very many at once? Where did verity leave off and plain lying start? In the very nature of things we say that no part of it could have happened, that every whit and stitch of it is incredible; and to this the answer is that these honest folk undeniably believed it happened — believed it so firmly that they communicated their beliefs to their children and their grandchildren and their great-grandchildren, some of whom yet believe it; or anyhow, they did in 1894 when Mr. Ingram was riding Northwest Tennessee and Southwest Kentucky after copy for his book.

But what has gone before diminishes, by comparison, almost into commonplace when we come to a recital of the occurrences which are said to have ensued upon a time when Mrs. John Bell fell ill and seriously so. It is set forth that during Mrs. Bell's illness the voice revealed itself about her bedside, at frequent intervals making solicitous inquiries as to whether the patient felt better or worse, and that it sang hymns which were favorites of Mrs. Bell's, and that at length, when Mrs. Bell's appetite had failed entirely, it dropped clusters of wild grapes and handfuls of cracked hazelnuts upon the counterpane. "This was witnessed by several ladies who had called in to see mother, and it was so incredible that the floor above was examined to see if there was not a loose plank or some kind of opening through which they were dropped, but it was found to be perfectly secure, and not even a crevice through which a pin could pass. The bunch of grapes was passed around and all tasted of the fruit and were satisfied it was no illusion. Kate evinced remarkable knowledge of the forest and would tell us where to find plenty of grapes, hazelnuts, herbs of every kind, good hickory for axe handles or tough stick for a maul." Thus wrote William Bell.

FOR many printed pages the testimony of William Bell continues, citing dozens of correlated phenomena. Finally he comes to the death of his father, and here he moralizes after the following fashion:

"No part of what I have written would be complete without the *finale;* the climax which I now approach with a shudder which fills my frame with horror, bringing fresh to memory scenes and events that chilled the blood in my young veins, cheating me out of twenty years of life. Why should my father, John Bell, be inflicted with such a terrible curse? Why should such a fate befall a man striving to live uprightly? I would be untrue to myself and my parentage should I fail to state boldly that John Bell was a man, every inch of him. Not even the ghastly fiend that haunted him to his death in all of its vile curses and evil threatenings ever brought an accusation against him or uttered a solitary word that reflected upon his honor, his character, his courage, or his integrity. If there was any hidden or unknown cause why he should have thus suffered, or if it was, in the providence of God, a natural consequence, then why should the torments of the demon have been visited upon Elizabeth, who was a girl of tender years, brought up under the careful training of a Christian mother, and was free from guile and the wiles of the wicked world, and innocent of all offense? Why should the husband and father, the head of the family, and the daughter, the pet and pride of the household, the center of all family affections, be selected to bear the invections of this terrible visitation, while demonstrations of tenderest love from the same source were bestowed upon the wife and mother? Yet we who experienced or witnessed the demonstration, knew that there was a wonderful power of intelligence possessing knowledge of things, a spirit of divination that could read minds, tell men's secrets, quote the Scripture, repeat sermons, sing songs and hymns, assume bodily form and withal an immense physical force behind the manifestations."

CONTINUING, the son described how the father suffered almost continuously the physical affliction and bodily contortions which previously had distressed him intermittently. Abandoning all other employment, William Bell became his father's constant companion, remaining with him day and night, and almost hourly hearing, he avers, the blasphemous curses and threats of the witch. Not a day passed, he declares, that the voice did not proclaim its intention of hounding "Old Jack" to his grave. About the middle of October, 1820, the older man began to break under the grievous torments which now had persisted for considerably more than two years. He suffered an attack which kept him in bed six or eight days, the blasphemous ravings of the persecutor all the while filling the house with hideous clamor.

One morning, feeling stronger, he started, so William Bell says, for the pig-pen some three hundred yards from his home, for the purpose of separating the swine intended for fattening from the swine intended for breeding. "We had not gone far," goes on the son, "before one of his shoes was jerked off. I replaced it on his foot, drawing the strings tight, tying a double hard knot. The other shoe flew off in the same manner. In no way that I could tie them would they hold, notwithstanding his shoes fitted close and were a little hard to put on, and we were walking over a smooth, dry road. Presently he complained of a blow on his face that felt like an open hand, that almost stunned him. His face commenced jerking with fearful contortions, soon his whole body; and then his shoes would fly off as fast as I could put them on. I raised myself up to hear the reviling sounds of derisive songs piercing the air with terrorizing force. He turned his eyes upward and lifted his soul to Heaven in a burst of fervent passionate prayer. He prayed the Lord that, if it were possible, to let this terrible affliction pass. He beseeched God

to forsake him not in the trying ordeal but to give him courage."

This, it appears, was the last time John Bell ever ventured out-of-doors. Immediately he took to his bed. The crisis of his illness came early on December nineteenth, when he was discovered in a stupor. One of his sons, John Bell, Jr., going to a cupboard in the sick-room where the medicines of the invalid were kept, is alleged to have found a vial described as "smoky-looking" and containing a small quantity of a strange dark-colored fluid. "Dr. George Hopson of Port Royal was sent for in great haste and soon arrived. Also neighbors, John Johnston, Alex. Gunn, and Frank Miles. The witch broke out with joyous exultation, exclaiming: 'I have got him this time! He will never get up from that bed again.' Kate was asked about the vial of medicine and replied: 'I put it there and gave Old Jack a big dose out of it last night while he was asleep, which fixed him.' Certain it was that no member of the family ever saw it before or could tell anything about it. Alex. Gunn caught a cat and brother John ran a straw into the vial and drew it through the cat's mouth, wiping the straw on its tongue. The cat stretched out and died very quick."

The sufferer never regained consciousness. He died on the morning of the following day, and now, in detailing what happened at the funeral, the son narrates what, to my way of thinking, is the crowning episode of the tragedy. "After father had breathed his last nothing more was heard from Kate until after the burial was completed. It was a bright December day and a great crowd of people came to attend the burial. Reverends Sugg Fort, James Gunn and Thomas Gunn conducted the services. After the grave was filled and the friends turned to leave the sad scene the witch broke out in a loud voice singing: 'Row me up some brandy O!' and continued singing this until the family and friends had all entered the house. After the death the fury of the witch was greatly abated. There were but two purposes, seemingly developed in the visitation. One was the persecution of father to the end of his life; the other the vile purpose of destroying the anticipated happiness that thrilled the heart of Betsy. The witch remained with us through the winter and spring of 1821, all the while becoming less demonstrative. Finally it took leave, bidding mother an affectionate farewell, saying that it would be absent seven years, but would surely return to see us and would then visit every house in the neighborhood. This promise was fulfilled as regards the old homestead, but I do not know that it visited other homes. It returned during February, 1828. Mother, Joel and myself were the only occupants left at the old homestead.

The demonstrations announcing its return were precisely the same that characterized its first appearance. We agreed not to talk to the witch, hoping that it would soon leave, as it did, after disturbing us in this way some two weeks, and this was my last experience with Kate."

For all possible substantiation of the essential points of William Bell's disclosures Mr. Ingram went to considerable pains. To be sure, he was handicapped by the lapse of years. Naturally in 1891 there were very few persons who might actually testify as to events from the children and the grandchildren of many of the persons who were supposed actively to have figured in the mystery. Colonel Thomas L. Yancey, a lawyer of standing, set forth in a letter, that his grandfather, Whitmel Fort, told him personally of witnessing and hearing many of the demonstrations and of being present on the occasion when General Jackson paid his visit to the Bell Farm. He added: "Mrs. Wimberly, who was a daughter of Mat Ligon, told me about the visit of Betsy Bell to her father's on the occasion when the witch followed and abused her dreadfully, boxing her jaws, pinching her arms, and pulling her hair, calling her ugly names for trying to run away from it."

A Mrs. Rawls, daughter of one Miss Partheny Thorn who had been Betsy Bell's chum, told Mr. Ingram that her mother was present on scores of occasions when Betsy Bell was mistreated. Mrs. Rawls stated that her mother affirmed that she had seen combs jerked violently from the Bell girl's hair and flung upon the floor.

Judge Charles W. Tyler, of Clarksville, Tennessee, said that his father, John D. Tyler, a school teacher and afterward a state senator, first heard of the witch in 1818 when he moved from Virginia to Tennessee; that he investigated the mystery, believing at the outset that the disturbances were caused by members of the Bell family, but after making many tests became thoroughly convinced that no dweller in the household of the Bells was responsible and that, so far as he was concerned, the puzzle was unreadable.

IN 1892 Mrs. Mahaila Darden, then eighty-five years of age, related to Mr. Ingram how her father, Magistrate James Byrns, repeatedly told her of verbal encounters with the witch. Mrs. Darden remembered that her parents professed their absolute belief in such occurrences as the falling of the grapes and the hazelnuts upon Mrs. Bell's sick-bed and the orgies of the witch family and the singing of a ribald song at the burial of John Bell. They had been present, they told her, when these episodes came to pass. The Rev. James G. Byrns, then a venerable man, recalled similar statements as related to him by his father and by at least nine other witnesses, all neighbors of the Bells. In 1894, Mrs. Nancy Ayres, born in 1819, was for her age mentally and physically active. When Mr. Ingram saw her in '94 she still lived near where she had been born, on a farm two miles from the old Bell home. Replying to a question from Mr. Ingram, Mrs. Ayres is quoted by him as saying: "I was born in the middle of those most exciting events, and they say that the witch was the first to carry the news of my birth to the Bell family. All I know is hearsay from father, mother, grandfather, James Johnson, Uncle Calvin Johnson, Joel Bell, and everybody who lived in the neighborhood at that time; and, of course, I believed their statements as firmly as if I had witnessed the demonstrations." According to Mr. Ingram, Mrs. Ayres was sure that as a baby she had been spanked by the witch for crying. She was sure because her mother had been sure and she, so to speak, had inherited the conviction. She believed that her uncle, Calvin Johnson, had shaken hands with the witch; believing it because her uncle repeatedly told her he had.

Rev. Joshua W. Featherston, a retired clergyman of great age, in 1891 wrote a letter to the effect that he intimately had known practically all of the principal actors in the drama with the exception of the senior John Bell, who died just before Featherston settled in Robertson County; and that he could testify to the unimpeachable characters and the sound judgments of most of these men, and that to him, as a boy and as a young man, practically all of them, at different times, told corroborating stories of the witch's acts and deeds, and that he then and still firmly believed every word of what they told him.

Similar statements for publication in Mr. Ingram's book were made by practising physicians and by a reputable planter. Forty-three men and women, natives of Robertson County, and in the main descendants of the first settlers, testified to their faith in the probity and the integrity of the two Gunns, the two Johnsons, the elder Bell, his sons, and of others whose names figure prominently in William Bell's account. R. H. Pickering, prominent among Methodist laymen in West Tennessee, contributed from memory the accounts of what his father, Major Garaldus Pickering, had described as his frequent experiences, some of them humorous and some of them terrifying, with "Old Kate"; John Gunn, a son of that Alexander Gunn whose name appeared so frequently in William Bell's pages, wound up his letter with the following testimonial: "Knowing Mr. Johnson and

Edgar Wallace

author of "A Cinema Picture", in this number, has another good "Bones" story ready for

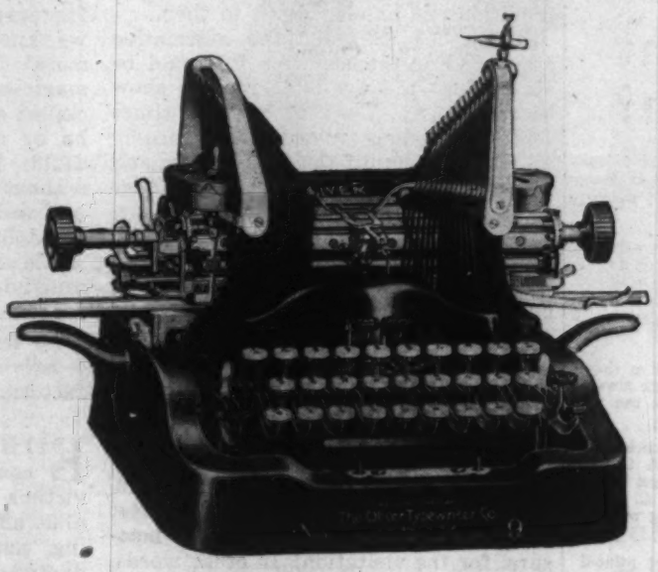
April McClure's 20 Cents

Have You Learned to Typewrite Yet?

Universal typing is *here.* People are abandoning the slow, tiring task of long-hand writing. How long are *you* going to cling to it, in this world of advancement? Everybody dislikes to receive long-hand letters. And everyone shirks at correspondence when it has to be done the old-fashioned, tiring way. So join the progressive throng—get a typewriter NOW.

Free Trial

We ship the Oliver for five days' free trial. Let it sell itself. Or send it back.



14 Months To Pay

Pay for this Oliver while you use it. Only $4 per month and you soon own it.

$49.50 or $100? Which would you rather pay for a standard typewriter?

For 25 years all standard typewriters have been priced at $100 or over and still are—except the Oliver.

It is the only standard typewriter selling at half. It is the only standard, $100 typewriter being marketed direct from the factory.

Were it not for this simplified selling plan, the price of the Oliver would also be $100 or over. For it is the same fine machine, the finest model we have ever built. Over 900,000 have been sold.

We simply sell the identical $100 Oliver direct from the factory, and subtract all the extravagances of complicated selling. We have found that it is needless to maintain a high army of salesmen and agents. We have found it unnecessary to sustain a costly chain of branch offices in over 50 cities.

The $50.50 you save is the sum that it would cost us to sell the Oliver the roundabout way. Plus a saving made because of the volume of business created by our plan.

Send No Money

We let the Oliver sell itself. We ship it to you for free trial. Then you can compare it with other standard typewriters at $100 or over.

You become your own salesman. You are the sole judge. No anxious solicitor will urge you. In the privacy of your own office or home you can decide for or against the Oliver.

If you want to own it, send us $49.50 cash. Or if you wish to pay for it in installments, send us $3 after the trial period, then $4 per month until $55 is paid.

You can readily appreciate that it takes a super-typewriter to sell itself.

No test could be severer. Remember, there need be no fluent salesman to urge you.

If you decide against the Oliver, ship it back at our expense. We even refund the outgoing transportation charges, so that you do not risk one cent in the test.

Now we ask you, would you rather pay $50.50 additional and not get a finer typewriter? Would you care to support a $100 price for the Oliver, and get nothing tangible in return?

Or don't you agree that our new way of selling is logical? Doesn't it appeal to your common sense?

SAVE $50.50

How to Save

The coupon below brings you EITHER a Free Trial Oliver or Further Information. Check which you desire.

This is all you have to do to save the $50.50. Without such a plan, you'd have to pay $100 or over.

But this way you not only save—you get the finest typewriter that can be built by a leading maker. It comes fresh from the factory, our latest and best model, a 25-year development.

Check the coupon *now* and mail it in.

Canadian Price, $79

The OLIVER Typewriter Company
1573 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY,
1573 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

☐ Ship me a new Oliver No. 9 Typewriter for five days' free inspection. If I keep it I will pay $55 as follows: $3 at the end of trial period and then at the rate of $4 per month. The title to remain in you until fully paid for. If I make cash settlement at end of trial period I am to deduct ten per cent and remit to you $49.50.

If I decide not to keep it, I will ship it back at your expense at the end of five days.

My shipping point is.....

☐ Do not send a machine until I order it. Mail me your book—"The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy," your de luxe catalog and further information.

Name.....

Street Address.....

City.....State.....

Occupation or Business.....

Some of the Famous Users:

New York Central Lines, Hart, Schaffner & Marx, U. S. Steel Corporation, N. Y. Edison Co., National Cloak & Suit Co., Morris & Co.—and hundreds of others.

Do You Want A Better Job?

THE only difference between success and failure is a matter of training. The big men in business today did not reach their present success through luck or chance.

They got into the work for which they were best fitted—and then trained themselves to know more about their jobs than anyone else. When opportunity came—as it always comes—these men were ready to grasp it and turn it into fame and dollars.

You have just as good a chance to succeed as these men had—perhaps better! Good positions are always waiting for trained men—positions that you can get if you train yourself to deserve them.

You can secure this training easily and quickly at home through spare-time study with the International Correspondence Schools, just as so many other men have done. The I. C. S. way is the practical way—the fascinating way—the profitable way.

All that we ask is this:—Fill out the coupon printed below and mail it to Scranton. This doesn't obligate you in the least—but it will bring you the full story of what the I. C. S. can do for you. Today is the day to send in that coupon. "Tomorrow never comes."

TEAR OUT HERE

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
BOX 2971-B SCRANTON, PA.

Without cost or obligation, please explain how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject *before* which I have marked an X in the list below:—

☐ ELEC. ENGINEER	☐ BUSINESS MANAG'M'T
☐ Electric Lighting & Rys.	☐ SALESMANSHIP
☐ Electric Wiring	☐ ADVERTISING
☐ Telegraph Engineer	☐ Railroad Positions
☐ Telephone Work	☐ ILLUSTRATING
☐ MECHANICAL ENGR.	☐ Show Card & Sign Ptg.
☐ Mechanical Draftsman	☐ Cartooning
☐ Machine Shop Practice	☐ Private Secretary
☐ Toolmaker	☐ Business Correspondent
☐ Gas Engine Operating	☐ BOOKKEEPER
☐ CIVIL ENGINEER	☐ Stenographer & Typist
☐ Surveying and Mapping	☐ Cert. Pub. Accountant
☐ MINE FOR'N or ENGR.	☐ TRAFFIC MANAGER
☐ STATIONARY ENGR.	☐ Railway Accountant
☐ Marine Engineer	☐ Commercial Law
☐ ARCHITECT	☐ GOOD ENGLISH
☐ Contractor and Builder	☐ Com. School Subjects
☐ Architectural Draftsman	☐ CIVIL SERVICE
☐ Concrete Builder	☐ AUTOMOBILES
☐ Structural Engineer	☐ Railway Mail Clerk
☐ PLUMBING & HEAT'G	☐ Mathematics
☐ Sheet Metal Worker	☐ Navigation
☐ Text. Overseer or Supt.	☐ Agriculture
☐ CHEMIST	☐ Poultry
☐ Pharmacy	☐ Banking

☐ Spanish ☐ Teacher

Name _____

7-1-21

Street and No. _____

City _____ State _____

Occupation _____

Don't Drift

Two interesting hours at home filling out the Bolger Vocational Chart will show you the job you can do best. No studying necessary. No waiting. Based on recognized scientific laws. Find the life work for which you are naturally adapted. Earn more money.

Send for free Booklet P

Bolger Vocational Service, Inc.
296 Broadway, New York City

others who lived long years ago, as I did, together with the statements of my father and grandfather, I cannot at all question the appearance and existence of the unsolved mystery of the Bell Witch, nor do I doubt the actual occurrence of the incidents recorded by William Bell, whom I knew to be one of the purest and best of men." Page after page of Mr. Ingram's book carried similar declarations by men of repute who were alive in the nineties and who pieced out the traditions as handed down to them.

There the case for the affirmative stands. For the negative it should be stated that the available records show these things: That at various times and by various investigators nearly all the members of the Bell family, and especially Betsy Bell, were put under suspicion of causing the demonstrations. Likewise two neighbors — the erratic Mrs. Batts and one other not named — were gravely suspected. By a crude but evidently satisfactory process of elimination both of them, in the minds of their rural judges, were absolved.

At least one paid investigator — he published his findings in 1849, more than seventy years ago — by balancing deduction against deduction, and by eliminating various alleged factors, eventually decided that Betsy Bell must have been responsible, in a great measure, for the visitation. In other words, he said, in effect, that if she did not do these things who else, pray, could have done them? — which is interesting but not entirely conclusive. One outcome of the publishing of this man's article was a contemplated libel suit against the publication which circulated it; another was the decision, on the part of William Bell, to prepare the chronological data which here has been quoted from. One gathers also, that repeatedly the suggestion was advanced that practically all the dwellers at the Bell homestead, white and black, with the possible exceptions of the father and mother, were in a conspiracy to produce the manifestations by sleight-of-hand and ventriloquism with a view either to gaining notoriety for themselves or to deriving money from the entertainment of persons coming from a distance to witness the demonstrations.

AS against any or all of these theories the offsetting arguments are: First: That the characters, the modes of life, the natures and the dispositions of the Bells, as we see them reflected after the lapse of more than a century, would tend to clear them from complicity. Second: The statement of William Bell, a man of unimpeachable repute, that neither his father nor his mother ever accepted money or gifts of any sort from any of their visitors but, in accordance with the prevalent hospitality of the times, invariably provided free meals for all comers. Third: Entire lack of any presumptive motive on the part of the accused principals who, without exception, appear to have had kindly impulses and straightforward modes of thought. Fourth: The certainty that to have produced a fraud so extensive and so ramified would have required powers of ventriloquism and mimicry and a knowledge of conjuring far surpassing such tricksome arts as we know them to-day. Fifth: The moral impossibility that any arch-magician, however cunning, with the skilled and schooled confederates which he or she must inevitably have had, could have operated for so long without detection. Sixth: The improbability that a pair of the type of John Bell, Sr., and his wife, would have bred a brood capable of contriving and carrying on so hideous a cheat.

So finally the whole proposition, as I see it, resolves itself into these factors:

EITHER all the residents of a sizable community were the simultaneous victims of a monstrous hallucination, alike affecting men and women of varying natures and continuing without abatement for over two years, or —

A marvelous master of trick and device, for no apparent reason or possible personal gain, succeeded through a period of months and years in practising a monumental deception without once being caught in the act, or —

What, to the average individual today seems most incredible of all, that the Bell Witch was a disembodied spirit of malice and cruelty, possessing unearthly faculties for mischief, memory, divination and malignity.

You pays your money and you takes your choice. For my own part, still sitting on the roof with the North Carolinian mountaineer, I say if it was a fraud it was one of the biggest frauds that ever a world ridden with chicanery has known. And I say that if it was a lie then Robertson County, Tennessee, back in 1818 when lying, as a fine art in this country, was still, as you might say, in its infancy, produced the most noble constellation of conspiring and confederating star liars since the dawn of civilization. And, finally, I say that if it was neither a fraud nor a lie nor an hallucination; if it really came to pass — but right here my own judgment rises up to warn me that I am getting ready to accept as a probability that which utterly and everlastingly is impossible. So I leave it and you right there.

The Giant Tree

By William Hamilton Hayne

In the red wake of war's tumultuous flood
The seed of peace — firm planted in the earth —
Will rise triumphant o'er the gory sod,
With the full verdure of immaculate leaves,
To heal the wounded nations of the world.

Lincoln at Gettysburg

(*Continued from page 43*)

ruled by the sword. Kings, emperors and czars had governed with the iron hand of authority. Force, instead of right, was the decisive factor. Even so great and pure a philosopher as Socrates disbelieved in the common people as ever having the power to rule wisely, and therefore considered the only durable and safe form of government a monarchy or an aristocracy.

But here a great nation had made the experiment, and if it finally resulted in failure there would be no more hope for Democracy, for the rule of the people, for common citizens to be the equals and peers of any in the land. So Mr. Lincoln begins with the great words which resound through the whole paper: "Fourscore and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal." He means that the hopes of mankind are being tried in the balance. The oppressed peoples, enslaved majorities, and the downtrodden and persecuted champions of freedom in all countries are praying for the success of Democracy. If this great, free nation, self-ruled, outrides the storm, then only in this Western land can a statue dedicated to "Liberty enlightening the World" be erected.

This supreme goal is well worth all the sacrifices that are demanded for it. And so, with irrepressible tenderness, the speaker alludes to the hero-patriots who, in the crucial battles fought here at Gettysburg and in other places, are now to be commemorated in this National Cemetery, "That from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion: that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain." And how entirely sympathetic that thought: "In a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract." And then he makes the noble and stirring appeal that from the example of these lives sacrificed to save Democracy and Liberty to mankind we should draw the inspiration to imitate them in making the sacrifices necessary to crown their efforts with enduring victory.

A notable feature of this Dedication Address is its charity. There is an entire absence of all bitterness. Not a single word of exultation appears over those who lost this pivotal battle. This appears yet more distinctly in his second Inaugural Address, in those beautiful sentences, "With *malice toward none;* with *charity for all;* with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in: to bind up the

Ask Us Now

This test will delight you

Again we offer, and urge you to accept, this new teeth cleaning method.

Millions now employ it. Leading dentists, nearly all the world over, are urging its adoption. The results are visible in whiter teeth wherever you look today.

Bring them to your people.

The war on film

Dental science has declared a war on film. That is the cause of most tooth troubles. And brushing methods of the past did not effectively combat it.

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. Then night and day it may do serious damage.

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Very few people have escaped the troubles caused by film.

Two film combatants

Now two combatants have been found. Many careful tests have proved their efficiency.

A new-day tooth paste has been created, and these two film combatants are embodied in it. The paste is called Pepsodent.

Now every time you brush your teeth you can fight those film-coats in these effective ways.

Also starch and acids

Another tooth enemy is starch. It also clings to teeth and in fermenting it forms acids.

To fight it Nature puts a starch digestant in saliva. She also puts alkalis there to neutralize the acids.

Pepsodent multiplies the salivary flow. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. It multiplies the alkalis. Thus these teeth protecting forces, twice a day, are much increased.

They must be done

These things must be done. Teeth with film or starch or acids are not white or clean or safe. You know yourself, no doubt, that old tooth-brushing methods are inadequate.

See what the new way does.

Make this pleasant ten-day test and watch your teeth improve.

A few days will tell

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

Do this now. The effects will delight you and lead to constant delights. To all in your home they may bring new beauty, new protection for the teeth.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

The scientific film combatant, which brings five desired effects. Approved by modern authorities and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

10-Day Tube Free 753

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 710, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family

PROTECT YOUR HOME and Earnings

With this 25 Cal. regulation blue steel AUTOMATIC REVOLVER

Regular Price $22.50 OUR PRICE While they last $9.75

Keep one of these safety brand new Automatics in your home and be fully protected against burglars, thieves and hold-up men. It's a terrible fright to wake up in the night—hear noises downstairs or in the next room—and realize your neglect has left you wholly UNPROTECTED.

Buy one of these revolvers and be always **fully protected.** Handsome blue steel, gun-metal finish. **HAS DOUBLE SAFETY** and is practically **"fool proof"** against accidents. Perfect grip. accurate aim. Rifled barrel, hard rubber, checkered grips, safety lever. Holds 7 cartridges. Small, compact, lies flat and will not bulge out pocket. **Shoots the Standard Auto Cartridges.**

SEND NO MONEY

Order today. Just send your name and address and say which automatic you want.

No. 135 is 25 calibre, 7 shot, as illustrated. Regular price $22.50. Our price..... **$9.75**

No. 3635, same style as above, only 32 calibre. 7 shots. Regular price $25.00. Our price only..... **$11.00**

No. 535 is larger size, 32 calibre, military model automatic, 10 shot, extra magazine FREE. Regular price $25.00. Our special price only..... **$12.00**

No. 4635, 25 calibre genuine **MAUSER.** 25 calibre automatic that shoots 10 shots. Blue steel finish. Value $35.00. Our price only..... The only **$14.50**

No. 5135, 32 calibre genuine **MAUSER.** Shoots 9 shots. Blue steel finish. Value $40.00. Our price only.. **$15.50**

No. 4135, 30 calibre, genuine imported **LUGER.** Don't be misled by a gun that looks like a LUGER automatic. We are selling this wonderful world-famed gun at such ridiculously low prices because of our ability to purchase in quantities. The LUGER shoots 9 shots. Has automatic magazine ejector. It is the latest model with safety attachment. Regular value up to $90.00. Our special price, while they last, only **$28.50**

GUARANTEED BRAND NEW GOODS

Don't wait. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed after examination or money back. Order this bargain today. Write clearly your name, address and the Number of the Automatic you want to order. **Send no cash.** We ship by return mail. Pay Postman on arrival, our price, plus postage. Send for free catalog.

PARAMOUNT TRADING CO.

34 West 28th Street **NEW YORK CITY**

The Only Book

of its kind in the world!

ALO STUDIES—the Art Edition De Luxe, by Albert Arthur Allen, are *photographic* creations of the nude, blending the purity and charm of youth amid luxuriant settings of nature.

Thirty-two full page, wonderfully clear, large sized reproductions, art paper in gold, postpaid $1.00

ALLEN ART STUDIOS

4111 Broadway, Oakland, Cal. U.S.A.

Alo Studies

nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan — to do all which may achieve and cherish a *just* and *lasting peace* among ourselves, and with all nations."

In this magnificent utterance we see the depth and breadth of the Great Commoner's mind. He has a world-wide vision. And he knows that men do not give their lives except for honest conviction. He has in mind Edmund Burke's great apothegm: "You cannot draw up an indictment against a whole people." And he realizes that when the battle is over, and the strife done, the only way to "a just and lasting peace among *ourselves*" (which includes the Southern as well as the Union fighters), is charity, mutual forgiveness, and the banishment of hate and revenge. This far-seeing policy, opposed by Stanton, but favored by President Lincoln, finally became the policy of the victors, and it has justified itself in a thoroughly united people, and a true brotherhood of conqueror and conquered.

And alone by such a course of charity, forgetfulness and mutual good-will can distracted and hating and warring Europe end its present chaotic ruin, and achieve a "just and lasting peace."

A word as to the *religious* tone of the address. Mr. Lincoln closes "that this nation, *under God*, shall have a new birth of freedom: and the government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth." There has been much discussion as to the religiousness of Mr. Lincoln. In a letter to *The Nation*, an intelligent lady contends that the President was a Free-thinker, and that the phrase "under God" was inserted later by ardent pietists. To show how these fabulous stories will arise about eminent men, we have but to look at the New York *Tribune's* report of the address in its edition of November 20, 1863, preserved in the Public Library of New York City, where it is published in full, and where these words "under God" appear.

And what Mr. Lincoln meant by this acknowledgment of God is shown in his second Inaugural, where he expands it into a belief in "The Almighty having His own purposes", and "in the Providence of God." The martyr President was not a churchman, nor in the ecclesiastical sense a Christian, but, according to the great Master's test, "Love to God and Love to Neighbor," the essence of Religion, he was in "the Kingdom of God", and therefore a Christian indeed. The man who said, "When any church takes for its motto that religious and moral standard of Micah: 'What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God' there I am with it," expresses the very heart of religion.

Lincoln our great American has also become a world-hero. Eloquently has this international renown been voiced by Lloyd George's speech at the unveiling of the Lincoln statue near Westminster Abbey in this remarkable tribute: "I am not sure that you in America realize the extent to which he is also our possession and our pride. . . . In his life he was a great American. He is an American no longer. He is one of those giant figures, of whom there are very few in history, who lose their nationality in death. They are no longer Greek, or Hebrew, or English, or American—they belong to mankind. I wonder whether I will be forgiven for saying that George Washington was a great American, but Abraham Lincoln belongs to the common people of every land."

Such words must thrill every American breast with pride.

"Fame," says Hazlitt, in one of his most brilliant essays, "is a temple built upon the ashes of Genius. It is constructed of the sacrifices great leaders have made for truth, or for some noble ideal." And then, contrasting its enduring nature with the shallowness and transiency of mere *Notoriety*, he says, as nobly as beautifully: "Fame is the sound which the stream of great thoughts, coursing down the ages, makes as it flows, ever growing louder and mightier, even as the resounding billows of the sea."

Our great Lincoln, who had no thought of self, and cared not for the notoriety of the time serving demagogue, has gained the palm of an immortal name. Time, that test of the good, great and true, has reckoned him one of the greatest benefactors of humanity. She has given him one of the highest niches in the Temple of Immortals, where, with lapsing centuries, he wins an ever-growing and brighter fame.

In his memoirs in McCLURE's for April, Mr. Farquhar gives an enchanting picture of life in Maryland before the Civil War and his experiences when the Confederate armies invaded his home town in Pennsylvania, as well as contacts with Lincoln and Grant.

The Heart of America

By Arthur Briggs Farquhar

April McClure's 20 Cents

Japanese Women of To-day

(*Continued from page 52*)

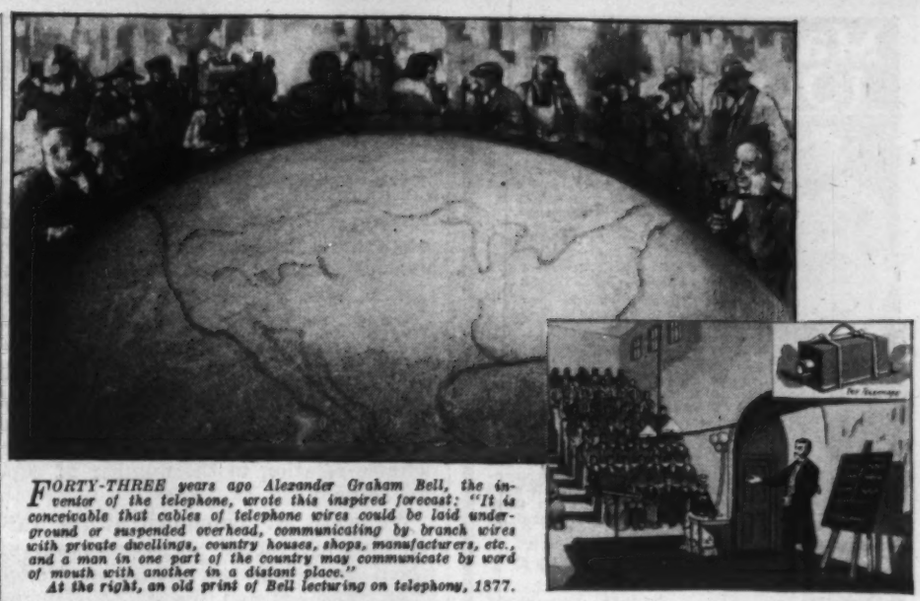
recall one tea room perfect in every Japanese detail, from the ceiling, divided into squares painted in the fantastic and intricate curves of the dragon design, to the tea utensils themselves, richly simple, resting on *tatami* satin-like in its texture and sheen. For the preparations attendant upon the tea ceremony, an ante-room opens from the tea room, each sliding partition a picture.

How unusual organized civic work among Japanese women is was made clear to me while I was there by the obvious novelty of a combined movement among women's organizations to establish a crêche. I cannot think of anything Japan needs more. I was everywhere struck by the way men, women and children carry the babies. Mothers carry long-legged youngsters that, in America, would certainly be required to propel themselves; this, and the fact that the mothers also nurse children late, up to the ages of six and seven sometimes, is undoubtedly a drain upon the vitality of Japanese women.

But the elder children spell the mother manfully. I saw boys playing ball or having a game with those long javelins they use, with babies on their backs. And the crêche above mentioned was established to take the little ones *literally off the backs* of the older children.

IF I came away convinced that Japan critically needs the building of more schools and universities, the study of social and labor conditions, improved railroad and mail service, the building of roads, the paving of cities, the construction of sewerage system, and last but not least household labor-saving devices — all of which things the West offers to the East an example — I also felt that I was returning possessed of a better understanding of the highest type of Eastern civilization, some phases of which the Western world might well adopt.

But as our western ways travel eastward to Japanese women — and to Japanese men — those of us who have sojourned in Japan, even briefly, will hope that our ways will never be adopted just because they are western but only because, and only when, they are better than eastern ways. And we hope also that there will be a rate of exchange, so to speak, that will permit some of the grace of Japanese civilization to come in upon our western consciousness — not merely over the "academic bridge" of exchange professors, not merely over the bridge of trade and finance, but through that greater understanding and information on the part of average men and women, which alone can make the West understand the East and the East understand the West. I am glad to have had a chance to grow to love the Japanese and to respect and admire the exquisite and honorable civilization in which they live.



FORTY-THREE years ago Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, wrote this inspired forecast: "It is conceivable that cables of telephone wires could be laid underground or suspended overhead, communicating by branch wires with private dwellings, country houses, shops, manufacturers, etc., and a man in one part of the country may communicate by word of mouth with another in a distant place."
At the right, an old print of Bell lecturing on telephony, 1877.

Foresight

More than forty years ago, when the telephone was still in its experimental stage, with but a few wires strung around Boston, the men back of the undertaking foresaw a universal system of communication that would have its influence upon all phases of our social and commercial life.

They had a plan of organization capable of expansion to meet the growth they foresaw; and their wisdom is borne out by the fact that that plan which they established when telephones were numbered by dozens is efficient now when telephones are numbered by millions.

This foresight has advanced the scientific development of the art of telephony to meet the multiplied public requirements. It has provided for funds essential to the construction of plant; for the purchase of the best materials on the most advantageous terms; for the training of employees to insure skilled operators; for the extension of service in anticipation of growth, with the purpose that no need which can be foreseen and met will find the Bell System unprepared.

The foresight of the early pioneers has been developed into a science during the years which have elapsed, so that the planning of future operations has become a function of the Bell System. This is why the people of the United States have the most efficient and most economical telephone service in the world.

"BELL SYSTEM"
AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy, One System, Universal Service, and all directed toward Better Service

TRADE MARK REG.
WURLITZER
FREE TRIAL
Any musical instrument sent on a week's free trial with complete outfit, case, self-instructor, etc. No obligation to buy.
Monthly Payments
Easy terms, only a few cents a day.
Send for Catalog
Free. Shows all instruments. Trial blank enclosed.
Rudolph Wurlitzer Co., Dept 1493
117 E. 4th St., Cincinnati 120 W. 42nd St., New York
700 Jackson Blvd., Chicago, 215 Stockton St., San Francisco

DIAMONDS
Here at 60% of Market Price
This blue white perfectly cut diamond 7-8—3-32 ct. at $52.50 among bargains last list. Many other big values in our lists. Buy HERE. Loan values the price basis, not market values. This 75 year old diamond banking firm has thousands unpaid loans and other bargains must sell NOW.
This Ring $52.50
1/4 - 1/2 Carat Blue White
Why Pay Full Prices
Any diamond sent for absolutely free examination at our risk. No obligation. No cost to you.
Send for Latest List
Diamond Bargains described in detail. Tells of guaranteed loan values, unlimited exchange privilege, details of free examination. Send now.
JOS. DeROY & SONS 8494 DeRoy Bldg.
Only Opposite Post Office, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Man! Are YOU 100% Alive!

What kind of a man are you? Are you a strong, healthy, vigorous, clean-blooded, clear-brained specimen, overflowing with manly pep and vitality? Or are you a weak complaining misfit—an apology for a real man—afflicted with Catarrh, Constipation, Indigestion, crippled with Rheumatism, Rupture, Weak Spine, Flat Chest, Round Shoulders, Flat Feet—wretched with Nervousness, Impotency, Vital Depletion and the results of Youthful Folly and Excesses?

No matter what your condition is or what caused it, you can banish your ailments and revive your Flagging Powers and Manhood with STRONGFORTISM—The Modern Science of Health Promotion. I guarantee it.

Mention the ailments on which you want **special confidential information** and send with 10c to help pay postage, etc., on my free book, "**Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy.**" It's a man-builder and a life saver. Send for it **Right Now**—TODAY.

STRONGFORT
The Perfect Man

LIONEL STRONGFORT
Physical and Health Specialist
Dept. 796. - Newark, New Jersey

- - - - - CUT OUT AND MAIL THIS COUPON - - - - -

MR. LIONEL STRONGFORT, Dept. 796, Newark, N. J.
Please send me your book, "**Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy**," for postage on which I enclose a 10c piece (one dime). I have marked (X) before the subject in which I am interested.

..Colds	..Increased Height	..Youthful Errors
..Catarrh	..Pimples	..Vital Losses
..Asthma	..Blackheads	..Impotency
..Hay Fever	..Insomnia	..Falling Hair
..Obesity	..Short Wind	..Weak Eyes
..Headache	..Flat Feet	..Gastrit's
..Thinness	..Stomach Disorders	..Heart Weakness
..Rupture	..Constipation	..Poor Circulation
..Lumbago	..Biliousness	..Skin Disorders
..Neuritis	..Torpid Liver	..Despondency
..Neuralgia	..Indigestion	..Round Shoulders
..Flat Chest	..Nervousness	..Lung Troubles
..Deformity (Describe)	..Poor Memory	..Stoop Shoulders
..Female Disorders	..Rheumatism	..Muscular Development
..Successful Marriage	..Manhood Restored	..Great Strength

Name .....
Age ..... Occupation .....
Street .....
City ..... State .....

THRIFT

Care and prudence in the management of one's resources. The state of one who thrives; success; prosperity.—(*Standard Dictionary*)

DICK'S THRIFT BOOK

A MONEY-SAVING SYSTEM FOR EVERYONE

DICK'S THRIFT BOOK will enable the modern family to keep an accurate record of their household receipts and expenditures in as simple a manner as possible and without any necessary knowledge of bookkeeping.

DICK'S THRIFT BOOK will enable you to take advantage of allowable deductions in your Income Tax return.

DICK'S THRIFT BOOK will enable you to prepare a budget covering all your prospective receipts and expenditures for each year.

It means dollars in your pocket to mail the following coupon or a letter, RIGHT NOW!

Dollars in your pocket is thrift; thrift is SUCCESS AND PROSPERITY.

DICK'S THRIFT BOOK
F. M. Lupton, Publisher
80 Lafayette Street, New York, N. Y.

Please send me "DICK'S THRIFT BOOK," The Money-saving System for Everyone. I enclose $2 in payment. If I do not like the book upon receipt of it, I agree to return it in five days and you agree to refund my money.

Name .....
Address .....
.....McC 3-22

After the War

(*Continued from page 17*)

not to replace ships for ten years and then to limit replacement to an agreed maximum of capital ships, namely, 500,000 each for England and the United States, and 300,000 for Japan. Subject to these conditions we are not to replace battleships till they are twenty years old, nor to make them over 35,000 tons each. Auxiliary ships — *i.e.*, cruisers, destroyers, submarines and aircraft carriers — are to bear definite relation to the number of capital ships.

We were all astounded at the far-reaching character of the plan, of which our delegation had no knowledge when they entered the hall. But the plan, however drastic, seems fair and sincere, and America is offering to scrap ships upon which she has spent $330,000,000 already. It is true that there are rumors whispered that the new American ships are failures owing to their electric propulsion having failed, but I disbelieve this, and even if it were so it is to every one's advantage to arrest naval competition. I saw the Ambassador and some Japs in the afternoon. The latter do not seem opposed in principle, and their technical experts sitting close to me in the hall were all one broad happy smile when Hughes announced what America proposed to scrap. Our real anxiety is for the dockyard towns and for Sheffield, Vickers, Armstrong, Birkenhead, and so forth. The Clyde will also be hard hit. Naturally we must make sure of France and Italy, but in view of our financial position, and the need for ending the American-Japanese competition, we can be fairly contented. If we had sprung such a plan unheralded upon the Americans, I think it would have been rejected. Mr. Secretary Hughes sunk in thirty-five minutes more ships than all the admirals of the world have destroyed in a cycle of centuries. More, he appeared to me to condemn by anticipation all the armaments of the globe. The armies of the world seem to me beckoned toward the cell of the condemned. Teaching by example, America makes a great renunciation and the most magnificent political gesture of all history.

It is an audacious and astonishing scheme and took us off our feet. We seemed spell-bound. The few men to whom I spoke babbled incoherently. What will they say in London? To see a British First Lord of the Admiralty, and another late First Lord, sitting at a table with the American Secretary of State telling them how many ships they might keep and how many they should scrap, struck me as a delightfully fantastic idea. Yet I cannot see any real danger in it if all States follow suit, especially as I believe that the mastodons can never cross an ocean to attack people the other side of it, and in any case we are all three in the same position relatively and with much smaller naval estimates both for building and for maintenance. But a lot of our naval personnel will have to go, and that will be troublesome.

The Congressmen in the galleries took charge a bit to-day. They seemed to regard the Conference as a Republican Convention, cheered as they liked, and even called upon Briand for a speech and made him and other chief delegates rise and speak. This cannot go on or no more open meetings can be held. We cannot have an American claque which might groan instead of cheer, or make some other undisciplined inroad upon the liberty of action of the delegates. However, it is their way and they were enthusiastic. So Hughes wisely let them have their way, even if he seemed rather taken aback by their unexpected forwardness. I had never heard Briand speak before. He is a firm clear speaker with a clarion voice of a timbre that carries, and he held himself stiffly and did not go in for animation or gestures. He dominates a sitting at once and is masterful. But he has not L. G.'s range, I think, nor particularly his humor. We came out in a trance, not quite sure whether we were walking on our heads or our heels. Something had cracked. The helmet of Mars, perhaps.

Spent the day reflecting over it all and then cabled the *D. T.* giving an account and some comments on the proceedings of an eventful day which alone made coming here worth while. But though I admired Hughes's courage and plain speaking, we have yet to see his spirit of conciliation and compromise. He spoke harshly at times. He has strength, courage, driving power, and he will have great prestige if this Conference succeeds, but we have yet to learn whether he has the necessary art of conciliation. All the same the American proposal has tremendous import and may go through, though we may have to be stiff about France, as she has a great army and we have none. I hear from the Ambassador that the American Government only finally adopted their naval plan late last night. If it had not been so, they would scarcely have concealed their plan from some of the sharpest eyes and quickest ears in Europe and America. . . .

Friday, November 18, 1921. A strange thing, this American Constitution. Framed by a set of Colonial country squires with strong conservative instincts, and at the close of the eighteenth century when modern ideas had not the force which they have now, it is a strange medley of old and new, giving the President all power and yet almost none, and allowing the State to be governed by any wave of generous or spurious sentimentalism which may

sweep through the country. The increased rapidity and facility of communicating news aid the rapid march of the prairie fire of thought. The tendency may often be not to do what the leading men know is right, but what the people wish, whether they be well or ill-informed. I am persuaded that the men ruling here at present are sincere, high-minded, and well-intentioned. In the people the minds of the more intelligent are very clean and there is a hatred of unfairness. But there is also a mass of very uninstructed opinion which has to be counted with and only sees simple and visible things. This mass may be manipulated by bad people, especially those controlling a large number of newspapers.

The authorities here are as accessible in a broad sense as ours are inaccessible. Any representatives of any paper can see the President once or twice a week and the Secretary of State daily and ask them any questions they like. That gives pleasure and satisfaction, though the amount of news to be gathered by these interviews is comparatively slight. The actual area covered by each big paper is not large, nor consequently is the circulation. But the syndicate business spreads the influence of the best papers far and wide, and some of the best writers now syndicate themselves and do not belong to any paper. These voices carry farthest. One of the men who are doing this tells me that he has thirty-four million readers daily. Divided by four to allow for the sanguine American temperament, it is still large. Still the country is vast, the interests varied, and local talent considerable. So the big papers all over America do not always speak with the same voice, except in a case like this Conference where every paper draws its opinion from the capital. It is less the press than the real and fundamental interests of each quarter of the country which ought to be studied before one can foretell what opinion will be given in any given case. The Presidential election is a temporary outburst of political insanity, and no one can count on anything at that time or for six months before it. Ambassadors ought to go on leave at that time. The parties are then searching for political weapons and any weapon will do.

Question: Why do American country roads have no "sidewalks"? Apparent answer, Because Americans never walk.

Sunday, November 20, 1921. A report on the Far Eastern discussion by the Commission yesterday shows that all Powers protest their great friendliness to China and undertake to do the most beautiful things for her. The Japanese statement is perfectly satisfactory. But handsome is as handsome does. A mass of reading. Then to Mrs. Hamilton Wright's to meet her brother, Stanley Washburn, who has done so well for the *Times* in many parts of the world. He and his sister know China and Japan well. He is now working on Elihu Root's secretariat. Low and several other people were there, but we had a good talk and exchanged ideas. Little difference

I Teach Piano a Funny Way

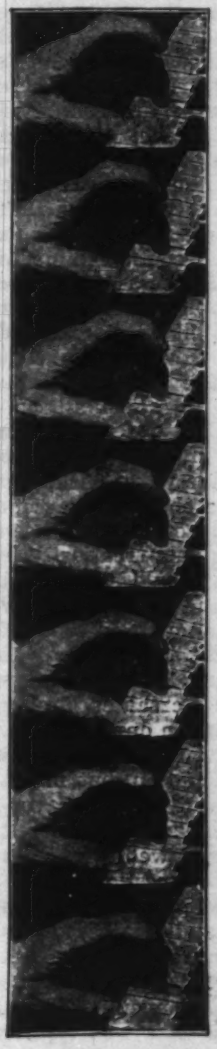
So People Told Me When I First Started in 1891. But now, after over twenty-five years of steady growth, I have far more students than were ever before taught by one man. I am able to make them players of the piano or organ in *quarter the usual time, at quarter the usual cost.*

DR. QUINN AT HIS PIANO

From the Famous Sketch by Schneider, Exhibited at the St. Louis Exposition

To persons who have not previously heard of my method this may seem a pretty bold statement. But I will gladly convince you of its accuracy by referring you to any number of my graduates in any part of the world. There isn't a state in the Union that doesn't contain many players of the piano or organ who obtained their training from me *by mail.*

Investigate by writing for my 64-page free booklet, "How to Learn Piano or Organ."



My way of teaching piano or organ is **entirely different** from all others. Out of every four hours of study one hour is spent **entirely away from the keyboard,** learning something about Harmony and The Laws of Music. This is an awful shock to most teachers of the "old school," who still think that learning piano is solely a problem of "finger gymnastics." When you **do** go to the keyboard, you accomplish **twice as much,** because you **understand what you are doing.** Within four lessons I enable you to play an interesting piece not only in the original key, but in all other keys as well.

I make use of every possible scientific help—many of which are **entirely unknown** to the average teacher. My patented invention, the COLOROTONE, sweeps away playing difficulties that have troubled students for generations. By its use, Transposition—usually a "nightmare" to students—becomes easy and fascinating. With my fifth lesson I introduce another important and exclusive invention, QUINN-DEX. Quinn-Dex is a simple, hand-operated moving-picture device, which enables you to see, right before your eyes, every movement of my hands at the keyboard. **You actually see the fingers move.** Instead of having to reproduce your teacher's finger movements from MEMORY—which cannot be always accurate—you have the correct models before you during every minute of practice. The COLOROTONE and QUINN-DEX save you months and years of wasted effort. They can be obtained **only from me** and there is nothing else anywhere even remotely like them.

Men and women who have failed by other methods have quickly and easily attained success when studying with me. In all **essential** ways you are in closer touch with me than if you were studying by the oral method—yet my lessons cost you only 43 cents each—and they include all the many recent developments in scientific teaching. For the student of moderate means, this method of studying is **far superior** to all others, and even for the wealthiest students, there is nothing **better** at **any** price.

You may be certain that your progress is at all times in accord with the best musical thought of the present day, **and this makes all the difference in the world.**

My Course is endorsed by distinguished musicians who would not recommend any Course that did not maintain the highest standards. It is for beginners or experienced players, old or young. You advance as rapidly or as slowly as you wish. All necessary music is supplied without extra charge. A diploma is granted. Write to-day, without cost or obligation, for 64-page free booklet, "How to Learn Piano or Organ."

Marcus Lucius Quinn Conservatory of Music

Studio ML 43

598 Columbia Road, Boston, 25, Mass.

FREE BOOK COUPON

QUINN CONSERVATORY, STUDIO ML 43

598 Columbia Road, Boston, 25, Mass.

Please send me, without cost or obligation, your free booklet, "How to Learn Piano or Organ," and full particulars of your Course and special reduced Tuition Offer.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Printing Cheap

Cards, circulars, labels, book, paper. Press $12. Larger $35 Job press $150. Save money. Print for others, big profit. All easy, rules sent. Write factory for press catalog, TYPE, cards, etc. **THE PRESS CO., D-34, Meriden, Conn.**

New Way **Improves Your English!**

Wonderful new way. No rules to learn. No hard study. Grammar, Spelling, Punctuation, Conversation, Expression, Vocabulary Building, taught in 15 minutes a day—at home. Self-Correcting feature makes it fascinating as a game. System patented by Sherwin Cody, world famous teacher of practical English. Good English helps you in business and social life. Poor English causes you untold harm. Write today for Free Book "How to Speak and Write Masterly English." **Address SHERWIN CODY SCHOOL OF ENGLISH, 903 Searle Bldg., Rochester, N.Y.**

PATENTS-TRADE MARKS

PROCURED - REGISTERED

A comprehensive, experienced, prompt service for the protection and development of your ideas. Booklet of information, advice and form for disclosing idea, free on request. **RICHARD B. OWEN, 43 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C. or 2276-Y Woolworth Bldg., N. Y.**

Learn Advertising

Earn $40 to $150 Weekly

You learn easily and quickly by mail in spare time at home. We assist you to earn $20 to $40 weekly while learning. Highest paid profession, tremendous demand, positions waiting. Write for handsome book of particulars. Applied Arts Institute, Dept. 107, Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

Fat-

Tell-Tale Sign of Age!

EVERY man and woman rightly wishes to prolong youthful appearance. Yet how many with faces and spirits still young, look older than their years because of *excessive fat*? And how unnecessary ugly, disfiguring fat is now, when it can be reduced so simply! Merely apply the vacuum cup of Dr. Lawton's Fat Reducer to the fatty part. Gentle, penetrating massage breaks down the fat tissues and they are eliminated. No drugs, starving or exercises are needed. The reduced flesh is firm and healthy, and the whole system is youthified and benefited. Four or five days usually brings results, and a full trial period of eleven days is allowed. If you do not see reduction taking place at the end of 11 days, return the Reducer and the cost will be refunded. Look better and feel better. Send $5, plus 20 cents for postage and insurance ($5.20) *today*. The Reducer will be sent in plain package.

Dr. THOMAS LAWTON
Department 276, 120 West 70th Street
NEW YORK CITY

DIAMONDS WATCHES ON CREDIT

GENUINE DIAMONDS GUARANTEED

Our Diamonds are distinctive in fiery brilliancy, blue white, perfect cut. Sent prepaid for your inspection, on

CHARGE ACCOUNT

Send for FREE Catalog

A wonderful book. Everything fully explained. There are over 2000 illustrations of Diamond-set Solid Gold and Platinum Jewelry, Watches, Wrist Watches, Pearls, Mesh Bags, Silverware, etc., at

REDUCED PRICES

The Diamond Ring illustrated is only one of a multitude shown in our large Catalog, from which you can make selections. Exquisite Diamonds, from $25 up to as much as you wish to pay. **Liberty Bonds Accepted at Par.**

$1.00
A WEEK
for this $50
"Alice"
Diamond Ring
Radiant, blue white, perfect cut Diamond Ring in 18-k Solid White Gold, or Solid Green Gold. Special at $50. Others at $75, $100 up; Pay $1.50, $2.00 a Week.

LOFTIS BROS & CO. Est. 1858 — **THE NATIONAL JEWELERS** Dept. L-862 108 N. State St. CHICAGO, ILL. STORES IN LEADING CITIES

Learn to Dance

I CAN TEACH YOU Fox-Trot, One-Step, Two-Step, Waltz and newest "up-to-the-minute" society dances in a few hours—at home—in private by the wonderful

Peak System of Mail Instruction

REMARKABLE NEW METHOD. Easy—fascinating. **RESULTS GUARANTEED.** No music—no partner needed. Thousands taught successfully.

WRITE ME TODAY for my interesting **FREE BOOK!** Special low offer if you answer at once.

WILLIAM CHANDLER PEAK, M. B.
Studio 730 4737 Broadway Chicago, Ill.

DOLLARS IN HARES

We pay $7.00 to $18.50 and up a pair and express charges. Big Profit. We furnish guaranteed high grade stock and buy all you raise. Use back yard, barn, cellar, attic. Contract and Illustrated Catalog Free.

Standard Food & Fur Ass'n
401 U Broadway New York

between Washburn's views and mine. We think that Japan will use mellifluous language, but will never remove her claws from China and that we cannot make her without a very long and costly war. So in trying to help China to stand alone, we can carry Japan only as far as persuasion can take her, and I am strongly against a break with her in any case.

Saturday, November 26, 1921. Went to have a talk with Elihu Root, as wise a head as America contains. I told him of the confidence we had in him and could not avoid praise of his attitude on the affair of the Panama tolls. He said that the opposition to his views on this subject made him almost doubt his own sanity, so clear seemed the text of our treaty. He thinks on the whole that things are going well, but that we had reached the stage when a thousand difficulties of detail presented themselves and these required time to work through. We discussed Curzon's speech. The best opinion here regrets it. It cuts across Balfour's skilful handling of the French case here. It is thought that if the French were in a panic, Curzon's manner was not the best for talking to people in this state. Marianne is a woman, said I; people who take her for a man are not fit to be trusted with courting her. Root thinks that his four points on the China question form a background to which all concrete questions can be referred. He had studied all the treaties of all the Powers for twenty-five years back, and said that Japan was obliged to accept the points or she would have been referred back to her own treaties. He thought that Japan would be stiffest on the naval ratio, and would probably settle the Shantung question out of court. Root thought Japan in the wrong about Shantung, but the Powers who had signed the Versailles Treaty would have a difficulty in opposing her. He considered that Japan intended to become a very great nation, but might not consider the present moment favorable for any fresh expansion. He felt that America was not well versed in economic and financial questions affecting Europe. He had studied them as much as anybody and confessed his own inability to comprehend them all. America was more averse to the League of Nations Convention than ever. The Shantung case was typical of the kind of agreement which the Convention would have compelled America to support. He thought that the political situation dominated the economic in Europe. No confidence could exist while the Bolshevist menace hung over Europe. I thought that it had much diminished, and said that, placing Russia aside, I ventured with diffidence to believe that economics led politics.

We had a talk of my favorite panacea — compulsory arbitration. I found Root entirely shared my opinion. He had helped in creating a list upon which those States agreeing to compulsory arbitration could inscribe their names at The Hague. About a dozen minor States had done so. I told him that if the United States put forward a resolution in favor of it at the end of the Conference, it would be a dramatic curtain for the last act of the play here and would sweep the world, so great was the moral authority of America now. He approved that I should speak to Hughes about it. We walked over to the Conference building after talking. Root is a wise, experienced statesman, invaluable here, but I think he feels that a younger man should take up the fiery cross for the crusade which I alluded to.

Attended Mr. Wile's luncheon party — *Philadelphia Ledger* — to the foreign journalists at the Racquet Club. Mr. Hughes came and made a good speech. He said that the Conference itself was quite a tame affair, but when he read his cuttings at night he was astonished at all that was being read into it and could scarcely sleep. But he thought that we were treating him very fairly and described the Conference as a great education to America. Hughes seems to me to be blossoming out under the rays of the sun of success and to be growing more human and conciliatory. I am more and more impressed with his sincerity and honesty. But one must admit that he has met such good-will on all sides that a high test of his diplomatic ability has not yet presented itself. . . .

Friday, December 2, 1921. Dined at the Frank Simonds's and met a number of very pleasant people including the Churchills. Told Simonds that he now had his revenge for the inaccessibility of our leading men of which he had complained so bitterly to me in London during the war. Here our people were saying the same thing. It was worse than Lhassa. It seemed to me that nothing in continental Europe compared with the exclusiveness of a sealed-pattern democracy of the eighteenth-century type. Kings, Presidents, Chancellors, and Foreign Ministers elsewhere I had found to be paragons of accessibility. It amused me hugely. The result was, as in his case in London, that only third-rate men would take the trouble to come on the next occasion were it not for the charms of the "cave-dwellers", as the old families of Washington are called. . . .

Sunday, December 4, 1921. I have not been able to get an answer to my question — when is a treaty not a treaty? The treaty-making power is shared by the President and the Senate as everybody knows, and each is jealous of the other's share. But precisely where an understanding or a note merges into an agreement and the latter into a Treaty with a big T requires Senatorial approval, no one has been able to give me a clear explanation. I do not believe that they know themselves, but in the circumstances, and in view of what happened to the League Convention, the Versailles Treaty, and the Anglo-American guarantee of France, I would not give much for an agreement not countersigned by the Senate. He who lets us down once, shame on him. He who lets us down a second time, shame on

us. The American Constitution is America's affair. Our affair is merely to make sure that an agreement is valid when it is made, and is so held by the American Legislature. We should be in a nice mess if we scrapped our ships and then found that the Senate did not ratify the arrangement. It would be like the Army and their queues.

I prefer Washington to any European capital for a Conference like the present. The atmosphere is much more serene. There are not all the thousands of distractions and vexations of Paris or London. Every one can think and work, and meetings are easy owing to short distances. It is a pity that the hotels are so bad and so wickedly expensive, but otherwise life is pleasant. The arrangements for the Conference have all been well made. The hostesses of Washington have overwhelmed us with their kindness and hospitality. Nothing could exceed the natural grace of the womenfolk and the sterling qualities of their men. Scarcely any ostentation or parade. Simple homely houses and many very pleasant ones. One has to refuse abundant invitations, especially in the evenings, or scrap one's work, for a Conference like this occupies nearly all one's time. May Heaven and the hostesses forgive us for all the cards we ought to have left and have not left!

I dare say that we have not done ourselves justice by the publication in the American press of our cables addressed to London. It is not the same thing to write for American readers and English readers. To the latter one tries to convey the American view, which the American does not want to hear. Also the American press cannot make good English out of abbreviated cable messages, and the misprints in the press here are terrible. We are occasionally made to say awful things and sometimes the reverse of what we have said. Another time we must organize this matter and place it on a better footing. The American magazines and American books by the good publishers are as carefully printed and on as good paper and in as good type as the newspapers are the reverse. It is a real *corvée* to read an American paper. The type is so small and vile as to be almost unreadable, and one is constantly arrested by being referred on to some other page and some other column. One rarely sees an English paper here. I have not read one nor even seen one since I came. We get very poor surveys of English opinion here except from two or three men, and Americans make the same complaint of American news published in London. There is a large field of usefulness open here if the proprietors would set to work upon it.

I hope and believe that one of the chief results of the month's work has been to establish the Anglo-American accord on a firm basis. It has been well and truly laid by Mr. Balfour's wholly admirable and natural gifts, which have never been displayed to greater advantage, while he gives all the credit to Geddes, Lee, Borden, Pearce, and all the younger men who have worked for

Holeproof Hosiery

Elegant, lustrous appearance and fine texture mark Holeproof as the hose of style and refinement—and it is famous for its remarkable wearing qualities. Moderate prices make Holeproof a luxury at the price of economy. Buy it for all of the family. Offered in Pure Silk, Silk Faced and Lusterized Lisle for men, women and children.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Holeproof Hosiery Company of Canada, Limited, London, Ontario
© H. H. Co.

$10,000 POSITIONS

have come to men through writing to us. We have shown hundreds how to step out of the rut of small pay work to magnificent earnings. Charles Berry, of Winterset, Iowa, formerly a farmhand, jumped to a position that pays him over $1,000 a month. Warren Hartle, of Chicago, once a clerk in the railway mail service, is now in the $10,000 a year class. These men discovered that the big money is in the selling end of business. Let us tell you how you too can quickly become a Master Salesman in your spare time at home and qualify for one of the big money positions in this fascinating field.

AMAZING PROOF SENT FREE

No matter what you are doing now, we can make you a Master of the Secrets of Selling in your spare time at home.

Men are needed now. Never were the opportunities greater. No previous experience necessary.

Our free Employment Service will also help you to secure a position. Free Book tells everything. Write for it today.

National Salesmen's Training Association
Dept. 81-C. CHICAGO, ILL.

Music Lessons
UNDER MASTER TEACHERS
At Home

A Complete Conservatory Course By Mail Wonderful home study music lessons under great American and European teachers. Endorsed by Paderewski. Master teachers guide and coach you. Lessons a marvel of simplicity and completeness.

Any Instrument Write telling us course you are interested in—Piano, Harmony, Voice, Public School Music, Violin, Cornet, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, or Reed Organ—and we will send our Free Catalog with details of course you want. Send now.

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION CONSERVATORY
567 Siegel-Myers Bldg. Chicago, Illinois

Aladdin Homes Save $200 to $800

Aladdin Homes will save a substantial amount for you through eliminating dealers' profits, saving over 18% waste in lumber and lowering labor costs in building. Aladdin Homes come to you direct, thereby reducing freight charges, and are cut to fit, saving waste of lumber and hundreds of hours of carpenter labor. Send stamps for the Aladdin catalog at once.

Bungalows, Dwellings, Summer Cottages

Aladdin prices include all the timbered frame work millwork, the siding, outside finish, porch, shingles, windows, doors, interior woodwork, lath, glass, nails, hardware, lock sets, paints, stains and varnish. Send stamps today for catalog No. 130.

THE ALADDIN CO., Bay City, Michigan
Branches: Offices and Mills: Portland, Oregon, Wilmington, North Carolina, Hattiesburg, Miss.
Canadian Offices & Mills: Toronto, Vancouver, Winnipeg, St. John

Bergman Gems are Treasured and Admired

DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

Send for the **Bergman Catalog** of Fine Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry. **"It's yours for the asking."**

Wear a Sparkling Blue-White Diamond, a reliable Watch or a delightful piece of Jewelry while paying on **Easy Terms. Sent prepaid** for examination. If satisfactory, pay only one-fifth down, Balance monthly. No Security, No Red Tape. Guarantee with every Diamond. **Write To-Day** to Dept. B for Catalog No. 46. **It's Free** and explains everything.

JAMES BERGMAN
Established 1896
36-39 Maiden Lane
NEW YORK CITY

Takes 10 Years From the Age

Graying hair ages a young face and makes you seem middle aged, even when it is premature. Restore it to its original natural color and look 10 years younger. This is simple, sure and easy, no risk of the streaked, discolored, freakish hair which is worse than gray. Nothing to wash or rub off.

Mail coupon for free trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer, a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water. Be sure to state exactly the natural color of your hair. Better, enclose a lock in your letter. Test as directed on single lock and abide by results. Then get full sized bottle at druggist or direct.

Mary T. Goldman, 1690 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Please send me your FREE trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. The natural color of my hair is
black..... jet black..... dark brown.....
medium brown..... light brown.....
Name .....
Address .....

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

I know because I was Deaf and had Head Noises for over 30 years. My invisible Antiseptic Ear Drums restored my hearing and stopped Head Noises, and will do it for you. They are Tiny Megaphones. Cannot be seen when worn. Effective when Deafness is caused by Catarrh or by Perforated, Partially or Wholly Destroyed Natural Drums. Easy to put in, easy to take out. Are "Unseen Comforts." Inexpensive. Write for Booklet and my **sworn statement** of how I recovered my hearing.

A. O. LEONARD
Suite 237, 70 5th Avenue - - New York City

PATENTS If you have an invention write for our Guide Book, "How to Get a Patent." Send model or sketch and description and we will give our opinion as to its patentable nature. RANDOLPH & CO., Dept. 50, WASHINGTON, D. C.

PATENTS Write for free Illustrated Book and "Record of Invention Blank." Send model or sketch and description for free opinion of its patentable nature. Highest References. Prompt Attention. Reasonable Terms. Victor J. Evans & Co., 750 9th, Wash., D. C.

him. Geddes has also been a tower of strength. If it be true as an American has told me, that the United States wished at this Conference to discover where they stood and who were their friends, they should know now. Similarly we have found the Americans to be absolutely sincere and entirely devoid of any intentions of stealing a march upon us. We hope that they trust us. We are sure that we trust them. A whole mountain of prejudice seems to have been removed from between us during these eventful days, and on our side we must allow the honors to Balfour and Ambassador Geddes. Almost I believe that Americans will some day realize our secret pride in them. And that blessed English language! How can any people who use it be less than brothers?

Only one doubt oppresses, and that is the volatile and unstable character of public opinion here. It has not been precipitated into the British form of solidity by centuries of trials and great events. It is more accustomed to lead its leaders than to be led by them. It knows infinitely less of the world than ours does. The Anglo-Saxon is mixed here with some elements which represent incalculable forces of uncertain properties. So we feel, for all our faith and hope, that explosions are not impossible in the chemical constituents of public opinion. Men may then become anything and the man nothing. Statesmen may be swept away in some convulsion when it comes, and all the bases of their policy may be shattered. There is an unknown quantity. That is the danger.

The Quest of the Million-Dollar Secret

(*Continued from page 66*)

In a word, they confirmed in me the lines that had been given to me in childhood founded on the text that "God is not mocked"— that is, that you cannot trifle with nature's laws. And, after all, that is about the only recipe for success in business that exists. Having known many of the larger business men of the country during the last fifty years, I do not recall one who achieved any measure of permanent success who did not have these fundamental qualities. Men without them, indeed, have sprung up, but their success has been ephemeral, and, although temperamentally some of these older men could not have managed the larger enterprises of to-day, the difference between them and to-day's successful men is only in what might be called detail.

Those men were elemental; they did not work through others as people do to-day. They did everything themselves. They did not have secretaries. They did not, as I later learned, delegate anything which required the exercise of discretion. They signed every check, and in many cases personally made up their bank deposits because the handling of money was something which, it was considered, should not be entrusted to another. Stenographers or typewriters had not been heard of, no system of letter-press copying had been invented. Even the busiest man wrote all his shorter notes by hand. The longer letters he dictated to a long-hand writer, and an active man could, without difficulty, dictate to two clerks at once. The clerk did not have to know a great deal, but he did have to be able to write not merely legibly but attractively. A few of the big men had letterheads with their names and addresses printed on them, but the letters of the majority went out on plain sheets of ruled paper. My impression is that William B. Astor did not have a printed, much less an engraved letterhead. Since the labor of copying letters in full would have been very great, only the highly important letters were copied in full, and memoranda of the contents of the lesser letters taken. Sometimes the notes were kept in a book, but more often on loose sheets of paper, and, since there were no filing systems, locating correspondence and data was purely a matter of memory.

What made these men rich and powerful was not only their scrupulous honesty and high character, but also, and this is a point I have never seen dwelt upon, their extraordinary memories. There were no bookkeeping systems, the books were elaborately kept in so far as penmanship was concerned, but really all they showed was income and outgo. They showed nothing of costs and overhead expenses and the really big merchant had to keep all of his concerns right in his head. A merchant had his business under his hat — no matter how great were his interests. He knew what things cost, what they ought to cost, what they ought to sell for; he knew the accounts of all of his customers; he did not deal with strangers; he knew his bank balance from day to day, and his outstanding bills. In fact a great merchant kept in his head a good part of what it now requires a considerable bookkeeping staff to collate, and it was the ability to do all of this and to judge character and estimate values as by intuition that distinguished the big man from the little man.

From the bank meeting I went over to see the founder of the *Herald*, James Gordon Bennett, at the office of the New York *Herald* near the old Astor House on Broadway. Everybody at the bank meeting had told me that by all means I should see both Bennett and Stewart. I had no trouble seeing Mr. Bennett. He was in a little office all alone at a plain desk. I started to tell him what I wanted, but before I had said a half-dozen words and was just

beginning to realize that his remarkably keen eyes were looking right through me, he broke in:

"Look here, young man, you look as though you had not eaten breakfast."

So interested had I been in my quest that it had not occurred to me to eat anything. Too many other affairs of importance had been happening to warrant bothering about breakfast.

"Whenever you see any one," he went on, "you ought to be at your best. You cannot be at your best if you are hungry. Go out and get your breakfast and then come back and we shall have a talk. Give this card to the head waiter at the Astor House."

I went across the street, presented the card to the head waiter, who thereupon escorted me ceremoniously to a seat and served me himself — which, let me say, was a full-sized man's task, because the moment I was seated at the table I began to realize that I was just about as hungry as a boy can be. While I ate, the head waiter stood beside me and we talked about various men in New York, and especially about Mr. Bennett. When I had finished I asked for my bill and the waiter answered:

"There is nothing to pay. This is Mr. Bennett's treat. He frequently sends people over here."

Then I went back to the *Herald* office filled with a desire first of all to pay for my meal because I could not see any reason why any one should spend money on me. I started the subject with Mr. Bennett, but instantly he dismissed it.

"Nonsense," he said, "let's talk about something important. The really important thing for you to know as a young man is that you must bank up a health account. Look at me, I am never sick. I never take a vacation. I am here at the office early in the morning and sometimes late at night. But I always try to be in bed early enough to get a good night's sleep. If you get plenty of sleep and be careful of your diet you will never be sick."

And I think that advice is good. I have rarely been ill; I am in perfect health to-day, and although through many years I worked at least fifteen hours a day I always managed to get six hours of sound sleep and I still arrive at my office at seven in the morning. Franklin said that six hours is enough sleep for any man in good health, seven enough for any woman, and eight or more just about right for any one who sets out to be a fool.

All the men I had seen until then had been glad to talk with me with the exception of Astor and he had warmed up after the first few seconds. But they warned me that I might have trouble in seeing A. T. Stewart, who had a considerable reputation for austerity. I went to his establishment and was shown to the floor on which he had his office. Instead of being shut off in a little room by himself, Mr. Stewart had his desk behind a glass partition in the corner of a room which was filled with clerks. He had established himself in a kind of observation post from which he could see what every one was doing. I asked to be shown in to him,

W. L. DOUGLAS

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

$7.00 & $8.00 SHOES

YOU CAN ALWAYS SAVE MONEY BY WEARING W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES SOLD DIRECT FROM FACTORY TO YOU AT ONE PROFIT

SPECIAL SHOES HAND WORKMANSHIP $10.00 STYLISH AND DURABLE SHOES $5.00

STAMPING THE RETAIL PRICE AT THE FACTORY
W.L. DOUGLAS $8.00 SHOE
THE STAMPED PRICE IS YOUR PROTECTION AGAINST UNREASONABLE PROFITS
W. L. DOUGLAS $7.00 SHOES
AT SEVEN YEARS OF AGE

W. L. DOUGLAS PRODUCT IS GUARANTEED BY MORE THAN FORTY YEARS EXPERIENCE IN MAKING FINE SHOES

BOYS' SHOES $4.50 & $5.00

W. L. Douglas shoes are made of the best and finest selected leathers the market affords. We employ the highest paid, skilled shoemakers, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy.

When you need shoes look for a W. L. Douglas store. We own 107 stores located in the principal cities. You will find in our stores many kinds and styles of high-class, fine shoes that we believe are better shoe values for the money than you can buy elsewhere.

Our $7.00 and $8.00 shoes are exceptionally good values. There is one point we wish to impress upon you that is worth dollars for you to remember. W. L. Douglas shoes are put into all of our stores at factory cost. We do not make one cent of profit until the shoes are sold to you. When you buy shoes at any one of our stores you pay only one small retail profit.

No matter where you live, shoe dealers can supply you with W. L. Douglas shoes. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York. Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes with the name and retail price stamped on the sole. Do not take a substitute and pay one or two extra profits. Order direct from the factory and save money.

W. L. Douglas name and portrait is the best known shoe Trade Mark in the world. It stands for the highest standard of quality at the lowest possible cost. The intrinsic value of a Trade Mark lies in giving to the consumer the equivalent of the price paid for the goods.

Catalog Free.

W. L. Douglas

President
W. L. Douglas Shoe Co.,
150 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

Burpee's Seeds Grow

Burpee's Annual is the Leading American Seed Catalog. It describes the Burpee Quality Seeds with a hundred of the finest vegetables and flowers illustrated in color. If you are interested in gardening or farming, **Burpee's Annual** will be mailed to you *free.*

Write today for your copy of Burpee's Annual

W. Atlee Burpee Co.

Seed Growers Philadelphia

The Business for You!

Make and sell Crispettes. Delicious confection. Everybody loves them. Can't get enough. Come again and again for more. Easy to make. I furnish everything. Raw materials plentiful and cheap. Profits enormous.

Quick success possible anywhere—cities, small towns, villages. Amazing market—crowded streets; surging throngs at fairs, carnivals, parks, etc.; wholesale to grocers, bakeries, druggists, and so on. Possibilities unlimited! Need no experience. Little capital starts you on road to phenomenal earnings.

Write—Get My Help—Begin Now!

Others are making money—lots of it. Letters just received during this year tell of wonderful successes. You can succeed, too. Start is all you need. I'll gladly help you. Furnish everything—complete outfit, materials, secret formula, full directions, wrappers, etc. Send post card for illustrated book of facts. Tells how to start. Explains most successful methods. Gives all information needed. It's free. Write now!

LONG EAKINS COMPANY
321 High Street Springfield, Ohio

Beautiful Thin Watch

Send No Money

Guaranteed $2.85

Men's or Boys' high grade thin model guaranteed perfect time keeper, only $2.85. Popular 16 size, solid silveroid thin model case. Open face, stem wind and set. High-grade guaranteed movement. **FREE**—Elegant vest chain and knife given absolutely free with each watch ordered. SEND NO MONEY—simply pay postman $2.85 on arrival and the watch, knife and chain is yours. UNIVERSAL WATCH CO., 5335 Peoria St., Dept. 118, Chicago, Ill.

Let Arthur Murray Teach You To Dance

BE POPULAR -- Learn to Dance WELL!

Arthur Murray, America's greatest dancing teacher, has invented a remarkable new easy method which enables *anyone* to learn all the newest dances at home—in a few hours—*at very little cost!*

No music or partner needed. *Success positively guaranteed!* "60,000 learned dancing by mail."

FREE DANCING LESSON

To prove *you* can learn easily and quickly, Arthur Murray will send you a lesson absolutely free. Also, the Secret of leading, How to Gain Confidence and other dancing helps, in plain cover. For mailing, send 10c. Act now and be a *good* dancer *soon.*

ARTHUR MURRAY, STUDIO 41, 290 B'way, N.Y.

In answering advertisements please mention McClure's Magazine

DEAF?

"I Now Hear Clearly" You, Too, Can Hear!

500,000 satisfied users have testified to the wonderful results obtained from the "Acousticon." We therefore feel perfectly safe in urging every deaf person, without a penny of expense and entirely at our risk, to accept the

1922 ACOUSTICON

For 10 Days' FREE TRIAL

No Deposit — No Expense

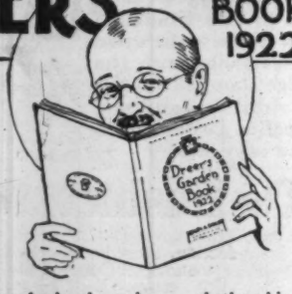
Just write saying that you are hard of hearing and will try the "Acousticon." The trial will not cost you one cent, for we even pay delivery charges.

WARNING! There is no good reason why everyone should not make as liberal a trial offer as we do, so do not send money for any instrument for the deaf until you have tried it.

The "Acousticon" has improvements and patented features which cannot be duplicated, so no matter what you have tried in the past send for your free trial of the "Acousticon" today and convince yourself —you alone to decide.

DICTOGRAPH PRODUCTS CORP.
1334 Candler Bldg., 220 W. 42d St., N.Y. City

DREER'S GARDEN BOOK 1922



Has been enlarged and improved and special care taken to make it the best we have ever issued. Especially designed to help the amateur as well as the professional gardener, whether his specialty be Vegetables or Flowers.

A large, comprehensive, handsomely illustrated book, showing in colors and photo-engravings many of the varieties offered, and giving cultural directions which assure a successful garden.

The EIGHTY-FOURTH edition of DREER'S GARDEN BOOK contains 224 pages, eight color plates, besides numerous photographic reproductions. It offers the best Vegetable and Flower Seeds; Lawn Grass and Agricultural Seeds; Garden Requisites; Plants of all kinds, including the newest Roses, Dahlias, Hardy Perennials, etc.

Write today for a copy which will be mailed free if you mention this publication.

HENRY A. DREER
714-716 Chestnut St. Philadelphia, Pa.

BIRD MANNA!

The great secret of the canary breeders of the Hartz Mountains. Bird Manna will restore the song of cage birds, will prevent their ailments and restore them to good condition. If given during the season of shedding feathers it will carry the little musician through this critical period without the loss of song. Sent by mail on receipt of 15 cents in stamps. Sold by all druggists. Bird Book Free.

THE BIRD FOOD CO.
No. 400 N. Third St., Philadelphia, Pa.

64 BREEDS Most Profitable chickens, ducks, turkeys and geese. Choice, pure-bred, northern raised. Fowls, eggs, incubators at reduced prices. *America's great poultry farm.* 29th year. Valuable new 100-page book & catalog free.
R. F. NEUBERT Co., Box 699 Mankato, Minn.

Dialogs, Monologs, Musical Comedies and Revues, Minstrel Opening Choruses, Darky Plays. **PLAYS** Vaudeville Acts How to Stage a Play Make-up Goods Catalog Free.
T. S. DENISON & CO., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 64 CHICAGO

but the attendant said that was impossible, that Mr. Stewart was either just starting or was about to start home for dinner and could not be seen. He talked for a few minutes and after I had used the name of Mr. Astor we became quite friendly. He asked me if I would know Mr. Stewart when I saw him and I told him that I thought I could recognize him. Then he suggested this plan:

"He will have finished his dinner and will come out of his house at exactly a quarter past one. He will have a newspaper in his hand and he will get on a bus. You get on the bus with him, get a seat beside him, and when he looks up from his newspaper, but not before, then you start to talk to him."

The plan worked, although I shivered as I watched him reading the paper, for he appeared to me a remarkably cold, stern, unapproachable sort of man. I do not know exactly what I said to him at first, but he soon began to take an interest and more especially when I told him what other prominent men had said of him. He talked rather generally on character and on always attending to one's own affairs and I went with him from the bus to his office.

As we were passing one of the aisles a man was sweeping up and Mr. Stewart's eye caught some rags among the litter. Rags were much more valuable then than to-day because that was before wood pulp was used in paper making. Immediately he stopped, walked over to the sweeper and in a very loud and imperious voice reprimanded him for his wastefulness. Then he went on into the office and at once I asked:

"Did it not use up more of your time to speak to that sweeping man than the rags were worth?"

"That's true," he answered, "but you will notice that I spoke so loudly that every one in that room heard what I said. I meant that they should so as to give them a lesson in saving, for money is made by saving — saving and investing. You get your profit out of the leaks that you stop."

He said that every penny which is saved ought to be invested. The place to invest was in your own business up to the point that you could there use the money profitably; that it was best to save so that whenever your business needed money you could provide it yourself and not have to borrow. I believe this is a principle which he scrupulously followed. I talked on various subjects with him and his assistant, Mr. Libby. I then asked Mr. Stewart if the report I had heard was true, that in selecting assistants or men for important places he gave preference to men who had been in business and failed. His reply was characteristic. He said:

"It is a great advantage for an employer to have men who have been in business for themselves and who have failed. The mere fact that they start in business shows that they have initiative and ambition, which are very valuable qualities. The fact that they fail on their own account shows them that they are not competent to manage their own affairs and demonstrates to them that their best interest lies in casting their lot with those who know more about business than they do and who have the advantage of both skill and capital. This insures loyalty.

"Of course, these men must have failed honestly. I always look into the facts of the failures carefully and do not take a man whose business record is bad, but if his failure has simply been due to an inability to look after his own affairs and without any trace of sharp dealing, he is the best man for me."

A. T. Stewart was absolutely the master of his business. As I have noted, all of the men I met were the heads of one-man concerns. Astor was the Astor estate; James Gordon Bennett was the *Herald*. They were despots, absolute rulers, and they were inclined to be paternal. It was unconscious paternalism that caused Mr. Bennett to give me a meal ticket. The most absolute and stern was A. T. Stewart. All of them gave orders — where the modern executive would have made suggestions. And, although these men were elemental and meant to be kindly, they were, as I compare them with the men of similar caliber to-day, more arbitrary, and in their business affairs more self-centered. They worked with things, while the man of to-day works with people. They were in the way of being pioneers, and I suppose a pioneer gets pretty well calloused all over. They were busy because they had none of the modern facilities — although most of them were so jealous of their personal power that I doubt if any would have listened to the thought of delegating an essential task.

They lived a different life and so did their employees; they were not only physically but also mentally closer to their employees. They always knew all of their people by name, they knew how and where they lived, and what were their habits. And although they were stern and arbitrary, this personal contact made for a fellow feeling that has been in a large degree, or entirely, lost in the big, modern, impersonal corporation.

I cannot help comparing those men with Mr. Carnegie, athough he too, was supposed to belong to the old school. One day about twenty-five years ago we were talking about work. I told him of my practise of reaching the office at seven in the morning, and he remarked laughingly:

"You must be a lazy man if it takes you ten hours to do a day's work.

"What I do," he said, "is to get good men and I never give them orders. My directions seldom go beyond suggestions. Here in the morning I get reports from them. Within an hour I have disposed of everything, sent out all of my suggestions, the day's work is done, and I am ready to go out and enjoy myself."

And that, I think, is about the most striking contrast between the men of yesterday and those of to-day — and on the mere matter of making money Mr. Carnegie made more than all of these men put together. They were individualists — not managers.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF McCLURE'S, PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT NEW YORK, N. Y., FOR OCTOBER 1st, 1921.

State of New York, } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared William A. Dawson, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Comptroller for McClure's Magazine, Inc., publishers of McCLURE'S, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:
Publisher—McClure's Magazine, Inc., 25 West 44th Street, New York City.
Editor—Herbert Kaufman, Tarrytown, New York
Managing Editor—Edgar G. Sisson, 25 West 44th Street, New York City.
Business Manager—Benjamin G. Smith, 25 West 44th Street, New York City.

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.)
McClure's Magazine, Inc., 25 West 44th Street, N. Y. City.
J. F. Bresnahan, 19 West 44th Street, N. Y. City.
Charles E. Brickley & Co., 45 Maiden Lane, N. Y. City.
Charles Farber, 1615 University Avenue, N. Y. City.
Herbert Kaufman, Tarrytown, N. Y.
Joseph Kaufman, Jay and Johnson Streets, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Wm. G. Luke, 128 Carmita Avenue, Rutherford, N. J.
E. Massoni, 67 Exchange Place, N. Y. City.
Arthur S. Moore, 27 Cedar Street, N. Y. City.
Eric H. Rose, London, England.
Stephana Bros., 1014 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
George L. Storm, Greenwich, Conn.
Carl Byoir, 680 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are:
George L. Storm, 522 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. City.
Joseph Kaufman, Jay and Johnson Streets, Brooklyn, N. Y.
McGlinn & Co., 61 Broadway, N. Y. City.
Eric H. Rose, London, England.
Leon Schinasi, 522 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. City.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

WILLIAM A. DAWSON, Comptroller.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1921.

Myles A. Walsh, Notary Public, Queens County.
Certificate filed in New York County.
(My commission expires March 30th, 1922.)

The above statement of ownership is as of October 1st, 1921, since which date a reorganization has been effected with ownership materially changed.

THE McCLURE PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Turn your spare hours into Dollars!

Money-making opportunities are knocking at the door of the man or woman whose income has remained the same while the cost of living has doubled. The teacher, clerk or salesman whose salary has not increased has an asset in time which can be turned into extra money. McClure's Magazine has work in every locality for an energetic man or woman to secure new subscribers and to call on its readers and renew their expiring subscriptions.

McClure's contents equal those of $4-a-year magazines, yet its yearly price is only $2.00. This makes McClure's easy to sell.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE
80 Lafayette St., New York, N. Y.

The Spirit of Preparedness

By George Trumbull Ladd

The spirit of preparedness is the normal product of the spirit that is in man. It is indeed true that squirrels store their nuts in anticipation of the coming winter; and many kinds of the lower animals have curious and subtle ways of providing food and habitat for themselves and their offspring. But only human beings can predict and intelligently forestall the future, can frame and execute elaborate, complicated plans to turn its anticipated happenings to their own advantage. We expect to see this spirit in every rational person as a proof of his rationality.

We found schools to prepare our boys and girls for college; and we require of the college that it shall do its part in preparing them further for their future lives, whether to be spent in business, or in some profession, in the shop or in the home. Not to have the spirit of preparedness is to be a traitor to the reason which makes man, of all known existences, nearest to the divine.

BUT the possession of this spirit puts an obligation on its possessor. Whatever form of life one is living, one is therefore bound to take notice of the signs of approaching, not to say threatening events, and, so far as lies within one's power, prepare to meet them. The business man ought always to "have an eye toward the future" in regulating his bank account, arranging his debits and credits, and caring for the efficiency and probity of himself and his employees. Amongst the common people there is no more popular test of the virtues of the male head of the family than that he shall be a good "provider"; and this same male head of the family feels himself justified in complaining that he has not been justly treated if, on returning home from his day's work, he finds his supper has not been made ready. Indeed, all our moral judgments about others depend quite as much upon whether we find this spirit of readiness constantly in control or not, as upon what they actually make out to accomplish at any present moment.

The spirit of preparedness toward the nation at large is the essence of patriotism; and he who is lacking in this spirit has not attained the beginnings of the character of a true patriotic citizen.

Milton, who was a great statesman as well as a great poet, compared the State to a Big Person, with all the intellectual and moral characteristics which can properly be attributed to the individual personal life. The state, with reference to whose future the spirit of preparedness does not rule its rulers and its citizens, is a foolish and wicked state.

"To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace." — George Washington.

"Our Sales Increased $25,000"

$25,000 worth of new business. That's the result secured by George K. Birely & Sons of Frederick, Md., by using a Rotospeed Stencil Duplicator. Another firm *saved* a thousand dollars through its use. A grocer *doubled* his business in four months.

ROTOSPEED STENCIL DUPLICATOR

Here is a machine that prints form letters for 20c. a thousand, good, clean-cut letters with all the power of typewritten originals. Any operator can turn them out at the rate of 75 a minute—enough for a large mailing list in an hour.

Save Half Your Printing Bills

This same machine, without additional equipment, prints bulletins, price lists, ruled forms and announcements—anything that can be hand-written, typewritten, drawn or ruled—even illustrated letter with fac-simile signature—in *one* operation.

Any Office Boy Can Use It

Simply write or draw the form on a sheet—attach to machine and turn the handle—that's all. No complicated parts. Nothing to get out of order and no experience needed to operate it.

$43.50 Complete

Rotospeed is sold direct to users. That explains the low price. It comes to you with full equipment for all kinds of work. There are no extras. The price is $43.50 complete.

Free Trial—At Our Risk

You can put Rotospeed in your own office for ten days absolutely free. You can prove for yourself that Rotospeed will increase your business and decrease your expense. At the end of ten days decide whether you want to keep it or not.

Ideas You Can Use

Do you want copies of sales letters that sell goods—bulletins that bring in new business—collection letters that bring home the cash? We will gladly furnish you copies of letters printed on Rotospeed and used by firms in *your* line of business. These letters will cost you nothing. Check the coupon below and we will send you at once either the machine, fully equipped and ready for work, or booklet, samples of work and details of our free trial offer.

The Rotospeed Company
748 East Third St.
Dayton, Ohio

Mail Now

Check whether you want machine now or booklet and samples of work.

The Rotospeed Co., 748 E. Third St., Dayton, Ohio

☐ Please send me complete Rotospeed Machine and Free Trial Equipment. After 10 days' trial I will pay $43.50 or return the machine.

☐ Please send samples of work, booklet and details of your Free Trial Offer. This does not obligate me in any way.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

A Record of Investments

can be kept in a most convenient way by the use of our specially prepared loose-leaf folder. These folders contain detachable sheets, properly marked and spaced for keeping complete information regarding all income-producing property [bonds, stocks, mortgages and real estate]—time purchased, price paid, income therefrom, etc. There are also sheets for keeping records pertaining to all forms of insurance.

A complimentary folder will be sent to any investor on request.

A. B. Leach & Co., Inc.
Investment Securities
62 Cedar Street, New York
105 S. La Salle St., Chicago
Boston Cleveland Philadelphia
Minneapolis Pittsburgh Scranton

Two Strong Utility Companies

THE ATTENTION of investors is directed to the securities of
Standard Gas and Electric Co.
and
Northern States Power Co.
The Bonds, Notes and Stocks of these large companies are widely held and enjoy a record of marked stability and satisfactory returns.
Their forthcoming annual reports will be found exceptionally interesting. Copies will be mailed on request.

Ask for Circular M

H. M. Byllesby & Co.
Incorporated
CHICAGO 208 S. La Salle St.
NEW YORK 111 Broadway
Boston - Providence - New Haven
Detroit - Minneapolis - Madison
Oklahoma City

INVESTMENT OPPORTUNITIES

There are many desirable securities on the market today that can still be purchased at comparatively low prices.

Before making your purchases do not fail to consult the Financial Department of McClure's.

All inquiries addressed to this department will receive prompt and careful attention.

Address Financial Department

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE
80 Lafayette Street, New York, N. Y.

Are Bonds Still Cheap?

By Paul Tomlinson

ONE of the most interesting features of the investment market during the closing months of the year 1921 was the brisk demand for high-grade bonds. Stocks, in comparison with bonds, were rather neglected by the investing public and the buying and selling of stocks was to a large extent in the hands of the so-called professionals. The public — the people who do not trade in securities for a living — devoted its attention mainly to bonds.

This circumstance was encouraging in that it gave evidence that the people of the United States were selecting good securities in which to invest their surplus funds, for no one can deny that as a general proposition bonds are superior to stocks as investments. On the other hand the favor shown to bonds made it difficult for many corporations obliged to appeal to the public for funds with which to carry on their businesses. It was practically impossible for even the strongest corporations to raise money by the sale of stock. It was absolutely out of the question for new concerns. Bankers could not sell stock. They had to have bonds and bonds with unusually high interest rates at that.

BONDS to be attractive to investors must have property pledged to secure the payment of interest due and the repayment of their face value upon maturity. Many new enterprises have no tangible property and therefore concerns of this kind could not sell bonds to provide capital for their undertakings. As selling stock was out of the question many new concerns simply could not find money to enable them to start operations. The year 1921 therefore did not see the inception of nearly so many new companies as has been the case in previous years.

Corporations of unquestioned standing found themselves obliged to sell bonds to provide the cash all businesses need at frequent intervals, but bonds of such high interest rates that the cost of obtaining the money was almost prohibitive. Concerns of this kind therefore rather than mortgage their futures got along without cash wherever possible and herein is one of the main causes of 1921's being a poor business year. Business must have capital if it is to thrive, and if capital is hard to get business is certain to suffer.

Many corporations did borrow money, of course, in spite of the high price they had to pay for it. Most of them had no choice. Railroad corporations were forced to borrow money for new equipment. Foreign governments floated loans in this country to finance their purchases here. Other corporations found it necessary to put out new bond issues in order to refund previous ones falling due. And all of these borrowers had to pay extremely high for their money.

BUT ill blows the wind that profits nobody and what was hard luck for the borrowing corporation was a boon to the investor. Not within the experience of the present generation had it been possible to buy high grade bonds yielding such attractive returns. A yield of from seven to eight per cent on first grade bonds was not unusual by any means.

Where are those bonds now? A large percentage of them are safely tucked away in strong boxes belonging to individuals and institutions who are congratulating themselves on having been able to recognize a bargain when they saw one. Of course these bonds — many of them — are offered for sale, but not at prices to yield from seven to eight per cent. Five and one half to seven per cent comprises the range of their yield at the present writing, and very few safe bonds are obtainable to yield the latter rate. It is altogether probable that by the time this appears in print prices of first grade bonds will have advanced still further, which means of course that yields will show a proportionate decrease.

Before the outbreak of the war in Europe prime investment bonds were selling on a basis to yield on an average of from four and one half to five per cent. Those are the years we are wont to refer to as normal and as the tendency of all things is always to

work from fluctuating extremes back to normal, isn't it reasonable to suppose that bonds will follow the same course? In other words, we of the present generation may never be able to buy bonds on such favorable terms as has been possible during the past two or three years, and on the other hand, two or three years hence we may look back to the early part of 1922 and realize that bonds were still cheap at that time.

NOW we started out by saying that the comparatively small number of new bond issues put out in 1921 was due in large measure to the high cost of borrowing money. This is true, and money was expensive because it was scarce. The policy of deflation put into operation by the federal reserve banks was very effective and not only cash but credit was exceedingly difficult to obtain. Banking reserves were low and this always means a curtailment of credit. Funds for investment were not so plentiful as had been the case previously. This was due of course to deflation, curtailed credit and the generally depressed state of business. Securities had to be unusually attractive in order to attract purchasers. Investors were very particular about what they bought. The days when a promoter of almost any kind of a wildcat corporation could dispose of its stock to a public eager to listen to any rose-colored story of sudden profits had passed. High-grade securities on attractive terms were the only kind that could be successfully marketed.

All of this may have helped to cause a period of poor business, and it was a very painful operation for many people. But it provided a rather thorough house cleaning and as usual the results were beneficial. Money is the food that nourishes business and with the nourishment removed all business grew a trifle lean and the weakest businesses passed away in many instances. Nature's law of the survival of the fittest, that is all. Meanwhile such occasions always provide opportunities for those in a position to seize them and able to see them. A period of tight money and high interest rates appeared and people with funds to invest profited handsomely.

Money is now easier than it was. Banking reserves are around the highest point they have reached in some time, business shows unmistakable signs of reviving and more and more money is available for and is seeking investment. As the funds for purchasing increase the demand is bound to be greater and the seller can get higher prices for what he has to sell. This is merely the law of supply and demand at work, a law that always functions, always has functioned and always will.

If the demand keeps on increasing the days of abnormally low prices are numbered. To be convinced that this is so it is only necessary to compare the present prices of a few high grade bonds with what they were a year ago. These figures will tell more eloquently than any words can do just what has taken place in the bond market in the past twelve months. Only last summer the largest bond issue ever put out by private corporations in this country was sold. There were many doubts expressed as to its probable success and many people did not hesitate to predict its failure. These bonds to-day are selling at an advance of ten points over their original price, which means $100 profit on every thousand dollar bond and an appreciation of $24,000,000 in the market value of the issue as a whole. Correspondingly, the yield on these bonds has decreased from about six and two-thirds per cent. to barely six. And who can say it will not go down still further? Prices have been going steadily up and yields consistently down and the best banking opinion is that the end is not yet.

All of which means to say that it looks as if many bonds are still cheap at present quotations. And in our judgment bonds are the best investments there are to be had. Well selected bonds combine to an unusual degree the three requirements of high grade investments — safety of principal, steady income and ready marketability. Nothing in life is sure, and no investment in the world is absolutely safe, but high grade bonds come closer to those requirements that anything we know. This being the case, the question arises whether or not the present is a favorable time for the purchase of bonds. Ask your banker what he thinks about this. Ask him if he thinks the best bonds are going to be cheaper a year from now than at present. Ask him if he thinks that in spite of the upward swing of bond prices they are still cheap. If his answers are in the affirmative, ask him to suggest the names of several which are suitable investments for you. And according to the opinion of most of the investment bankers, *now is the time to act.*

McClure's Financial Booklet

Ninth Edition

Partial List of Contents

How the Financial Swindler Works
How to Avoid Worthless Stocks
Safe Investments for Little Sums
Safe Investments for Larger Sums
How to Choose a Broker
How to Send Money to a Broker
List of Sound Bonds
Six Per Cent and Safety
Bonds, Stocks and Mortgages
List of Sound Stocks
A Safe Plan for Buying Stocks on Margin
The Partial Payment Plan
Investments Readily Convertible Into Cash
How Big Investors Place Their Funds
How to Analyze a Bond
How to Care for Securities and Prevent Their Loss and Destruction
How to Figure the Real Return on Your Money
First Principles of Life Insurance
Investment Opportunities of the War

Booklet will be sent for 35 cents in stamps. Address all communications to McClure Financial and Insurance Department, 60 Lafayette St., New York.

Do you understand foreign exchange?

THE subject is a surprisingly simple one, yet many fail to realize the unusual investment opportunity presented by the purchase of foreign government and municipal securities as a result of the existing depreciated currency values.

"Foreign Exchange Explained"

is a veritable encyclopedia on a topic with which the American public should be more familiar. It tells how normal rates of exchange are determined and points out the reason for prevailing low quotations.

Call, telephone or write nearest office for your free copy of booklet OL 112.

WM. H. McKENNA & CO.

New York Offices
25 Broadway — 25 West 43d Street
Philadelphia Office — 221 South 15th St.
Pittsburgh Office — 240 Fourth Ave.
Paterson Office — 119 Ellison St.
Chicago Office — 178 W. Jackson Blvd.

CARTOONISTS MAKE BIG MONEY

Every time Sid Smith makes a stroke of his pen, millions of people laugh. Every laugh means money for the man who creates it. Andy and Min earn big money for Sid Smith every day.

Illustrating and cartooning are paying men like Briggs, Smith, Fontaine Fox and J. N. Darling from $10,000 to $100,000 a year. You may have ideas that are equally good. Let Federal training develop your talent and give you the skill to put your ideas on paper.

Get This Free Book

Write today for a free copy of the book, "A Road to Bigger Things." Send 6 cents in stamps to cover postage. It tells of opportunities in the art world and explains the Federal Course of instruction under 60 of America's leading illustrators and cartoonists. Mention your age.

FEDERAL SCHOOLS Inc.
321 Federal School Bldg. Minneapolis, Minn.

TO McCLURE READERS

During 1922 Mr. Paul Tomlinson will contribute a brilliant series of financial articles to McClure's.

These articles will discuss all classes of securities, methods of investment, and many other subjects of interest to investors.

Whether you are an experienced investor or merely a beginner, you cannot fail to derive a great deal of profit from reading these articles.

They will appear in the Financial Department of McClure's every month.

Financial Department

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

80 Lafayette Street, New York, N. Y.

HOME STUDY in Academy, College, Theological, Law, Music, Pharmacy, Business and Graduate Schools, leading to degrees. LINCOLN-JEFFERSON UNIVERSITY, Dept. U, 64 W. Randolph St., Chicago.